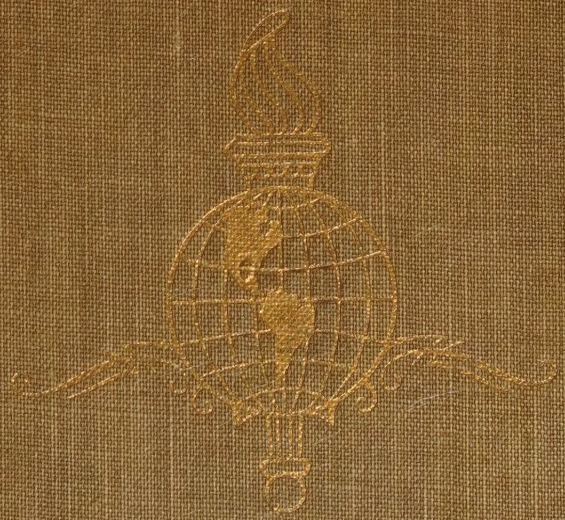
THE AMERICAN SCRAP BOOK



Mrs. Hazel Bender

A POEM or story, though published in the biggest United States magazine of the newsstand type is not published at all; the fight has to begin all over again if it is to win any place as a "classic," even for a year! . . . If we are to build up a civilization around ourselves in the United States, we must learn to keep our beautiful things, and to look at them more than once.

—Vachel Lindsay, in *Palms*

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THE AMERICAN SCRAP BOOK

THE YEAR'S GOLDEN HARVEST OF THOUGHT AND ACHIEVEMENT

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The Need for A Second Look

THE American Scrap Book and its companion volume, The European Scrap Book, aim to collect between the covers of two books, the year's golden harvest of thought and achievement. The newest ideas in Literature, Art, Music, Business, Science, Religion and Invention make up the material that has been gathered together. Here, jostling together in pleasant proximity, are hundreds of writers and painters and world flyers, statesmen and biologists and doctors, poets, playwrights and diplomats.

> "If we are to build up a Civilization around ourselves in these United States," says Vachel Lindsay, "we must learn to keep our beautiful things, and to look at them more than once!"

A second look is what this book, and its companion volume, offer the reader. An opportunity to look a second time at beautiful worthwhile things and weave them into the fabric of our consciousness so that they may become a part of us.

It is a serious attempt to harvest the distinguished work of the year and prevent its being blown out of our hands in the swift passage of the seasons. We whiz through life at a pace that leaves very little time for reading, and no time at all to be wasted.

Many worthwhile books are "going dead" on library shelves. Splendid magazine articles are sinking without leaving a trace. Newspaper interviews with celebrities—containing, now and then, the finest utterances of a lifetime—vanish like smoke!

The American and European Scrap Books have tried to capture brilliant and valuable things which might otherwise be lost to this generation if not forever—without the Second Look that is so essential!

Two principles of selection have been followed. First: Authorship. No matter how foreign the subject, if the author is an American it goes into the American Scrap Book. Similarly, no matter how American the subject, if the author be European, it goes into the European Scrap Book, provided—in both cases—and this is the second principle of selection—that it have distinction of form as well as subject-matter of arresting interest.

The whole-hearted cooperation of Publishers, Writers, and Editors has given us the deepest gratification. We here tender them our thanks for permission to reprint portions of books, of magazines and newspaper articles, poems, and notable addresses. The reader will discover in these two volumes portions of many things that he will wish to read in their entirety. To him the Publishers' Index in the back of each volume will be of special service.

W. H. W.

THE AMERICAN SCRAP BOOK

HAPPINESS

"THE happiest person is the person who thinks the most interesting thoughts," stated Timothy Dwight, president of Yale, in an address delivered at that university many years ago. Among the seniors who heard him was William Lyon Phelps. Going forth into the world, he cherished the maxim and made it the basis of his philosophy of life. Having tested it for forty years, he passes it on in an inspiring essay.

THE principle of happiness should be like the principle of virtue; it should not be dependent on things, but be a part of personality. . . .

If the happiest person is the person who thinks the most interesting thoughts, *then we grow happier as we grow older. . . .*

I read many French novels, and I often see a woman of forty-five described as a "woman for whom life was over." Over at forty-five? and why? Because strange men do not stare at her. Doubtless it is sweet to be admired, doubtless flirtation is one of the normal pleasures of youth, doubtless it is agreeable to be regarded as a pretty animal; but is that all there is in life for a woman? One cannot penetrate below the surface of such a statement without finding an insult to personality.

> LET us be done with saying that youth is happy because of illusion. As we grow older, our eyes become achromatic; rose-colors fall away, and we see life more nearly as it is, and find it more interesting. The world as it is, men and women as they are, are more worth knowing than fancy pictures created by ignorance and inexperience.
>
> —William Lyon Phelps

No one should make a statement like "youth is the happiest time of life" without being prepared to accept its intellectual consequences. If it were really true that youth is the happiest time of life nothing would be a more tragic spectacle than college boys and young maidens; for they would in their present state have attained the pinnacle, the climax of existence; before them lie fifty years of diminuendo, of decay, of accumulating loss, of descent into ever darkening days.

Some middle-aged silly women become romantically sad as they talk about what they are pleased to call their lost youth; I maintain that it is as absurd for a woman of fifty to mourn because she is no longer twenty as it would be for a woman of twenty to sob because she is no longer three. And indeed there are some idiots who declare that childhood is the happiest time of life. "Ah, that I were a child again!" Don't worry; you soon will be.

The belief that youth is the happiest time of life is founded on a fallacy — on a false definition of happiness. Many people think that to be free from physical pain and mental worry is perfection; knowing that as we grow older our physical pains and mental worries are apt to increase, they assume that youth is the happiest time of life. We are, of course, all animals; but we ought not to be merely animal. I suppose that in the case of animals, youth is the happiest time of life; a puppy is happier than an old rheumatic hound; a young jackass braying in the pasture is presumably happier than an old donkey laboriously drawing a cart; but these are merely animals, and lack man's greatest gift—the possibility of development. . .

I have no desire to underestimate the worth of physical comfort, or the charm of youth; but if happiness truly consisted in physical ease and freedom from care, then the happiest individual would not be either a man or a woman. It would be, I think, an American cow. American cows and American dogs are ladies and gentlemen of leisure; in Europe they

hitch them up and make them draw loads. . . .The eyes of a cow are so beautiful that Homer gave them to the Queen of Heaven, because he could not think of any other eyes so large, so lustrous, so liquid, and so untroubled. Cows are never perturbed by introspection or by worry. There are no agnostic cows; no Fundamentalist or Modernist cows; cows do not worry about the income tax or the league of nations; a cow does not lie awake at night wondering if her son is going to the devil in some distant city. Cows have none of the thoughts that inflict upon humanity distress and torture. I have observed many cows, and there is in their beautiful eyes no perplexity; their serene faces betray no apprehension or alarm; they are never even bored. They have found some happy *via media* by which they escape from Schopenhauer's dilemma, who insisted that man had only the vain choice between the suffering of unsatisfied desire and the languor of ennui.

Well, since the daily life of an American cow is exactly the existence held up to us as ideal—physical comfort with no pains and no worries, who wouldn't be a cow? Very few human beings would be willing to change into cows, which must mean only one thing. Life, with all its sorrows, cares, perplexities and heartbreaks, is more interesting than bovine placidity, hence more desirable. The more interesting it is, the happier it is. And the happiest person is the person who thinks the most interesting thoughts. —From William Lyon Phelps's *Happiness*, by permission of E. P. Dutton & Company

MOONLIGHT ALL THE WAY

Gramma sits in the corner by the hearth,
Efficient-fingered, placid, and very deaf.
She knits and sews,
And does innumerable handy jobs.
She is a shadow in the shadows,
Contentedly remote,
Pleased to be noticed now and then
With shouted pleasant platitudes.
Ask her about the past.
Press her for facts.
What are facts?

Houses are facts, maybe.
And you and I are facts, and so is Gramma—
Perhaps. . . .And life's a fact. . . . Oh, yes,
And love, and work, and wedding-trips. . . .
So is romance. . .

—From John V. A. Weaver's *To Youth* (Knopf)

NEW YORK

NEW YORK in its tight little island; shooting up madly into the air, like bubbles from a boiling vat, because that is its only escape; New York towering over its sea-inlet, crawling and bawling through its squeezed and narrow streets, hustling and rustling up its million elevators to toil and moil in offices, shops, factories; New York shaking out its gold beaded tassels of light from forty-two stories to the ground, to laugh at night and guide its gay crowds to plays, cabarets, dinners, dances, operas, to all the arts and follies which may beguile the vanity of man; New York, taking tribute from the forty-eight States and the little old nations across the sea, jamming the world's gold down into its vaults with bland and virtuous satisfaction. . . . New York the prodigious, magnificent; New York the sordid and selfish; New York the grabber; New York the spender; New York the wise-cracker and broadcaster; New York the hideous when it herds its hordes into slums, or clutters them into standardized flats and glittering hotels; New York the beautiful when it flings its towers up to the sun or lifts their starbordered pinnacles into the night. What shall we say of this successor of Babylon and Rome, this modern great capital ambitious to rule the world, this lavish, exuberant, fantastic agglomeration of tall buildings and moving cars and groping human souls, all straining to be or do something never heard of on earth before, something beyond the reach of man and surprising even to God!—Harriet Monroe, in *Poetry*

Mind and Morals

THE whole object of education is, or should be, to develop mind. The mind should be a thing that works. It should be able to pass judgment on events as they arise, make decisions.

There have been few enough good minds in the history of the world. People have mind confused with learning. There have been more learned fools than wise ones.

Many people develop one sort of brain. For example the man who can make money and is a fool in other things is not quite a fool. He isn't a fool about money.

And this is important. The trouble is that a one-sided man makes it too important. He judges everything by a money standard and gets everything crooked.

And morals also are largely a matter of brains. We are all driven through life by lusts. Why deny it? There is sex lust, food lust, lust for luxuries, for power.

The man with good brains simply recognizes his lusts as a part of his life and tries to handle them.

If he is an artist he tries to divert the energy arising from his lusts into channels of beauty. If he has any brains he knows what he is doing. Every artist worth his salt has always been full of lusts.

Your son goes and gets drunk. He raises the very devil, perhaps smashes his automobile and is lucky if he escapes killing some one. You crowd repentance on him. Try to make him think he has disgraced you forever. Well, why did he do it?

To be sure, he was driven on by some kind of excess energy within himself and the chances are he did not have brains enough to direct his energy. Life grew dull to him. He was bored, wanted excitement. The trouble with most of your moral preachments is that you become a bore when you are getting them off.

And you are insincere too. Your own lusts may just take another form. You eat, not like a man, but like an animal.

Or you have a lust for money or power. To get it you will do anything. You see plenty of such men—in politics for example.

Men who will lie, cheat, steal, sell out their friend—politically, and who in other walks of life are fair enough men. Well, that is just a form of lust too. It is political drunkenness. There are various kinds of drunkenness in this world.

The man of brains has found out that he has to adjust himself to life, and most of all to himself. Take the matter of real drink. I should think the man of sense would see it as not a moral question at all.

It is a matter of good sense. If a man cannot drink without making a fool of himself and hurting others he should let drink alone. He should let alone anything he can't handle.

Few men ever get far enough with the development of mind to quite realize there is one thing they have to stay with always, as long as they live—that is themselves.

A man may move to a new town, get a new wife, a new house, a new suit of clothes. He is still himself.

I have myself learned to look at my

THE genuine desire of either party to end a marriage is the only valid reason for ending it. Not adultery, not cruelty, not desertion, is half so good a reason as the real unwillingness of either spouse to continue the relation. All that is valuable in the marriage is already gone forever when this state of mind truly exists in either partner; and the only concern of the State is then to make an equitable determination of property rights and an adequate provision for the custody and education of the children. Beyond this, the State had better keep its hands off a private tragedy.

—Arthur Davison Ficke, in *The Outlook*

body as a house in which I must live until I die. I want it to be a fairly clean comfortable house. I do not like making a muss in the house. I have to sleep there. My thoughts dwell there.

If I let my body get too gross, if I gobble too much food, drink too much, get too fat, my house is an uncomfortable place in which to live.

I do not like it, nor do I like myself.

To be sure, there is a challenge in all this. Keep your house clean. Wash the windows and the door-sills. You cannot live well in a filthy place.

And do not be sick. The sick man is more than half a rascal. He may only be sick because he hasn't the courage to clean house. Many sick people are bullies—they use sickness as a club to beat others.

A little more decent faith in the house in which we live—the house that is the body, less thinking about death and more about living, more self-respect.

If that be paganism make the most of it.

—Sherwood Anderson, in *The Marion Democrat* {Marion, Va.}

JIS' BLUE

MARGARET DELAND, the novelist, was so impressed by this poem that she wrote the publication in which it appeared: "It shows with the poignancy of entire simplicity that prayer does not need words. I think most people, after they escape from the delightful illusions of certainty which belong to Youth, know how helpless the human creature is when trying to be articulate to God. But I have never seen this dumbness *put into words; and the words of* 'Jis' Blue' *are of extraordinary beauty and significance."*

JIS' blue, God,
jis' blue.
Ain't prayin' exactly jis' now,—
tear blind, I guess,
cain't see my way through.
You know those things
I ast for so many times,—
maybe I hadn't orter repeated like the Pharisees do;
but I ain't stood in no market-place,
it's jis' 'tween me and you.
And you said, "Ast," . . .
somehow I ain't astin' now,
and I hardly know whut to do.
Hope jis' sorter left, but Faith's still here,—
Faith ain't gone, too . . .
I know how 'tis,—a thousand years
is as a single day with you.
And I ain't meanin' to tempt you with, "If you be—"
and I ain't doubtin' you.
But I ain't prayin' to-night, God,—
jis' blue.

—Etta Baldwin Oldham, in *The Forum*

What the Church Offers to Men

UNITING in a New Year's message, one hundred prominent American ministers of the gospel, including Harry Emerson Fosdick, Joseph Fort Newton and Charles E. Jefferson, exalt the Church as "the best institution that has ever been founded upon this earth."

Here is their composite statement, prepared by the Reverend Charles Stelzle. It is a notable and stimulating message. In it are blended many distinguished voices proclaiming the incomparable benefits to be found within the Church.

THE Church brings an authentic message concerning God which leads to the secret of all worthwhile living. It recognizes the universal hunger for God and the possibility of communion with Him. It reveals God as a living, personal force. It offers a partnership with Him in the completion of the task of perfecting the world.

The Church offers comradeship with Jesus in all the affairs of life. It gives men a clearer understanding of the mind of Christ. It is through Christ that they come to know God. The steady discipline of intimate friendship with Jesus results in men becoming like Him.

The Church offers acquaintanceship with the great men of the past. In the lives of prophets and heroes and in the life of Jesus Christ the Church holds up the ideals by which character and achievement must be measured. In the call to help build the Kingdom of God on earth the Church presents the purpose which gives deeper meaning to everything men do. It releases through human lives the transforming power of God. It gives men a long view of life—from the great civilizations of the past to the great eternities.

The Church offers a fellowship with the great host of believers throughout the world. It gives an opportunity to work with other men for the cultivation of the spiritual life and for increasing the stock of goodness in the world. It offers membership in an organization which thinks in terms of world relations. It is the oldest and most honorable organization in existence. There is no government or business or society or alliance of interests that touches so many people in so many ways as organized religion. In spite of its acknowledged weaknesses, the Church is the best institution that has ever been founded upon this earth. No other organization of any character whatsoever can compete with it in earnest and inspiring loyalty on the part of its members.

It enriches us with the noblest traditions of the past; it gives us comradeship with the loftiest spirits of the present; it challenges us with the task of healing a broken, bleeding world, and it relates the whole range of life's interests to a high, spiritual purpose—that of bringing in the Kingdom of God.

The Church offers a comradeship of worshipers. While it urges private devotion, it brings men together so that they may receive the inspiration which comes from united worship, and to this end it provides a vast storehouse of aids so that men may "practice the presence of God." This comradeship is the greatest brotherhood in existence, It includes all humanity, regardless of its rank, or creed, or color, or economic condition. It embraces all classes of men, from the humblest penitent to the most gifted saint.

The Church offers to men the most inspiring task in the world. It gives them a view of life which lifts them out of themselves and relates them to vast purposes. It has a world-wide program of social adjustment, sanctioned and empowered by religion. It offers modern men a fighting chance in the great struggle to improve the conditions of life here on earth. It asks men to devote their best talents, and their keenest wisdom, and their highest genius in making this world what it ought to be.

The Church offers a moral foundation upon which commerce may be established and character may be built. It offers to men a center of human interest; an opportunity for unselfish service, the

loftiest personal ideals; the finest fellowship; the greatest moral adventure in human experience; a program for personal living; a social passion that will build a new social order; a vital contact with the great elements of culture; a faith that destroys all fear; a source of power unparalleled; a place of leadership for every man who possesses real ability; an assurance of ultimate victory.

The Church offers to men a solution of the problem of sin; a thorough toning-up of their inner lives; a method of expression for the very things that men desire to express; comfort and strength when trials come and sorrows weigh upon the heart; an enlargement of life's meaning; guidance in life's endeavors and an assurance of life's outcome. It offers a message of courage and hope; the gift of wisdom in times of perplexity; the assurance of perfect peace; emancipation from ignorance through the truth which makes all men free, and the power of eternal life.

NO man can think of God adequately. To think of Him at all you must take personality at its best, lift it as far as you can reach, and say that is nearest God.

—Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick

THE THINGS UNSEEN

AT the end of their first week in business the owners of a little shop lowered the curtains of their windows and went home.

On each succeeding Saturday night the curtains were pulled down and kept down until Monday morning.

As the little shop grew the suggestion came from many sources that the curtains should stay up. "The windows are beautiful," people said; "let us walk by and look."

The owners had an old-fashioned background. They had been taught in childhood that six days are enough for the things that are seen. The first day of the week, they said, is for the things unseen —rest and worship, and family life, and freedom from thoughts of business.

Seventy-five years have passed. The store has grown until its windows are said to be more valuable than any windows in the world. But the example of the founders remains, and all day Sunday the shades are down.

Is this old-fashioned custom good, in days when so many old-fashioned customs are being crowded out? We like to think so. We like the idea that on the first day of the week the Church and the home should come first.

Strong churches and strong homes build strong cities. All the great words of business—service and courtesy and kindliness and truth—have their inspiration in religion. And prosperity is only permanent where there is reverence, and mutual trust, and faith. —Statement of Marshall Field and Company, of Chicago

I BELIEVE treaties are too liable to be regarded as scraps of paper, but I think people are becoming too intelligent ever to have another big war. Statesmen have not anything like the prestige they had years ago, and what is educating the ordinary people against war is that they are mixing so much. The motor-car, radio and such things are the great "mixers." Everyone wants to work, not to fight. I believe the last war was too much an educator for there ever to be another on a large scale.—Henry Ford

IF YOU want to know how much your American citizenship is worth in dollars and cents, find out how many thousands of dollars some foreigners will pay to be smuggled into this country. We have a country that is worth something, and if it's worth something it surely is worth guarding and defending. — Major General Hanson E. Ely, U. S. A.

How Lindbergh Learned to Fly

"As crisp and clear as Caesar's Commentaries," says one reviewer of We, *in which the famous flyer, Charles A. Lindbergh, reviews his meteoric career, including his transatlantic flight.*

Here we have the making of an airman—and particularly of an air-mail pilot—through a maze of happy-go-lucky adventures and narrow escapes, some thrilling, some ludicrous, and all enveloped in a magical atmosphere of youth and Olympian {apparent} carelessness. One gets the impression from reading his book, that Lindbergh grew to play at flying, just as most youngsters grow up to play at roller-skating.

He thus starts his story: "I was born in Detroit, Michigan, on February 4, 1902. My father was practicing law in Little Falls, Minnesota, at the time. When I was less than two months old my parents took me to their farm, on the western banks of the Mississippi River two miles south of Little Falls.

"My father, Charles A. Lindbergh, was born in Stockholm, Sweden, the son of Ola and Louisa Manson. His father {who changed his name to Lindbergh after reaching America} was a member of the Swedish Parliament and had at one time been Secretary to the King."

I RECEIVED my first instruction under I. O. Biffle {at Lincoln, Nebraska} who was known at the Nebraska Aircraft Corporation as the most "hard-boiled" instructor the Army ever had during the war. Two months were spent in obtaining, in one way or another, my flying instruction, and in learning what I could around the factory.

By the end of May {1922} I had received about eight hours of instruction which {in addition to the $500 cost of my flying course} had required about $150 for train fare and personal expenses.

One morning Biff announced that I was ready to solo, but the president of the company required a bond to cover possible breakage of the plane, which I was not able to furnish. As a result I did not take a plane up by myself until several months later.

Before I had entirely completed my flying course, the instruction plane was sold to E. G. Bahl, who was planning a barnstorming trip through southeastern Nebraska. I became acquainted with Bahl at Lincoln and offered to pay my own expenses if allowed to accompany him as mechanic and helper. As a result we barnstormed most of the Nebraska towns southeast of Lincoln together, and it is to him that I owe my first practical experience in cross-country flying.

"Barnstorming" is the aviator's term for flying about from one town to another and taking any one who is sufficiently "air-minded" for a short flight over the country. In 1922 the fare usually charged was five dollars for a ride of from five to ten minutes.

It was while I was flying with Bahl {only five years before his epoch-marking flight from New York to Paris} that I began to do a little "wing-walking." We would often attract a crowd to the pasture or stubble field where we were operating, by flying low over town while I was standing on one of the wing tips. . . .

I made my first jump one evening in June from an 1,800-foot altitude over the flying-field.

My first chute opened quickly, and after floating down for a few seconds I cut it loose from the second, expecting a similar performance. But I did not feel the comfortable tug of the risers which usually follows an exhibition jump. As I had never made a descent before, it did not occur to me that everything was not as it should be, until several seconds had passed and I began to turn over and fall headfirst. I looked around at the chute just in time to see it string out; then the harness jerked me into an upright position and the chute was open. Afterward I learned that the vent of the second chute had been tied to the first with grocery string which had broken in packing the parachute, and that instead of stringing out when I cut loose, it had followed me still folded, causing a drop of several hundred

feet before opening. . . .

In October we {one H. J. Lynch and Lindbergh} barnstormed Montana and northern Wyoming, including exhibitions at the Billings and Lewistown fairs.

At the Lewistown fair we obtained a field adjoining the fair-grounds and did a rushing business for three days. We had arranged for the fence to be opened to the grounds and for a gateman to give return tickets to any one who wished to ride in the plane. All this in return for a free parachute drop.

At Billings, however, our field was some distance from the fair, and we decided to devise some scheme to bring the crowd out to us. We stuffed a dummy with straw and enough mud to give it sufficient falling speed to look like a human being.

When the grand stands were packed that afternoon we took off from our field with the dummy in the front cockpit with me. I went out on the wing and we did a few stunts over the fair-grounds to get every one's attention, then Lynch turned the plane so that no one could see me on the wing and we threw out the dummy. It fell waving its arms and legs around wildly and landed near the Yellowstone River.

We returned to our field and waited expectantly for the curious ones to come rushing out for information, but two hours later, when a few Montanans did arrive, they told us about one of the other attractions—a fellow who dived from an airplane into the Yellowstone River which was about three feet deep at that point. That was the last time we attempted to thrill a Montana crowd. . .

I had not soloed up to the time I bought my first Jenny, as we called certain wartime training planes, at Americus, Georgia. The Government had auctioned off a number of them, and I bought a new Curtiss OX-5 motor and full equipment for $500.

When it was completely assembled and ready to fly, I was undecided as to the best method of procedure. . . .A pilot who was waiting for delivery on one of the Jennies offered to give me a little dual instruction, and I flew around with him for thirty minutes and made several landings. At the end of this time he taxied up to the line and told me that I would have no trouble, and was only a little rusty from not flying recently. He advised me to wait until evening when the air was smooth, and then to make a few solo flights.

When evening came I taxied out from the line, took one last look at the instruments, and took off on my first solo.

The first solo flight is one of the events in a pilot's life which forever remains impressed on his memory. It is the culmination of difficult hours of instruction, hard weeks of training, and often years of anticipation. To be absolutely alone for the first time in the cockpit of a plane, hundreds of feet above the ground, is an experience never to be forgotten.

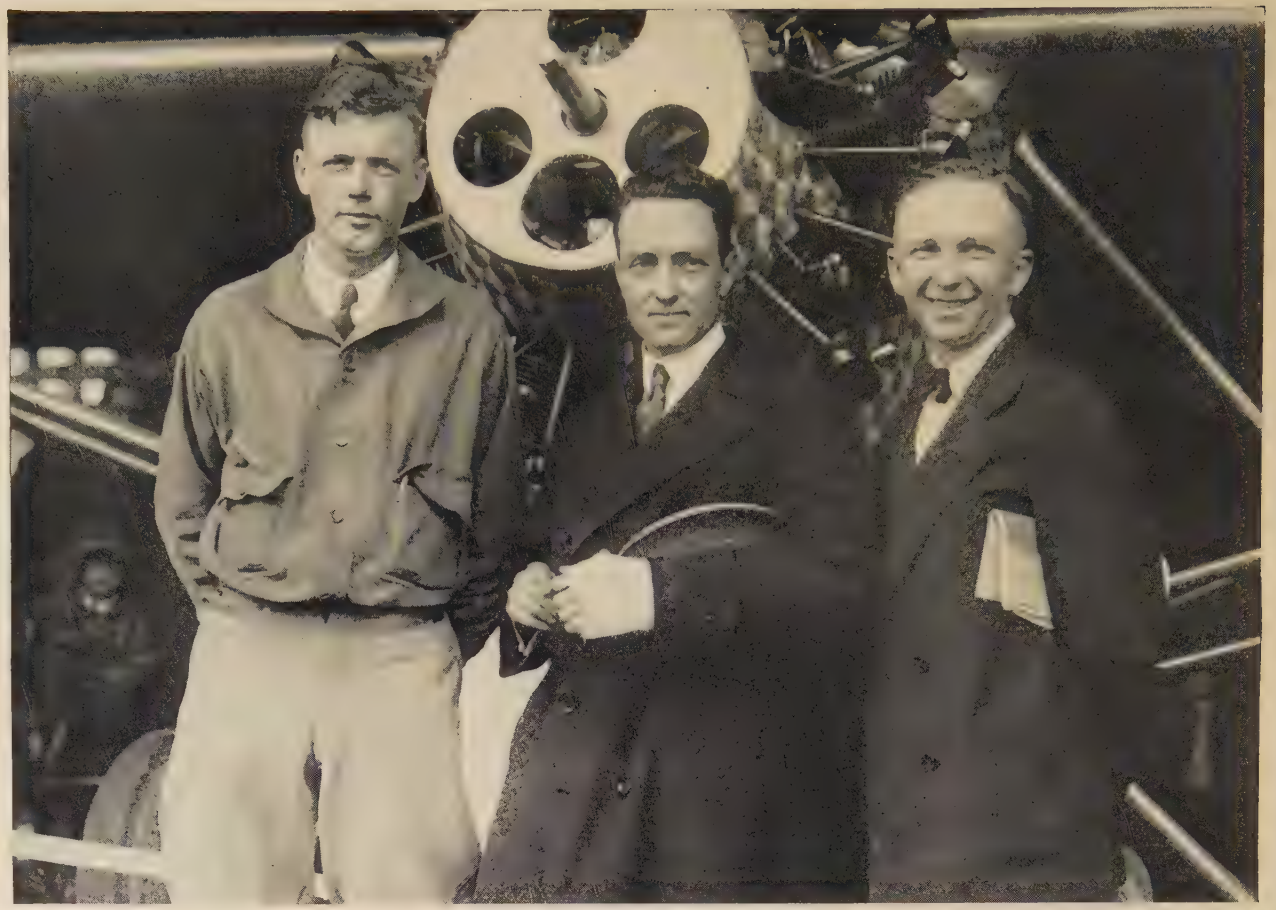
After a week of practice flights around Southern Field, I rolled my equipment and a few spare parts up in a blanket, lashed them in the front cockpit and took off for Minnesota.

This was my first cross-country flight alone, less than a week after my solo hop. Altogether I had less than five hours of

LINDBERGH

Lone eagle of the wild Atlantic plain,
Tall, laughing boy, with sun-glints in your eyes,
Playfellow of the lightning and the rain,
Co-sentry with old watchers in the skies,
Light-hearted prologue to the epic muse
Glad reuniter of long-riven parts,
Bright Hermes of the nations, bringing news
Of love still fla ing in all human hearts!
"Do I deserve all this?" Oh, more, far more,
More than the grateful world can ever pay.
A fouler fog than hides Newfoundland's shore
Your little bark's propeller whirled away.
Fly on, above the mist of sordid things,
Rise, like the sun, with healing in your wings!

—Justice Wendell Phillips Stafford, in *The Poetry Review*, awarded second prize among 600 poems submitted to the Poetry Society of Great Britain on the subject of *The Leader*.



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THREE AMERICAN ACES

Charles A. Lindbergh, Richard E. Byrd and Clarence Chamberlain

This photograph of the noted airmen was taken shortly after Colonel Lindbergh returned from his successful flight to Panama and Latin America, and before the original Spirit of Saint Louis, *shown in the background, was installed in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.* (*See* How Lindbergh Learned to Fly. *Page* 17).

solo time to my credit. . .

In September, 1924, I became a cadet under the War Department at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas, and while practicing formation attack on two seaters, I experienced one of the incidents of the military pilot's life. I made my first emergency parachute jump. When an Army plane crashes, the pilot is required to write a detailed report of the crash. My account was as follows:

"A nine-ship SE-5 formation, commanded by Lieutenant Blackburn, was attacking a DH4B, flown by Lieutenant Maughan at about a 5,000-foot altitude and several hundred feet above the clouds. I was flying on the left of the top unit, Lieutenant McAllister on my right, and Cadet Love leading. When we nosed down on the DH, I attacked from the left and Lieutenant McAllister from the right. After Cadet Love pulled up, I continued to dive on the DH for a short time before pulling up to the left. I saw no other ship near by. I passed above the DH and a moment later felt a slight jolt followed by a crash. My head was thrown forward against the cowling and my plane seemed to turn around and hang nearly motionless for an instant. I closed the throttle and saw an SE-5 with Lieutenant McAllister in the cockpit, a few feet on my left. He was apparently unhurt and getting ready to jump.

"Our ships were locked together with the fuselages approximately parallel. My right wing was damaged and had folded back slightly, covering the forward right-hand corner of the cockpit. Then the ships started to mill around and the wires began whistling. The right wing commenced vibrating and striking my head at the bottom of each oscillation. I removed the rubber band safetying the belt, unbuckled it, climbed out past the trailing edge of the damaged wing, and with my feet on the cowling on the right side of the cockpit, which was then in a nearly vertical position, I jumped backward as far from the ship as possible. I had no difficulty in locating the pullring and experienced no sensation of falling. The wreckage was falling nearly straight down, and for some time I fell in line with its path and only slightly to one side. Fearing the wreckage might fall on me, I did not pull the rip-cord until I dropped several hundred feet and into the clouds. During this time I had turned one-half revolution and was falling flat and face downward. The parachute functioned perfectly; almost as soon as I pulled the ripcord the riser jerked on my shoulders. the legstraps tightened, my head went down, and the chute fully opened.

"I saw Lieutenant McAllister floating above me and the wrecked ships pass about 100 yards to one side, continuing to spin to the right and leaving a trail of lighter fragments along their path. I watched them until, still locked together, they crashed in the mesquite about 2,000 feet below, and burst into flames several seconds after impact.

"Next I turned my attention to locating a landing-place. I was over mesquite and drifting in the general direction of a plowed field, which I reached by slipping the chute. Shortly before striking the ground, I was drifting backward, but was able to swing around in the harness just as I landed on the side of a ditch less than 100 feet from the edge of the mesquite. Although the impact of landing was too great for me to remain standing, I was not injured in any way. The parachute was still held open by the wind, and did not collapse until I pulled in one group of shroud-lines."...

* * *

About 7:40 A. M. {May 20, 1927} the motor was started and at 7:52 I took off {from Roosevelt Field, New York} on the flight for Paris.

The field was a little soft due to the rain during the night and the heavily loaded plane gathered speed very slowly. After passing the halfway mark, however, it was apparent that I would be able to clear the obstructions at the end. I passed over a tractor by about fifteen feet and a telephone line by about twenty, with a fair reserve of flying speed. I believe that the ship would have taken off from a hard field with at least five hundred pounds more weight.

I turned slightly to the right to avoid

some high trees on a hill directly ahead, but by the time I had gone a few hundred yards I had sufficient altitude to clear all obstructions and throttled the engine down to 1750 R.P.M. I took up a compass course at once and soon reached Long Island Sound where the Curtiss Oriole with its photographer, which had been escorting me, turned back.

The haze soon cleared and from Cape Cod through the southern half of Nova Scotia the weather and visibility were excellent. I was flying very low, sometimes as close as ten feet from the trees and water.

On the three hundred mile stretch of water between Cape Cod and Nova Scotia I passed within view of numerous fishing vessels.

The northern part of Nova Scotia contained a number of storm areas and several times I flew through cloudbursts.

As I neared the northern coast, snow appeared in patches on the ground and far to the eastward the coastline was covered with fog.

For many miles between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland the ocean was covered with caked ice but as I approached the coast the ice disappeared entirely and I saw several ships in this area.

I had taken up a course for St. Johns, which is south of the great Circle from New York to Paris, so that there would be no question of the fact that I had passed Newfoundland in case I was forced down in the north Atlantic.

I passed over numerous icebergs after leaving St. Johns, but saw no ships except near the coast.

Darkness set in about 8:15 New York time and a thin, low fog formed through which the white bergs showed up with surprising clearness. This fog became thicker and increased in height until within two hours I was just skimming the top of storm clouds at about ten thousand feet. Even at this altitude there was a thick haze through which only the stars directly overhead could be seen.

There was no moon and it was very dark. The tops of some of the storm clouds were several thousand feet above me and at one time, when I attempted to fly through one of the larger clouds, sleet started to collect on the plane and I was forced to turn around and get back into the clear air immediately and then fly around any clouds which I could not get over.

The moon appeared on the horizon after about two hours of darkness; then the flying was much less complicated.

Dawn came at about 1 A. M. New York time. . . .and the temperature had risen until there was practically no remaining danger of sleet.

Shortly after sunrise the clouds became more broken although some of them were far above me and it was often necessary to fly through them, navigating by instruments only.

As the sun became higher, holes appeared in the fog. Through one the open water was visible, and I dropped down until less than a hundred feet above the waves. There was a strong wind blowing from the northwest and the ocean was covered with white caps.

As a key to the grip which this youngster (Lindbergh) holds on the imagination of the race—a grip so potent that it erases national boundaries and animosities and fires every one with an unaccountable emotion—his parting words as he opened the throttle of his plane at Bolling Field, Washington, are of greater significance than the successful completion of his hazardous hop to Mexico City. "Be sure to wire President Calles I've left!" he shouted to Major Burwell. Unless we utterly mistake the man, he was completely unconscious of the humor enveloping such a request, as much in earnest in making it as he was in providing himself with letters of introduction on his flight to Paris.

—New York *Herald-Tribune,* editorial

After a few miles of fairly clear weather the ceiling lowered to zero and for nearly two hours I flew entirely blind through the fog at an altitude of about 1500 feet. Then the fog raised and the water was visible again.

On several more occasions it was necessary to fly by instrument for short periods; then the fog broke up into patches. These patches took on forms of every description. Numerous shorelines appeared, with trees perfectly outlined against the horizon. In fact, the mirages were so natural that, had I not been in mid-Atlantic and known that no land existed along my route, I would have taken them to be actual islands.

As the fog cleared I dropped down closer to the water, sometimes flying within ten feet of the waves and seldom higher than two hundred.

There is a cushion of air close to the ground or water through which a plane flies with less effort than when at a higher altitude, and for hours at a time I took advantage of this factor.

Also, it was less difficult to determine the wind drift near the water. During the entire flight the wind was strong enough to produce white caps on the waves. When one of these formed, the foam would be blown off, showing the wind's direction and approximate velocity. This foam remained on the water long enough for me to obtain a general idea of my drift.

During the day I saw a number of porpoises and a few birds but no ships, although I understand that two different boats reported me passing over.

The first indication of my approach to the European coast was a small fishing boat which I first noticed a few miles ahead and slightly to the south of my course. There were several of these fishing boats grouped within a few miles of each other.

I flew over the first boat without seeing any signs of life. As I circled over the second, however, a man's face appeared, looking out of the cabin w ndow. Closing the throttle as the plane passed within a few feet of the boat I shouted, "Which way is Ireland?" Of course the attempt was useless, and I continued on.

Less than an hour later a rugged and semimountainous coastline appeared to the northeast. I was flying less than two hundred feet from the water when I sighted it. The shore was fairly distinct and not over ten or fifteen miles away. A light haze coupled with numerous local storm areas had prevented my seeing it from a long distance.

The coastline came down from the north, curved over towards the east. I had very little doubt that it was the southwestern end of Ireland but in order to make sure I changed my course towards the nearest point of and.

I located Cape Valentia and Dingle Bay, then resumed my compass course towards Paris.

After leaving Ireland I passed a number of steamers and was seldom out of sight of a ship.

In a little over two hours the coast of England appeared. My course passed over Southern England and a little south of Plymouth; then across the English Channel, striking France over Cherbourg.

The English farms were very impressive from the air in contrast to ours in America. They appeared extremely small and unusually neat and tidy with their stone and hedge fences.

I was flying at about a fifteen hundred foot altitude over England and as I crossed the Channel and passed over Cherbourg, France, I had probably seen more of that part of Europe than many native Europeans. The visibility was good and the country could be seen for miles around.

People who have taken their first flight often remark that no one knows what the locality he lives in is like until he has seen it from above. Countries take on different characteristics from the air.

The sun went down shortly after passing Cherbourg and soon the beacons along the Paris-London airway became visible.

I first saw the lights of Paris a little before ten P. M., or five P. M. New York time, and a few minutes later I was circling the Eiffel Tower at an altitude of about four thousand feet.

The lights of Le Bourget were plainly visible, but appeared to be very close to Paris. I had understood that the field was further from the city, so continued out to the northeast into the country for four or five miles to make sure that there was not another field farther out which might be Le Bourget. Then I returned and spiralled down closer to the lights. Presently I could make out long lines of hangars, and the roads appeared to be jammed with cars.

I flew low over the field once, then circled around into the wind and landed.—From Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh's *We*, copyrighted by the author, by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BRIDGES

A slender bridge
Over a stream,
Is a girl's arm
Outstretched in dream.

A great bridge
Across a river,
Is a woman's body—
The life-giver.

—May Lewis, in *Voices*

THE ATHLETIC WASHINGTON

NOT only was George Washington first in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of his countrymen, but also he was first in matters of physical prowess—first to stop a fight, first to start one if conditions warranted and first when any of the sporting events of his day were being staged.

We are too apt to think only of the stately Washington that Stuart portrayed, with gray hair and a black velvet suit. When Charles Wilson Peale went to Mount Vernon to sketch Washington when the latter was 40 years old, he found a group of young fellows pitching an iron bar (a favorite sport of the day) on the lawn. Peale narrated how Washington appeared on the scene, took the bar and, without stripping off his coat, toed the mark. He sent the heavy bar through the air far beyond the mark of the others and, upon retiring, said:

"When you beat my pitch, young gentlemen, I'll try again."

That Washington was the swiftest runner of all the boys in the neighborhood is the contention of John Fitzhugh, a friend of his youth. He also declared Washington excelled in jumping, wrestling and pitching quoits.

Then there is the story that Washington threw a stone across the Rappahannock River at Fredericksburg. Nobody else has been able to clear the river. He is also credited with throwing a stone into the Hudson from the Palisades.

Jacob Van Braam, a Dutchman, taught the youthful Washington the art of swordsmanship, in which he was proficient. As a youth, too, he rode wild horses. He was tireless in the saddle, and in the battle of Long Island he remained astride for forty hours without rest.

Tossing his heavy tent into a wagon as if it were a bundle of straw, aiming a musket like a pistol with one hand, squeezing the boastful Indians' hands as they tried to do the same to him upon greeting, George Washington's fame spread throughout the Colonies. He stood 6 feet 2, weighed 210 pounds and possessed muscles that stood out like a blacksmith's. . . . His endurance was such that he could ride sixty miles a day on a horse.—Dr. James Hosmer Penniman, Philadelphia bibliophile and collector of Americana

THE sons of fairly well educated parents are not doing so well . . . not half so well, as the sons of relatively uneducated parents. . . The faces of the inferior students look more typically "American" than the others.—Research report of the University of Michigan

On Being a Country Editor

SHERWOOD ANDERSON, the novelist, gives some of his first impressions as owner-editor of two recently purchased newspapers in Marion, Virginia. One of them is Democratic; the other Republican. They are weeklies, with about 5,000 combined circulation.

As the non-partisan balance of power in the {suddenly} conspicuous town of Marion, Mr. Anderson edits both papers in every way except—as his prospectus points out—politically. He says in explanation of the venture: "All my life I have made my living at something other than writing stories, poems and novels. None of my books has ever brought me enough money to allow me to live at my ease. Writing should be fun. I am getting back into the grind of life in this way to keep the fun."

THERE is a little alleyway back of the shop. From the window where I sit writing I can, by turning my head slightly, see into the court house yard and to the post office door.

The post office is the town gathering place. The morning mail from the east comes in just after eight o'clock. Men begin to gather at about that hour. Back of the glass front of the post office the clerks are at work distributing the mail. . . .

The drama of a small town always unrolling before the eyes. Now a crier comes out and calls from the court house steps. Court is about to go into session.

It is a case involving mountain people. I go over there. Courts have always frightened me a little. Formerly, when I lived in Chicago, I knew a good many newspaper men. They went freely into the courts, even into the judge's chamber. They spoke freely to the judge. "Hello, Jim," they said.

And there was the sheriff. I have always been afraid of sheriffs. It may be that every writer is instinctively afraid of being arrested. I was arrested once. That was up in Ohio. A sheriff picked me up as a diamond thief. He took me off to a police court. Two or three men in uniform gathered about and began hurling questions at me. I stood trembling. What a queer feeling of guilt.

Now, I go into our court room freely. The sheriff and the judge smile at me. Behold, I am a power in the land. I own a newspaper. I even go into the sheriff's office. He and I have a cigarette together. . . .

A brother newspaper man has come in. He runs another weekly newspaper in a neighboring town. I have become part of a vast brotherhood. We talk of the cost of getting out a newspaper; how to make the merchants advertise more than they do. Advertising is the breath of our nostrils.

The newspaper man has gone out. After all, running a country weekly is not running a newspaper. In our hearts, we country editors know that. We are not after news. If anyone wants news, let them take a daily. We are after the small events of small town people's lives.

The country newspaper is the drug store: it is the space back of the stove in the hardware store; it is the farm house kitchen.

There was a man on a grey horse went along a mountain road one day last week. Farmer Cooper was in a distant field and could not make out the rider of the grey

> WE are expecting from this town, in the next twenty years, the following:
>
> 1 Greatest living poet.
>
> 1 Heavy-weight champion of the world.
>
> 3 Great surgeons.
>
> 1 Ambassador to the Court of Saint James.
>
> 1 National League baseball pitcher.
>
> 2 Governors of Virginia.
>
> —Sherwood Anderson, in the *Smyth County News* of Marion, Virginia

horse. He has been bothered ever since. "Ma, who do you suppose it was?" Now he has his weekly copy of our paper. He is sitting in the kitchen, reading.

Aha, there it is. "Ed Barrow, from up Sugar Ridge way, rode his grey horse into town on Wednesday of last week. He reports a fine bunch of steers to sell."

* * *

An old colonel with a grey beard comes into the office and takes a chair near my own. His hands tremble. In the Civil War he was a Reb. Once there was a raid of Union troops down into this country. There was a battle over near Saltville, just across Walker's Mountain from where we are sitting now.

The old man describes the battle, in which he took part as a young soldier. It was getting toward the end of the war. The Colonel was but a boy then. All of the men of this section had gone off to join Lee before Richmond. Grant was pounding away at Lee during those days. It was near the end of things.

And a battle here—in this quiet place. Old men and boys rushing to the Stars and Bars. Who knows, my own father may have been along on that raiding party. They were trying to get up to Norfolk and Western Railroad, to tear it up. Stealing chickens on the way, too. . . .

Old men and boys rushing through the hills, the Colonel among them. He describes the battle in the hills; the driving off of the Yanks. It takes an hour to tell. It is a good story. Well, no hurry. We country editors have no dead line. If we do not get to press today, we will go to press tomorrow.—Sherwood Anderson, in *Vanity Fair*

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WALL Street is nothing but an extension of Main Street. The people in Wall Street are just like they are everywhere else, because they come from everywhere else. Wall Street and Main Street are just as much partners and just as much dependent upon each other as the country merchant and the farmer. In a few isolated districts men are still running for office, however, on the "anti-Wall Street ticket," but they are not many, and they are getting fewer each year.

Show me any State that is dominated by the "militant mediocrity" of politics, where men run for office and get elected on the issues of the Civil War, appealing to parochialism and prejudice, condoning the Ku Klux Klan, antagonizing capital and big business, and I will show you broken-down fences, boggy mud roads, dilapidated schoolhouses, unpainted homes and blank, hollow faces of ignorance and of poverty. The demagogue in politics never led a people anywhere except into the wilderness.—Charles Cason, vice-president of the Chemical National Bank, addressing the Tennessee Society in New York

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ONE of the worst symptoms in the theater is coughing—that infectious cough which breaks out all over the place, like a series of incendiary fires. Suddenly a whole audience becomes stricken with laryngitis. It almost seems as though it were done intentionally. The audience doesn't know why it coughs. But we who diagnose plays recognize in that cough a sign that the audience is not absorbed in that part of the play. The actor hears it, and knowing what it means begins to lose his grip, which in turn reacts once more on that mass out front. Often a cough, which means only a slight inconvenience to the cougher, may mean absolute death to the coffer.—John Golden, popular play producer

FORMERLY I was just an author. It is about the most miserable thing a man can be. People in general do not like to associate with authors, and I do not blame them very much. Personally I like to be liked. As the editor of a local American weekly I have a choice at least. And if they don't like me—well, you know about the power of the Press. O, boy!

—Sherwood Anderson

Music in American Life

DEEMS TAYLOR'S opera, The King's Henchman *{the libretto of which was written by Edna St. Vincent Millay} has been a Metropolitan Opera triumph. He has been on the staffs of various metropolitan newspapers, and is now editor of* Musical America.

JAMES MACNEILL WHISTLER long ago described his native land as "a country that imports art and exports artists." By "artists" he meant specifically, I suspect, himself; but his description is equally and unhappily applicable to our present stage of musical advancement. That is, half of it is. We do not export musicians. Broadly speaking, we have none to export. . .

Although we spend more money on music than any other people in the world, musically we are not self-supporting. We buy everything from abroad. Our splendid symphony orchestras would be virtually annihilated overnight if a law should be enacted barring membership in them to any but native-born Americans. The violin sections alone might muster a quorum. Our viola, 'cello and bass players are Italian, Russian, Czech and German. Our brass players are Teutonic and Scandinavian, and our woodwind players are overwhelmingly Latin. The reason so few American players are to be found is not, as the super-patriots are so fond of arguing, because the foreign-born conductors keep them out, but because they cannot make the grade. . . .

In the concert field we make a respectable showing, but by no means a brilliant one. Make an offhand list of the world's most famous pianists, whose names you are reasonably certain would be familiar to any intelligent concertgoer. What are those names? My guess is that they will be on the following roster: Paderewski, Godowsky, Rosenthal, Cortot, Friedmann, Hess, Moiseivitch, Brailowsky, de Pachmann, Gieseking Hofmann, Landowska, Rubinstein, Granger, Bauer, Ney, Gabrilowitsch, Levitzki, Ornstein, Rachmaninoff. Not a native-born American among them.

Who are the world's most famous violinists? Why ask? Every one knows that if you attend a gathering of eminent fiddlers you would do well to take a Russian conversation book with you. Elman, Heifetz, Zimbalist and other Russians are on the list. France, Belgium and Austria contribute Thibaud, Ysaye, Kreisler; Poland offers Kochanski. Among American violinists, Albert Spalding alone, I should say, enjoys a reputation that might with justice be characterized as international. . . . Even yet we are not at the heart of the matter. America could be absolutely barren of performing and interpretative talent and still ranked as a musical nation, provided only she produced music. But if America's musical creative output is to be judged by the world's standards of musical greatness, one can only admit,

JAZZ to my mind is a true American development. It is the melting pot of music, just as America is the melting pot of the nations. What's the difference whether it is of Negroid or Nordic descent? It may be, but I do not think it is purely African.

Why, in India there are dances that are exactly like certain Charleston steps, yet these are supposed to have come from our own South. Jazz is of primitive origin, and one cannot trace its color, race or creed with certainty.

There has been nothing new in opera since Beethoven. There has been nothing new in church music since Handel. The symphony calls for rigid formalities beyond which one cannot progress. America must put no limits on its music, for it cannot build its melodies or musical mannerisms within narrow limits.

Jazz is the only thing in music we have produced in America, whether you call it good, bad or indifferent. It is a new idea. And the perfection of that idea will spell the success of truly American music.

—Paul Whiteman

however reluctantly, that as yet she has produced nothing. . . .

Germany is the greatest musical audience in the world because almost every German tries his hand at making music in some form or other.

The American attitude, on the other hand, tends to be: Since we can pay to have it played for us, why bother to play it for ourselves? We are outsiders in music. We buy phonographs and talking machines to do our singing for us; we buy player-pianos and so avoid the trouble of having to learn to play. If we elect to hear the artists more or less at first hand, we buy radio sets and even save the trouble of going to a concert hall. We get out of a lot of hard work and practice by so doing; but likewise, so doing, we miss half the fun of listening to music. . . .

However, if we have as yet contributed nothing to the world's store of great music, we can at least plead that present-day Europe is no better off. Of the first-rank composers alive today I can think of none whose position was not secure ten years ago. Strauss was acclaimed in the '90s; Ravel in the 1900s; Stravinsky in 1913. Rimsky-Korsakoff and Debussy are dead.

Who has arisen anywhere, since 1914, to carry on the torch? The American composer occupies a very low rung on the ladder, but he has at least this fact to hearten him: For the first time in his history, he stands no lower than his contemporaries. He has still a long way to go, but . . . Europe is back on scratch. . . .

Our musical public is at last large, widespread, ignorant and voracious. Inevitably the ignorance will diminish and the voracity will become more discriminate; and as his audience develops a point of view, so will the American composer develop one of his own. He will begin to write music; not Indian music, or negro music, or jazz music, but a music—possibly derived from all three, possibly not—that reflects and expresses the spiritual and emotional outlook of himself and his fellow-countryman. Europe for the moment is, musically speaking, dead; for Europe, sick and terrified of emotion, is busily trying to distil music from the brain rather than from the heart. And purging music of emotion is much like purging philosophy of thought. The coming musical renaissance will, I think, take place here.—Deems Taylor, in the New York *Times Magazine*

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THE mythical "Dixie" of romance has passed away along with a certain class of fiction, based on tears, pride, and poverty. The fact is, it never existed. Southern writers perceived that their readers were in the North and that the people there entertained some kind of drooling, high-minded notion of how we felt in the South. So our writers up to 1900 wrote to please them—absurd stuff, even when it was well done, but admirable evidence of the keen perception of the author, who fashioned all his copy to sweeten and gratify the palate of readers otherwise intelligent and hard-fisted, not easily deceived in a trade or in mere ethics. Personally, I have always regarded the novels Southerners wrote during this period as the very "jokers" in the deck of American literature. But I doubt if the North will ever be able to erase the image we cast of ourselves then upon their popeyed imagination.

I do not say we did it with malice aforethought. As a people we are endowed with amazing histrionic ability; just so, and quite naturally, Southern authors cast their heroes and heroines in what was the popular role of Southerners according to the Northern interpretation of us. . . .—Corra Harris, in *The Forum*

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I wish every immigrant could know that Lincoln spent only one year in school under the tutelage of five different teachers, and that that man still could be the author of the Gettysburg address.—Dr. John H. Finley

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If Australia could be transplanted into the Atlantic Ocean, it would about fill up all the space between the United States and Great Britain. — *Christian Science Monitor*

THE AMERICAN LEGION TAKES FRANCE BY STORM

"DON'T cheer, boys! Half a million men died here." The speaker was an American Legion "buddy" in the market-place at Verdun, during the great reception France gave the American Legionaires in the late Summer of 1927. Subsequently a contingent of Legionaires visited "the Cemetery of the Unknowns," on the road from Verdun to St. Mihiel, and "stood at attention for a full minute before the graves of these nameless heroes."

A spirit of reverence tempered the holiday gaiety of the former doughboys, and the French people took them to their hearts. Here are some of the reports from France.

THE REUNION OF CLEMENCEAU AND PERSHING

NEVER was there a happier meeting. Never has Clemenceau been in better humor, and never did "Black Jack" show such pleasure at meeting any one as when "Old Father Victory" seized him, first by the hand, then by the shoulders, and started romping him around.

This American Legion visit to the man whose driving energy and clear vision made everything possible in those tragic days ten years ago was of impromptu conception, and, like impromptu parties, it went with a swing. There was about it just the same infectious gaiety as there was in Monday's parade.

General Pershing, Howard P. Savage {the retiring National Commander}, Edward E. Spafford {the new National Commander}, and one representative from each State in the Union had gone as a formal delegation to pay an early morning call at the house in Paris where Clemenceau has stayed since he came up from his country home to see his sister, who is seriously ill. Most of them went prepared for a solemn interview, with formal expressions of good-will and sympathy.

What they met was a young man who next week will be eighty-seven, who came through the door as alert and dynamic as ever, hands outstretched and eager.

"How do you do? What are you doing here?" he challenged.

"I came to see you, and I see you are younger than ever," was General Pershing's answer. "You have a complexion like a girl, all rosy and fresh."

"Flatterer," retorted the "Tiger." "You look just like the boy you are."

Both men had touched a moment of happiness such as rarely happens. Their arms went around each other and their feet followed the natural instinct of joy and began dancing.

"Let's do the Charleston," cried Pershing, his face shining with pleasure.

It was in some ways the climax to this whole Franco-American reunion.

There was more laughter and joking, all the time in English, before the two men came to order and began presenting each other to their friends. Commander Savage read a motion voted at the convention yesterday in which the Legionaires expressed to Georges Clemenceau their "fraternal greeting and assurance that the Legionaires will never forget the great role he played in the victory."

"We intended to visit you at St. Vincent-sur-Jard," said Mr. Savage, "but you have come to meet us, and we appreciate that deeply."

No private apartment ever rang with such cheers as when Clemenceau answered.

"I no longer represent France," he said, "because I am too old. Yet I can assure you that she will never forget how you came to her side in that most terrible of wars.

"There is one thing certain. At heart we are united. That word 'America' stirs in us always a sense of the magnificent.

"I know you well. Sixty years ago I saw you at work and worked among you, and since then America has never been out of my thoughts.

"To-day will remain with me one of the most memorable of my life—alas, I am too old now to visit your country again; and yet I would like to."

"Nonsense, too old!" said Pershing. "You will come next time by airplane."

In a few words the old man expressed his thanks, and, turning again to General Pershing, stretched out his arms.

"My friend, my good friend, my dear friend," he murmured in French—"Good-by—in this world or in another."

Outside on the sidewalk the delegates, headed by General Pershing, lined up at attention and raised three cheers. From the balcony Georges Clemenceau, his face streaming with tears, waved a last salute.—New York *Times* Paris correspondence

* * *

"HE IS AN UNKNOWN"

KEEPER CASE of the Aisne-Marne American Cemetery had heard those words many times before. Nevertheless he listened patiently to an elderly Irish-American woman with eyes and lips belyingly firm, shutting his ears to the babel of a score of other seekers of white crosses who filled the office at the cemetery gate.

"I know you don't even know where he is," she went on. "His name is Joseph H. Murphy, Private Murphy of Company A. It was the 109th Infantry. We are Pennsylvanians—I am his mother."

Keeper Case ran practiced fingers down the list of Murphys in the Aisne-Marne register.

"No, there is no Joseph H., of the 109th," he replied. "If he is here, madame, he must be an unknown."

"Yes, I was sure you didn't have Joseph listed. It is a long time now he has been missing. But they wrote me from the Graves Registration Service that he might be one of the unknown soldiers buried here. You see, it was between here and Chateau-Thierry that he died. July 30, 1918, is the date they give. So they said it is likely they brought him here.

"I don't want to bother you too much. I know you have to help an awful lot of people find their boys' graves, those whose graves are marked so they know them. It is just that I brought something with me from home—"

She fumbled in her bag.

"Mrs. Murphy, it is no trouble at all," Keeper Case assured her. "Whatever we can do, we are happy to do."

She was placing a cloth-wrapped bundle on the keeper's desk.

"Then it's just this," she answered, speaking faster now. "I brought this little bit of Pennsylvania earth—it is from the yard where Joe used to play when he was a boy—I thought perhaps—I wondered if you would mind taking it and sprinkling a little on each unknown soldier's grave here. I know there are a lot of them. Somebody said over 200 without any names are buried here. But I can't help feeling that Joe must be one of them—and I think there is enough to go around. If just a few particles fell on his grave—"

Keeper Case has seen and learned and understood a great many realities during the years he has watched over the 2,268 American graves at the foot of Belleau Hill.

"Yes, madame, it would," he reassured her. "It certainly would. I will do it myself, madame, to-morrow morning."

The little Irish-American lady's lips were not so firm now. She grasped his hand with warm fingers and Case held them there as he walked with her to the door.

"I am so glad," she said. "I am sure he is one of them."

She walked away toward the rows of white crosses that encircled the foot of Belleau Hill.

Before the dew was off Belleau's greenest sward this morning the boots of Keeper Case had brushed a crazy, twisting trail between the crosses at the Aisne-Marne and had paused before 246 of them. Each bore no words but these:

"Here lies in eternal glory an American soldier, known but to God."—New York *Herald Tribune* dispatch from Belleau Wood

* * *

"ON THE ROAD TO RHEIMS"

IN ALL the official communiques throughout the long years of the war the name of this hamlet Chamery was mentioned but a single time. And a day

later the name was forgotten, because the event which the communique recorded as having taken place "a mile or two away" was such that the whole world —even the opposing armies—stood for a moment at salute.

That event was entirely American. Sincere as the momentous decision that the World War included the United States, and more purely dramatic than any thrilling climax upon any stage, this event, recorded in laconic simplicity, gave a clear, though fleeting, vision of an indomitable soul—the soul of America—a soul that had faith and would conquer. No price for glory, that intangible, fleeting fantom, but any price for the right and victory.

The communique said only that a man had died. Just one man, and so far as his manhood was concerned, no more valuable, perhaps less so, than many. Except that he was a man fresh in the vigor of his twenty years, only his name mattered—his father's name.

But no name so great of any land had been yet enscrolled in the sacrifice to war. No word so truly grandiose had so reverberated round the world in that roll-call of death. In the pink dawn of a summer morning, July 14, 1918, the eaglet took his flight. Below, above, and all about him the mists were drifting as the curtain rose on the last act of the drama of the Marne.

Foch, behind the scenes in the gray fogs that still hung low along the Champagne front, was waiting that psychological moment when, with the swiftness and smashing energy of a panther, he sent the legions of the Crown Prince reeling to such disaster that, while an imperial dynasty was destroyed, a planet was again permitted peacefully to revolve.

But enemy eagles also were aloft, circling and soaring and battling—still effectively. Three against one, and no quarter, naturally. There was no such word in the vocabulary of the war eagles. And so the eaglet fell within enemy lines. In a peaceful field he lay; in a gentle valley caressed by the low, enfolding hills.

That night the eagles came and buried him. Into the moon-path they marched and uplifted him—those broken bits—from the wreckage of his plane, and raised there a cross. Gallant enemies! But the eagles all were gallant. The next day in the official communique of the Allies was merely the information supplied by Germany.

To-day we visited this grave of the lone warrior. It seemed fitting during this week of the Legion convention to make such a pilgrimage far from the well-ordered cemeteries where sleep in serried ranks our soldier dead. For we had talked with him the day before he died—in Paris, in a cafe where he shyly confided his ambition to prove worthily that he was his father's son. We came alone to-day, for the way is long and vaguely marked, and muddy. In village after village we asked our way, and the people stared and shrugged until we came very near to Chamery. Then they smiled and showed the path.

"Ah, the young Lieutenant!" they said. "So very young, so very brave, the way is there. Oh, a mile or more over those meadows, and far off the road."

We left our automobile and plodded on, an old man guiding us, with his boy, shotguns over their arms for a rabbit or partridge. Oozy, white, slimy was the mud of the Aisne Valley, through which we often had waded these years gone from the Marne to the Chemin des Dames. Over a brown hill we saw the grave, sheltered in a small thicket, surrounded by a low wooden fence. The old man and the boy wandered off on their own serious business. We stood at the grave alone.

No flowers were there, for it is too far away. Pilgrims halt at Belleau or Suresnes and piously place their wreaths. Yet over there at the far corner is a crown of wax forget-me-nots and violets of beads. The broken, weather-beaten inscription told us that his French comrades had placed it there as they were passing by on Bastile Day two years ago. We wondered if new flowers will come, this Legion week, flowers with fresh, green leaves. It really is very far, and what's the use of keeping dust green?

In a small flaghole at the head of the grave stand two flags, tattered and stained by the rains and time—the Tricolor and the Stars and Stripes—both so faded it is difficult to distinguish which is which.

But all about this grave the grasses grow, and wild flowers bloom, even in late September; and the birds sing and the bees hum, just as in that village where this lonely warrior went on his school vacations a few years before he died; just the same as birds sing and bees buzz everywhere.

And war has gone with its panoply and glory, to become a mere memory quickened by the cross marking the soldier's grave, particularly this grave of the lone warrior with his great name.

A farmer clumped through the field and with his knife scraped the mud off his boots and, beside us, leaned against the fence.

"His father put that there," he said, pointing at the marble slab. "Yes, he did that, and we have hope in that inscription, and we pray."

We wondered, and leaning low, pushed the brambles aside from the marble slab. Then we better understood life's relative unimportance, as considered by this citizen of the Third French Republic.

"He has outsoared the shadows of our night," this dead boy's father wrote, and beside this just his name—Quentin Roosevelt.—Wythe Williams in the New York *Times*

SUPPOSE that the Government of the United States were to say to Great Britain, to France, to Italy, to Germany and to Japan, "If you find yourselves under obligation, either as members of the League of Nations, or as signatories of the pact of Locarno, to establish a blockade against an aggressor nation as defined, we shall accept your good faith and shall ourselves respect the blockade, with the proviso that no such blockade shall be effected against any nation of the Western Hemisphere."

If this were done, the last support of the group who constantly urge large naval armaments, whether here or in Great Britain, would be removed. We should then be ready to build navies of peace instead of navies of war. The battleship, the destroyer, the submarine could be not only limited but wholly removed by international agreement, and navies of peace, consisting of as many cruisers of say 8,000 or 10,000 tons as a nation might think it needed for its own police work, would carry the flags of peace-loving and war-renouncing nations to the uttermost parts of the earth as symbols of the new and happy order that had come to be established among men. —Nicholas Murray Butler, reported in the New York *Times*

THE motion picture is the principal amusement of a great majority of all the people of the world, the sole amusement of millions and millions, and as the world's principal amusement its services are essential and invaluable, as it lifts the listless out of the humdrum of daily existence. They walk the peaks of romance like their own village streets.

Today, too, the film is challenging the greatest in art and artisanship. To the development of the highest and best in art the American film producers are giving their most earnest efforts, believing the film deserves the very best in art, and I am sure that the public's knowledge and appreciation of art is thus advanced to the great benefit of general culture.

Great as are these services, I yet feel the greatest mission of motion picture promotion is international understanding, and to make certain that American films discharge that obligation is my first and principal concern.

In the last five years there were more than 5,000 feature films produced in America and not more than a dozen of these contained anything that might be construed as offensive to the nationals of any other country.

—Will H. Hays, general supervisor of the American motion picture industry

SONNETS TO CRAIG

THE following sonnets were written by the late George Sterling {whose tragic death occurred in November, 1926} to Mary Craig Kimbrough, later Mrs. Upton Sinclair. They are a selection from a series of one hundred sonnets which Sterling addressed to "Craig" during a single year {1911}, following his meeting her in New York. Some of the sonnets were written in New York and Sag Harbor, some en route to California where Sterling lived, and most of them from San Francisco, Oakland and Glen Ellen. They formed part of the text of letters written to "Craig."

"Some day," the poet wrote in a letter, "when doing so can hurt neither yourself nor another, you may give them to the world."

A PRAYER

GOD, Thou who bringest morning out of night,
Bring her to me, so more to me than morn!
Fair as those roses of Thine east reborn
From pure abysses of celestial light,
So let her steal on my adoring sight,
So let her greet me, I who go forlorn,
By wildest hope and fears unceasing torn,
Who, finding Love, have found him in his might.

But bring her not as morning comes, to *go*,
Nor mock me with a fleeting Paradise,
Though in her face its holiest flowers live!
Yea! knowing her, what more remains to know?
For I have gazed within her tender eyes,
And found Thee there, and all Thou hast to give!

* * *

SEARCH REWARDED

I waited thee through sacrificial years,
And till thou camest all my soul was blind.
'Tis written, "He that seeketh, he shall find,"
And I have sought thy face in all the spheres,
Still haunted by the voice that no man hears
Save from the Love unknown but well divined.
O Rose beyond the questings of the wind!
O Star mine eyes must see through many tears!

Thou art the silence in my soul, and thou
The kiss of things unseen upon my brow.
O loveliness the sorrowed night hath dreamed
And dawn found perfect! Harp of mystery
Upon whose chords forgotten moons have gleamed,
Within whose voice are voices of the sea.

* * *

THE FONT OF BEAUTY

Because of thee the star-crossed dome of night
Adds love and rapture to infinity;
Wherefore should sunsets burn, except that we
Drain to our souls the splendors of their flight?
With thee shall I tread Andes of delight
Beneath my feet as mole-hills, till I see
That God Himself is sure because of thee,
And thou and I dear children in His sight.

Thy hands have strewn the roses of the dawn;
Thy face repays for every flower that dies;
Thy whisper is the song Astarte sings!
Thy grace hath caught its silence from the faun;
Thy heart hath stolen starlight from the skies;
Thy spirit is the wind of Beauty's wings!

LOVE'S SHADOW

Great love is ever sorrow. In some way
  I cannot picture but must always feel,
  Grief to great love is sacrament and seal—
On love's blue dome a distant cloud of gray;
A hush beyond the music of the day;
  A tabernacle pure where mourners kneel;
  A sunset fair on which the night shall steal;
Beloved starlight that the dawn shall slay.

Ah! we who love, think not that we shall miss
  That sense of things too lovely to endure!
  For souls that know, as thine, his gracious lure,
    The seraph Sorrow hath his hidden skies,
And when I gain thy lips I somehow kiss
  That lonely angel of the solemn eyes.

* * *

A MIDNIGHT

The silent and insufferable night
  Lies round me like the sea about its dead.
  My hopes are fostered and my heart is fed
By gleam and glamor of thy face's light,
My final star of Fate and meed of sight.
  Thy love is like a glory round my head—
  A moon undarkened and a splendor shed
From life's last pinnacle and breathless height.

Ah! dearest! that my passion and its fire
  Might wrap thy bosom in ecstatic flame,
And crush thee to the breast of my desire,
  In rapture all too vast for song to name!
    Yea! till we cried with compensated breath:
    "God! I have *lived!* release me now to death!"

SUNSET

Save of the heart there is no loneliness,
  And thou hast made mine own one ache for thee—
  A subtle pain, a bliss exalting me
Till memory is made thy wild caress.
Heaven is no more, and earth can be no less
  Nor any dream of either cease to be
  Thy lure, thy meaning and thy mystery,
With joys that rack, and agonies that bless.

Ere twilight strike the golden fields to gray,
I murmur "Craig! Beloved!" to the day,
  Till all the world is music to my heart.
    Yea! till from soundless peaks of western flame
  I seem to hear, O goddess that thou art!
    The dying lips of sunset breathe thy name,

* * *

LOVE AND JOY

Oh! doubt not Love can live on dreams alone,
  If so they be forevermore of thee!
  From frailest hope he draws sweet certainty,
Seizing the winged bliss before 'tis flown,
Plucking the blossom ere the seed be sown,
  And crushing wine from clusters yet to be.
  Despair itself becomes an ecstasy,
And tears diviner things than Peace hath known.

Ever upon the gloom he sees the star,
  And steals Today's uncompensated flowers
    To cast before Tomorrow's glimmering feet.
His bride is Joy, although she roam afar,
  Whose laughter on the inestimable hours
    Falls from the heavens wherein her wings are fleet.

SONNETS TO CRAIG

TO THY HEART

Believest thou in God? For sombre years
I said: "He is not! If He be, His hand
Is red with sinless blood, and His command
Decrees to man no harvest save of tears;
His angels wander hateful through the spheres,
And we that hunger for a deathless land
Pass like the foam upon the midnight sand!"
So to the stars I uttered half my fears.

So to the stars I stammered, full of dread.
Then, as a star where mist has been before,
Thy heavenly face within my heart was set,
And doubt befell my doubtings, and I said:
"She is: shall not we be forevermore?
And love? And God?" Alas! I know not yet!

* * *

BY THE WESTERN OCEAN

Craig! Craig! my Love irradiant and divine!
Here on the solitary sands I lie
And see afar the lingering sunset die,
As peacefully its fading splendors shine
On western wave and on the eastern pine;
And oh! to watch with thee that flaming sky,
My heart one joy, one sacrament, one cry—
The heart whose very silences are thine!

The glory passes . . . Lo! the moon is up,
Remote and pure, that silvern, ancient cup
From which earth drinks enchantment. Love! to be
Its insubstantial pearl upon thy face!
Ah! dearest! for an hour of thine embrace,
Hushed by the deathless music of the sea!

CORONATION

These fragile gifts I send thee, dearest dear—
Three gathered leaves of ivy, orange, bay:
The first in memory of that magic day
When first our clinging arms and lips drew near;
The second is for pledge of joy so sheer
The very thought thereof is sweet dismay.
Ah! Craig! Love leads us on a dazzling way
Whose rapture, not whose woe, I seem to fear!

But then that third, the fragrant laurel! There
Is symbol of the recompense we hold
For this gray world in which we gain such bliss.
Thence were the crowns that heroes bent to share,
When, to the music of their Age of Gold,
Pure on their brows fell Fame's transcendent kiss.

* * *

THE LUTE-PLAYER

Then said I to the unassenting day:
"Die swiftly!" And to Sleep: "Possess thou me,
That the nepenthe drug me utterly!
O hide thou me from Love, whose arrows slay
The peace for which I travail. Let my way
Along the waters of oblivion be,
And lead by Lethe to the ghostly sea
No stars shall haunt nor moon of passion sway!"

So spake I in my sorrow. Now the night
Lift stars to make thy memory a pang,
The moon to hint thy mystery in light,
And I amfain of Loveand his despair.
Return, O Day, the golden chords that rang,
The aureate arrows and the yellow hair!

—From George Sterling's *Sonnets to Craig,* published by A. & C. Boni

"Father Mississippi"

A Child Looks at the River

OUTSIDE the plantation-house the world is saturate with moonlight. The trees of the long avenue are fountains, dripping streamers of Spanish moss into the dark pools formed by their shadows. Down the walk from the white-columned house comes a man leading a small boy by the hand. Slowly they go through the pale night—figures in a dream.

The man says: "I am going to show you something that you will never forget as long as you live."

"Never forget as long as you live—as long as you live—" It is like a song. The boy says it to himself, over and over—"You'll never forget as long as you live—never forget—."

"Never forget what, sir?"

The man does not answer. The two go slowly down the avenue, the boy making two steps to the man's stride. They pass through moonlight into shadow, back into moonlight again. Fireflies flicker like falling stars. The man opens a gate and they pass through. They cross a dusty road. Before them rises a high, grass-grown wall of earth, very steep—the levee. They climb up. An old white cow with a tinkly bell moves along the slope, munching the grass. . . . "Something you'll never forget as long as you live. . . . " What can it be? For to the boy this is all familiar ground.

As they go up, the boy counts his steps: fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three . . . a few more steps and he will be able to look over the levee-top. He knows what he will see—he has seen it many times before: a long downward slope, grass-grown like the one they have climbed, then a wide sand-bar with a fringe of willow-trees, and beyond it, far off, the silver river rushing past in the moonlight.

But as they reach the top, he draws in his breath in astonishment. At his very feet stretches a great sea! There is no familiar downward slope, there is no sand-bar, there is no fringe of willows. The water has covered them all. The tops of black trees are visible upon the opposite shore. All other landmarks are gone.

The boy cannot speak. He gasps instead. The man lifts him in strong arms and swings the child to his shoulder.

Out there in the vast stretch of water a steamboat is nosing its way upstream. *Puff-puff!* A pause. *Puff-puff! ...Puff-puff!* Pause. *Puff-puff!* The red and green lights on the twin smokestacks are bright against the sky; a plume of black smoke trails out behind the boat. There are lights in the cabin. Some one is lighting a torch forward. At first only a spark, then a yellow flare, which is reflected in the moving water. In the rushing water there are floating objects; trees with branches reaching up into the air, like arms of drowning men.

The steamboat moves forward under full steam, but it makes slow progress against the roaring current. As the man and the boy stand watching the river and the boat, a streak of fire mounts the sky.

LYLE SAXON'S Father Mississippi *contains, among other things, the "finest interpretation of plantation life yet done in American literature."*

The author first introduces us to the river as he was introduced to it as a child on a Louisiana plantation behind the levee. The episode that follows deals, of course, with the great flood of 1927 which inundated millions of acres and rendered more than seven hundred thousand people homeless.

Father Mississippi *is part epic, part pageant and part rhapsody. More than anything written since Mark Twain's* Life on the Mississippi, *it conveys the power and glamor and terror of "the father of waters."*

From the landing at the plantation opposite, a mile away, a rocket has been sent up. It curves its fiery course upward, bursts into a shower of yellow and blue stars, fades, and vanishes. The folks over there are signaling the steamboat. Slowly the boat turns her nose about and makes her panting way toward the landing. A puff of white steam rises, disappears. The steam has gone completely before the boy hears the whistle sound deep and mellow.

The man turns away from the river and gazes back over the land: "Look!"

From the levee-top the man and the boy gaze downward. There, a quarter of a mile away, at the end of the avenue of moss-draped trees, stands the plantation-house bathed in moonlight. There are lights in the windows, and from the open door a stream of warm lamplight floods the gallery and pours out into the flower garden. The house, its lofty roof level with their feet, is below them; the fields of sugar-cane, billowing in the moonlight, are below them. But on the other side of the levee the river laps at their feet.

Without understanding why, the boy is afraid. His arm tightens around the neck of the man. He tries to ask a question: "Where is my river?" He means the river that he remembers, the peaceful river of other times, flowing between the willows. The man does not understand: "Why, here is the river. We're standing at the very edge of it."

No, this can never be the same river. It must be another one. "What has happened to my river?" the boy asks.

The man laughs, but there is little merriment in his laugh: "This is the same river that is always here—old Father Mississippi!"

Father Mississippi!

Father Mississippi . . . You'll never forget as long as you live . . . as long as you live. . . .

> THERE is something terrible and yet maliciously gleeful about the river when it breaks its man-made manacles, something human with a kink of Frankenstein-humanness.
>
> —Lyle Saxon

Episode: Down on the Levee

WE ARE gathered on the levee-top—white and black men, rich and poor—or, rather, yesterday we were rich and poor; tonight we are equal in misery, for the Mississippi has taken everything from us.

The old Devil river! Rightly enough do the negroes call it so. "The old Devil river, pushin' and shovin' at the levees," they say. These walls of earth, man made, erected at tremendous cost and endless labor, are built higher and higher every year in order that our homes, lying behind the levees, may be safe from the ever-rising stream. And now—all useless, all washed away.

The broken levee-top is like a long narrow island. Twenty feet wide, perhaps, and water washing on both sides—black water that extends out in all directions, mile after mile, dotted now with wreckage of our homes and covering the land endlessly.

We are tired out, hungry, wet, miserable. There are perhaps fifty of us, near the end of the levee. Ahead of us lies the crevasse . . . the water rushing through, inundating the fields and cotton land deeper under the yellow flood. Yes, yellow by day, but at this hour only a vast black torrent, with never a light anywhere. There is no moon. There are no stars tonight. A soft rain has fallen, making us, shelterless, even more miserable.

We sit upon the ground, in groups, afraid to sleep, too miserable to cry, waiting, with forlorn hope, for a rescue boat.

We have been here for more than twenty-four hours, ever since the alarm came which sent us running out into the night. . . . Can it be only twenty-four hours ago? It seems eternity.

We have no water except the yellow, foul stuff that is all about us. We drink sparingly of it, grimacing, wiping our

lips. There is no food; none to speak of.

There is no wood. We have no fire. This afternoon some one broke up a packing-case, kindled a fire, and made coffee. There was only enough for a few. The aroma made the rest of us sick with its fragrance.

Only two white men. We sit with bowed heads, leaning forward, looking out into the darkness. Near-by a group of negro men lies sleeping. A young negro woman, separated from her family, lies moaning. She is going to give birth to a baby before morning, or so the old negro women say who have gathered around her. She is having a hard time. They have tried every charm and spell they know, but nothing works.

What can you expect with the old Devil river pounding all around you, and with no help in sight?

The black woman cries. Sometimes she screams aloud. An old negro man lies near her, his head pillowed in the lap of a woman, almost equally old. The old man doesn't say anything. This afternoon we tried to talk to him, but nothing was gained by it. His mind ran back to the old days, to other floods and disasters. This one, he says, is no worse than others. The old woman, his wife, grunts and groans and holds his head:

"De old man's mighty bad," she says. "'E won't las' long."

The girl's moans, muffled by the rushing of the water around us, worry the old man. He mutters to himself.

I sit disconsolately, thinking of the cotton fields and the fields of young sugar-cane, lying under all these miles of black water. Gone, all gone. All that we of the South have labored for, hoped for, lived for.

Not by myself alone. My own loss is so slight that it does not seem to matter in the general *debacle*. But the old Devil river has done for us all, at last.

For years we have curbed it, fenced it into its channel. But now it has taken its land again, as it did in the old days, when it spread out as the Nile does, enriching the country for the coming year. We thought we were cleverer than the men who lived thousands of years ago. We would tame the old river and make our lands safe.

> BEARS and snakes have come out of the cache river bottoms to refuge here with hundreds of humans whose homes are under water. The bears are so hungry and exhausted from swimming through the turbulent floods that they have lost most of their fear of people, who are feeding them from their scant store of food. The snakes are resting in trees. . . .dropping here and there in an apparent attempt to land on vehicles or persons.
>
> —Associated Press dispatch from Cotton Plant, Arkansas

Ah, yes, I have heard my grandfather, an old planter, say over and over again: "We have worked always to tame the river—but the river waits and waits. Sooner or later it will take what it wants. May I not be here to see it!"

Thank God that he is not here to see it! For he would suffer to see the land laid waste by the torrents of never-ending water that pour over the fields, taking everything before the flood. It is like an old horror tale of Bible times, a plague, a judgment. But what have we of the Mississippi Valley done, save try to wrest a living from the land? For two hundred years our forefathers have lived here, planting the land, fighting the river. Here they built their homes, rough ones at first—later the large, white pillared brick houses that we call our homes today. Furniture came from France, or from "up North," to furnish them. Our fathers knew great prosperity. Then, Civil War, loss of labor—the "hard times" came. Then a sort of renaissance in the eighteen-eighties, when the Cotton Exhibition was held in New Orleans, and "King Cotton" became a slogan.

Then the boll-weevil, and high water, and labor hard to get; the negro migra-

tion north; and hard times again. I was born at the end of the Golden Age—as a child, I saw the last of the prosperity and knew the pinch of hard times. The times have been hard for plantation people ever since, for we are rooted in the old ways. We are planters rather than farmers. Other people may plant truck gardens. We plant cane or cotton—or nothing. Well, let it be nothing from now on. The old Devil river has finished us.

But who cares for my thoughts? There are other sufferers far more deserving of sympathy than men of my type. We have a sort of resignation that we call philosophy; but our simpler brothers have nothing. For them everything is lost. All they labored for is destroyed tonight.

> THE aristocracy of today is not one of birth or wealth, but of those who do things for the welfare of their fellow men.
>
> —Charles M. Schwab

And the negroes. Their homes are gone, they are destitute, adrift. And yet, what lessons they can teach us in taking trouble with ease. . . ."They're used to adversity," says the man at my elbow. "They don't mind."

Something else is there, though—these black men who have sung their way up from slavery, now they weather this storm which has laid the white folks low. They seem tireless. All afternoon they have been wading about in the water, salvaging things from the wreckage about us. It was the negroes who found the wood for our puny fire, now burned down to a few ashes.

It was a negro who gave me a piece of stale bread this afternoon. Never have I tasted cake half so sweet as that crumbling loaf handed me by black fingers. He sits near me now, his head hanging on his breast. I turn to him:

"Is that a light, out yonder?"

His head snaps up, he looks. "No suh, I can't see nuttin'. . . . Yo' done fool me, boss!" he laughs.

He laughs!

How can he laugh in the face of this terrible night and the black water?

"Where are you going when we get away from here—if we get away?" I ask.

"Maybe to New Awlins! Maybe somewhere else. . . .I got to find Mattie—she's done got los' somewhere."

"Mattie?"

"Yassuh. She done gone up to de schoolhouse wid her maw and sister when me and the rest of the niggers come out to work wid Mr. Jim. Dat was fo' days ago." He paused. "Mattie's my wife," he added as an afterthought.

So he had a wife out there somewhere in the black expanse of water. Safe? Drowned? Who could tell? We had no news. We knew nothing and could only conjecture.

All around us lay the flood. No light anywhere. And always the rushing sound of water going by in its mad race toward the lower river and the Gulf. Two hundred miles or more to the south lay New Orleans under her levees. Day before yesterday—years ago—I had seen a paper—the water was almost at the top of the levees. . . .the people of the city were "carrying on business as usual." Good, brave people, those folks in New Orleans, carrying on their business and their lives, although every man knew that the menace of the river was worse this year than ever before. And what now? To what would the city resort—with crevasses on all sides—and yet the crest of the flood somewhere "up river," where I am sitting on a levee-top with homeless negroes?

My mind runs back to the activities of yesterday. A back-breaking, heart-breaking day. In a small motorboat we plowed through the inundated section, trying to rescue some of these poor devils who clung to their homes until too late to get away.

We moved slowly among the branches of the trees, in danger of upsetting as we crossed submerged fences. In the afternoon we approached a cabin, standing to its eaves in the yellow water. On the roof a strange group was gathered.

An old negro mammy, very placid, was in command of the situation. She was cooking on a wood-burning cook-stove which had been balanced in some miraculous way on the ridge-pole. The fire was fed with shingles ripped from the roof—nearly half of them gone already. A half-grown boy sat on the edge of the roof, patiently fishing. Evidently he had had luck earlier in the day, for a fish was sizzling now in the pan. A young negro woman with a baby in her arms squatted against the chimney, feeding fish to the infant. They greeted us, when we came chugging up in the motor-boat, with cries of welcome—offered us a portion of the fish, and seemed greatly relieved when we refused. No, they wouldn't come to the levee-top; they preferred to remain where they were. "De watah ain't goin' no higher, an' we's safer heah dan on de levee."

All their meager household goods were piled on the roof-top and they refused to leave them. They promised to signal us with a torch if the water rose higher, or if the house crumbled beneath them.

It was well for them that they refused to enter our boat, for not half an hour after we struck a snag and ripped a hole in its bottom. For two hours we hung, wet and shivering, in a tree, until an old negro man in a flat-bottomed row-boat picked us up and brought us to the other refugees on the levee-top. And here we have remained since.

The white man beside me is a civil engineer. He has remained near the river, studying the levees—working to build them higher, year after year. Two days ago we both joined in rescue work as everybody else did. Tonight we were waiting to be rescued. He has said little except to talk to the negroes, reassuring them, although he has small hope himself. Surely there will be a rescue boat along in the morning. He has said that over and over.

I fall to thinking of the greatest flood that the Mississippi has ever known: Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, and now Louisiana—every State bordering on the great river suffering. The Mississippi Valley, a third of the United States, draining into the river which now washes around us. And all the dwellers in the lower valley, fighting year after year, against this ever-increasing terror that has now engulfed us all.

The sword of Damocles has fallen!

For we never have the river "off our mind"—those of us who live behind the levees. Every year we work and fear—and the floods come just as our crops are rising from the good black earth. We should know whereof we speak, for we have thought of little else for many years. And year by year we have seen the river rising higher, always higher than the levees that rise to combat its flood stage. New Orleans built its levees in the year that the city was founded by Bienville in 1718. But the new levee is inadequate today as the old was inadequate then. Now, at this moment, New Orleans is facing the greatest danger in its history, with water lapping at the very top of these man-made embankments—and the crest of the flood still up the river. There were floods in 1785, 1828, 1858, 1862, 1867—every one worse than the one before. The high water of 1882 set high-water marks, and other disastrous floods occurred in 1883, 1897, 1912, 1913, 1922—and now this flood of 1927, the worst in the history of the river.

And it seems that it will be worse always until some other plan than "levees only" is worked out. I speak to the civil engineer about it. He answers angrily: "Of course! Since 1879 that fight has been waged. 'Levees only. Confinement of the river into its channel.' It can't be done, old man. Look about you now. This is the result.

"It's hard for me to talk about it calmly, when I think of the millions of dollars and hundreds of lives sacrificed to the levees—and this flood proves conclusively that levees are not enough and can never be enough.

"Look! From Cairo, Illinois, to the Gulf there are no outlets. Just confinement between dikes. Once there were

thirty thousand square miles of natural reservoirs in the Mississippi. Twenty-seven thousand of these square miles have been partially reclaimed by the levee system. All this storage space for water is gone. The water must go somewhere, and it is forced into the main channel. Ever since 1879 there have been two groups considering floods on the Mississippi. One group advocated spillways; the other group advocated higher levees, cutting off all natural outlets, and forcing the water into the main channel, the theory being that additional water would dig the channel deeper.

"What folly! Look about you!

"The warning has been plain enough, but people will not understand. 'Levees only' and 'confinement' plans have proved futile now. This—our worst flood—and two natural outlets closed: Cypress Creek, an outlet into the Tensas basin below Arkansas City, and the Atchafalaya, which gave directly into the Gulf. That is, money given to erect levees has been used to partially close the natural outlet into the Atchafalaya. Formerly there were eight miles of opening there; now there are only three miles. And Cypress Creek is completely closed. The great volume of water is forced back into the main channel. And always more and more water—from lands swept bare of their forests, and from natural reservoirs, now reclaimed behind the levees.

"This year the levees all along the Mississippi were higher than ever before in their history. Yet they fall like paper before the flood. We can never build them high enough or strong enough, unless there are spillways and reservoirs in addition to the levees.

"Surely levees alone can never protect the lower valley from the floods of the Mississippi. It may be that this disaster will bring home the fact. God knows, I hope so!

"Think of it, old man, there are only fifty of us here on this bit of broken levee-top, and up and down the valley there are perhaps ten thousand like us, marooned. It makes me shiver to think of it. . . ."

Behind us the negro girl is screaming again. The old negro women are trying to fortify her with one of their remedies —an open pocket-knife placed under her body, "to cut de pain"; but this seems to give no relief, although it is one of the negroes' favorite superstitions. Over and over the woman cries out: "Oh, Jesus! Please, Jesus!". . .

There are two groups discernible in the darkness now. One group of negroes is around the old man, who still lies with his head in the lap of the old woman, and the other group is about the young woman.

The two white men, powerless to help, lean forward, burying heads on folded arms. The sky in the east is beginning to show gray.

The black man beside me speaks again: "Ah'm worried 'bout Mattie—Ah shore wish daylight wuz heah!"

"The sun will be up before long," says the civil engineer.

Another hour drags by. As the light increases we can see an old woman crouching at the levee's edge, holding something in her arms. She dabs a rag in the muddy water. And then, in the silence, comes a thin cry, like a cat mewing.

One man is dead, but there is another life on the levee-top. We all crowd around to see the baby, lying naked in the old woman's lap. The mother, covered with sacking, lies with closed eyes.

"Hit's a fine boy!" the old woman announces.

Immediately there is a chorus of comment:

"Great day!"

"Gawd knows!"

"What yo' goin' tuh name 'im, sister?"

The black mother opens her eyes in the dawn and smiles a twisted smile. "Ah specks Ah'm goin' tuh name 'im Refugee," she says.

There is instant agreement.

"Dat's right!"

"Sho' nuff!"

The old woman, leaning with bowed head over the body of the old man, continues to moan to herself. Above the horizon comes the broad face of the sun, round and red.

We all look about. On all sides desolation. Only a strip of levee-top, an island, on which we are gathered, and beyond, to the left, the mighty river, roaring toward the Gulf, its surface dotted with drifting logs and uprooted trees. To our right are the inundated fields, with the tops of trees visible, and in the distance the tall tower of a sugar-house, standing clear of the flood. Wreckage is floating about—a chicken-coop, a barrel, a broken chair from some water-swept cabin.

But there—up the river—plainly seen in the first rays of sunlight, is a steamboat. It is far off, but approaching. Above it, a plume of smoke from the smokestacks rises black in the clear air. A shout rises from the levee-top.

"Thank Gawd! De boat done come!"

Slowly it draws nearer down the river. A small steamboat, the *Daisy B*—usually in some placid bayou—now playing its part as a rescue boat. Already the decks are crowded with other refugees, but there will be room for us. It is not dangerous for the boat to come near us now, for the water has stopped roaring through the crevasse ahead of us; the water in the fields is at the same level as the water in the river outside the levee.

A white man is at the bow. He greets us, hails the negroes with a cry: "Well, we'll take you folks to land somewhere."

Negro men carry the body of the old man aboard. Those already on deck roll their eyes in superstitious awe. Bad luck for a boat to take a corpse aboard. But the bowed figure of the old woman quiets their comment. The young negro mother with her new baby is greeted with a shout: "Lawzee! De flood done brought dat gal a baby! Um-Umph!"

The negro man who sat at my elbow all night goes from group to group, asking for news of his wife: "Is yo' seen anything of a light brown gal dey calls Mattie?" he asks.

The white man in charge of the refugees asks where she was, and, on hearing his reply, becomes grave. He shakes his head: "No, I haven't seen her."

Then, turning to the civil engineer, he says: "How can I tell that black boy that fifteen nigger women were drowned up there at the schoolhouse? Yes, sir. The building collapsed some time yesterday. We were there this morning. There's not one of them alive."

From group to group the big negro goes, asking his question: "Yo' ain't seen Mattie nowhere, have you? A light brown gal. . . .She wuz headed fo' de schoolhouse when I las' seed her. I just got tuh find Mattie. She's done got los' somewhere."—From Lyle Saxon's *Father Mississippi*, by permission of the Century Company

THE LOST SECRET OF THE STRADIVARIUS

WHAT makes the Stradivarius violin the sweetest toned instrument in all the world? No one knows. Partly it is the shape, partly the wood and particularly the varnish. It is the old story of secret formulas. We may duplicate the form, the wood and the intent of the maker, but until we solve the mystery of the varnish he put upon his instruments we will still be a long way from perfection.

I sometimes wonder if even then we will produce instruments like those that have been handed down to us through the ages, for after all, seasoning is a mighty important thing! Of Strads made between the years 1666 and 1737 there are about 540 violins, 12 violas and 50 cellos which are known to be authentic, and there exists at least a hundred more which are of uncertain genre but may with reason be ascribed to Antonio Stradivarius. Moreover, new "Strads" keep turning up in all parts of the world.

Sometimes necessity drives a family to dispose of old heirlooms, an honest antique dealer is summoned, the violin is casually examined, a fugitive ray of light strikes into the sound box, strange hieroglyphics are deciphered which indicate that the instrument was manufactured at Cremona by Antonio Stradivarius, reporters catch the scent of a story and in jig time the whole world hears about it. —Mephisto, in *Musical America*

Good and Bad Features of Soviet Russia

THEODORE DREISER, headmaster of the school of realistic fiction-writing in America and author of An American Tragedy, *visited Russia for eleven weeks at the invitation of the Soviet Government. His privilege was to make an independent inquiry, with freedom to publish his conclusions, however uncomplimentary. More than once, it is stated, he was threatened with expulsion from Russia at the hands of the Communists for being, as he says, "an ignorant and effete, even bloated as well as incorrigible, American materialist. . .come to spy on the honest Communist Government."*

Here are some of his findings. In giving them, the author wants it made clear that he is "not seriously irritated by Russia or the Soviet system. . .As a matter of fact, my judgment is that the good features fairly balance the bad—and that the eventual result may be a world social system that is an improvement."

I FEEL the Soviet form of Government is likely to endure in Russia, perhaps with modifications: and not only that, but spread to or markedly affect politically all other nations.

I believe that in the main the Russian people are satisfied with the Soviet mechanism, and that they think it is perfecting itself daily.

With an enormous industrializing process in full swing I believe it is probable that Russia will become one of the mightiest economic forces that the world has known, as it is to-day probably the mightiest military power. . . .

THOUGH the Soviet system has wonderful features, it is with regret that I say I think our own country will eventually be Sovietized—perhaps soon enough to affect me. It is not a very great step from a nation of chain stores, chain railways, chain hotels, chain newspapers and chain industrial and mercantile establishments of every description to a chain Soviet system.

—Theodore Dreiser

The following are the principal good features of the Soviet system, as I found them:

First, its leaders, theoretic and practical, realize that the best thing for everybody is work in some form, either mental or physical, and the worst thing idleness—either enforced or personally desired—and they have set themselves to the task of providing work and eliminating idleness. I most heartily approve of that.

Next, while they realize that work for all is necessary, and idleness for a class abominable, nevertheless they feel that the amount of work assigned to each should not be more than is necessary to provide all with all the privileges and comforts of a very highly developed State, a State economically, artistically, intellectually and socially agreeable and, perhaps, beautiful; also that after that the individual may do with the rest of his time as he chooses.

Furthermore — and I think this is one of its most valuable features— they will not permit any individual accumulation of wealth, as they argue that individual wealth on the one hand can only spell poverty and want on the other, and this they will not endure.

Go where you will in Russia you will find earnest efforts being made to provide working and living conditions so vastly improved that they appear to some even fantastic. . . .

Another thing I approve of is the economic as well as the legal and political emancipation of women. You hear a great deal of what has happened to the morals of women in Russia, but in so far as I could see they are no worse than the morals of women anywhere else in the world at this time.

In Russia, as every one knows by now,

marriage is no longer the binding thing it once was. Divorce is easy, a declaration of intention to separate, merely. And as there is no private property, or very little, the legal bickering and conniving that go on in every other country in connection with that are out.

There is no reason for either husband or wife to hang on, love or no love, in the hope of making something out of it. Furthermore, since both must work and can, when necessary, make their own way, there is none of that infernal whimpering in connection with what is to become of the poor wife or her child. She is to get work and support herself, as she should, and probably already does. Not only that, but if there are children, the State steps in and does, as it should, the natural and intelligent thing. It protects the child against its quarreling parents. Is the child sixteen? Very good, it is time for it to go to work and support itself. Is it not sixteen, and care and education are still required? Then the husband and wife, pro rata, contribute out of their earnings until the child is old enough to go to work. . . .

Stick to your job. Find some woman or girl to be happy with, if you can. And after that, study and improve your mental and social position. There is no other way. And as I view it now, it is the only sane treatment of the sex question I have ever seen. . . .

Have I been converted to Communism? No, not to the brand operating in Russia at this time.

I myself, ordinarily most sympathetically inclined toward the under dog and the minor individual everywhere, was inclined, and still am, to decide that a little too much was being done for labor, too little for the brains necessary to direct it; that labor was getting an undue share of the fruits of the land and that the elimination of the old-time creative or constructive business man, with all that his self-interest and consequent industry, ingenuity, etc., imply, was likely to result in a kind of slowness or seeming indifference or quiescence which one might expect in a society from which the urge and tang of competition had been extracted.

In fact, a few thoughts that then and there troubled me still do—that is to say, that without commercial and political captaincy of a very high order so vast a problem as the feeding, clothing, housing, education and pleasuring of 150,000,000 persons is not likely to come off; that to make people work hard and intelligently requires something more than the Marxian slogan: "All for one and one for all." For can man be made to work as enthusiastically for others as for himself?

It is so easy to stay in Moscow, read data concerning the rapid and helpful development of the Communistic system in Russia {as furnished by the officials and theoreticians} and interview the latter and take their picture of what is. But it is quite another matter to travel over the great empire and see for one's self. . . .

In Moscow one heard so much of this remarkable economic system being carefully worked out among all of the 167 nationalities of the immense commune. And that it was working, everywhere in Russia.

But then I went further to be confronted by certain indisputable facts. Among these, for instance, that the major portion of the population is in poor if not insufficient clothing; that there is not any too much heat; also inadequate, and certainly from a Western point of view, uncomfortable transportation for the masses; no furniture anywhere worthy of the name; insufficient, if not expensive, and certainly not comfortable, housing; very few public roads, few modern vehicles, such as busses, automobiles, or trucks; not enough schools as yet, not enough places of amusement, all forms of commodities, from bread and tea, meat and grains, down to clothing and utensils, of the simplest and only the most necessary kinds, high in cost and poor in quality. Unemployment still great {200,000 in Moscow, 160,000 in Leningrad, and other cities in proportion}, beggars, in Leningrad, Moscow and other cities, prostitution among

women of the old order either unequipped or unwilling to meet the new conditions. . . .

None the less, one fact I harvested in Russia, and, which I will never forget, is this: that via Communism, or this collective or paternalistic care of everybody for everybody else, it is possible to remove that dreadful sense of social misery in one direction or another which has so afflicted me in my life in America ever since I have been old enough to know what social misery was.

The rich districts as opposed to the poor ones in all of our great cities, and our poorer and smaller towns and villages. The fine houses as opposed to the wretched ones, and the slums, the strikes. The unemployed men.

The old Bowery in New York, with its hundreds of thousands of "down and outs;" South State and Clark Streets in Chicago, with their shambling, bleary, hopeless hordes. The "bunk joints," the bread lines, the penny coffee or milk stands in winter. And strong men in ragged clothes sidling alongside to mutter "for God's sake, Cap, a dime will you? Gimme enough for a cup of coffee or a sandwich."

And then Fifth Avenue, Michigan Avenue, Schenley Drive, a-clank and a-glitter with the trappings and the vanities and the gauds and follies of those who had endless means to do with. And the sloughs of despond only a mile or a block away, where swarmed those who had nothing. The gulf was too wide, the comparisons cruel and unnecessary.

And after a fashion they endure to this hour, only how greatly reduced, most of the vanity and the arrogance extracted, about as one might extract a tooth.

But in Russia how different the prevailing tone of the cities and the towns. Something that has never been anywhere before, I assume. For where are the rich? There are none. And where the groveling, feverish poor? Gone also. You cannot walk the streets of any city, anywhere in Russia, Odessa, Leningrad, Perm, Baku, Kieff, Novosebirsk and gather in any of these places a suggestion of that difference between classes and conditions that so haunted you in your childhood. It is not possible. . . .

On the other hand, one of the most amazing and to me most disagreeable phases of Russia at this time is the endless outpour of propaganda. All overnight, as it were, has come a vast program of education and at the same time industrialization and militarization.

The leaders at Moscow and all their enthusiastic disciples and followers would like to educate, train, house and modernly equip all of these poor Russians by to-morrow if they could. And so schools, schools, schools! And factories wherever they can get the money and the machinery wherewith to equip them.

And barracks, barracks, barracks, and soldiers, soldiers, soldiers, always marching and singing or being trained somewhere, and on top of all this books, books and pamphlets by the millions, and all embodying propaganda in some form or other. Really I never saw its equal anywhere, nothing like it, so many books, posters, pamphlets, appeals. It is really a nightmare of propaganda. . . .

Indirectly Communism, its theories and doctrines, permeates every public phase of a child's training and education from the cradle and kindergarten up. Not a spelling or a reading or a writing or geography or history or grammar lesson or a class exercise or diversion but is connected in some way, and that as directly as possible, with Communist theory and practice.

It is serious and somewhat colorless philosophy; and one of the heavier aspects of Russia is this burden of heavy economic and social thinking so early thrown upon the mind of the child.

In connection with the national assumption that Russia, as the head and front of the Communist movement, is called upon to Sovietize the world, is all that country's serious and gloomy military preparation, which really to a large extent darkens the Russian scene.

In consequence, posters, posters, posters, showing in a score of forms capitalism about to pounce on Russia and

destroy it. And then more posters and pamphlets and radio talks and lectures by the G. P. U and others to convince the populace that not only is it necessary to have the army in question, but {worse or better, as you please} a large civilian population, in fact all the able-bodied men and women in the country who are not in the army, trained to fight or to nurse or to help in some other military fashion, with the necessary equipment to take up the struggle along with the army in case Russia is attacked.

And so in every factory, every moving picture studio, apartment house, library, office building or institution housing the workers of some great bureau, hotel, theater and what not else, is a Red or Lenin corner with always a picture or a statue of Lenin and some of his most inspiring communistic words.

And then nearby, or in an adjoining room, a rack or shelf for guns, bombs, gas masks, first aid kits and I know not what else, all intended as a part of a school or class for war, a local or neighborhood or industrial training in attack, and defense.

It is really astounding, and of a sinister and most disturbing hue. For one says to oneself, and can scarcely help it, "For heaven's sake, what a theory! And how mad a people! And how straight they are going toward some great ill which fate has willed. Girls learning to shoot, to hurl a bomb, to adjust a gas mask, to render first aid! And men and women, as well as boys and girls."

I found it intensely depressing as well as ominous. And it is all over Russia from Poland to China, from the Arctic to Afghanistan. The entire Russian people made to believe and to feel that war is inescapable.

I never saw anything quite like it before, not even in Germany before the war.—From Theodore Dreiser's articles based on his personal study of conditions in Russia, syndicated by the North American Newspaper Alliance

WITH the Freedom of the Seas guaranteed by covenant between nations, there would be no incentive for the United States, France, Germany or Russia or other Powers to maintain navies larger than sufficient for police purposes. To say that such a treaty would not be regarded in time of stress is to condemn all treaties. The consensus of opinion is that had Germany not violated Belgian neutrality probably she would have won the war, since Great Britain, at least, would not have entered the lists against her in time to check her.

—Colonel Edward M. House, in *The Contemporary Review.*

WHY NOT ABOLISH AUTO SPEED LAWS?

IT is a mistake to make safety a matter of speed as such. There are times when twenty miles an hour is dangerous and sometimes seventy is safe. It all depends upon conditions, and I predict that within five years all speed-limit laws in the United States will be abolished. The laws there heavily penalize reckless driving, which is as it should be.

The country is developing its highway system and soon we will have one-way highways, with grade separation at crossings, on which cars will be expected to go at least sixty-five miles an hour. We must keep going more rapidly all the time. In order to accommodate the increasing automobile traffic of the country cars must be kept moving at high speed.

The automobile is going through the same history as the railroad. At first a man had to walk ahead of a train to warn pedestrians. Then speeds were limited. Now we keep the right of way clear and let trains go as fast as they can.

The automobile of today is safer at fifty miles an hour than the car of ten years ago was at twenty.—Paul G. Hoffman, Vice-President of the Studebaker Corporation

Isadora Duncan Tells Her Life Story

"IT has taken me years of struggle, hard work and research to learn to make one simple gesture, and I know enough about the art of writing to realize that it would take as many years of concentrated effort to write one simple, beautiful sentence," says Isadora Duncan, the dancer, in the introduction to her posthumous autobiography, My Life.

Isadora Duncan died in an automobile accident on the French Riviera, September 14, 1927. She left her autobiography practically finished. To one critic it is "an enormously interesting and profoundly moving book. Here was a great woman; a magnificent, generous, gallant, reckless, fool of a woman. There was never a place for her in the ranks of the slow army of the cautious. She ran ahead, where there were no paths."

ONE night in 1905 I was dancing in Berlin. Although as a rule I never notice the audience when I am dancing—they always seem to me like some great god representing Humanity—this evening I was aware of some personality sitting in the front row. Not that I looked, or saw, who it was, but I was psychically aware of its presence, and when the performance was over, there came into my loge a beautiful being. But he was very angry.

"You are marvellous!" he exclaimed. "You are wonderful! But why have you stolen my ideas? Where did you get my scenery?"

"What are you talking about? These are my own blue curtains. I invented them when I was five years old, and I have danced before them ever since!"

"No! They are my *decors* and my ideas!

"But you are the being I imagined in them. You are the living realization of all my dreams."

"But who are you?"

Then came from his mouth these wonderful words:

"I am the son of Ellen Terry."

Ellen Terry, my most perfect ideal of woman! Ellen Terry . . . !

"Why, you must come home and have supper with us," said my unsuspecting mother. "Since you take such an interest in Isadora's art, you must come home to supper with us."

And Craig came home to supper.

He was in a wild state of excitement. He wanted to explain all his ideas about his art, his ambitions. . . . And I was most interested.

But, one by one, my mother and the others became quite sleepy, and one by one, they went off to bed with various excuses, and we were left alone. Craig went on talking about the art of the theater.

He illustrated his art with gestures.

Suddenly, in the midst of all this, he said:

"But what are you doing here? You, the great artist, living in the midst of this family? Why, it's absurd! I was the one who saw and invented you. You belong to my scenery."

Craig was tall, willowy, with a face recalling that of his wonderful mother, but even more delicate in features. In spite of his height, there was something feminine about him, especially about the mouth, which was sensitive and thin-lipped. The golden curls of his boyhood pictures—Ellen Terry's golden-haired little boy, so familiar to London audiences—were somewhat darkened. His eyes, very near-sighted, flashed a steely fire behind his glasses. He gave one the impression of delicacy, a certain almost womanly weakness. Only his hands, with their broad-tipped fingers and simian square thumbs, bespoke strength. He always laughingly referred to them as murderous thumbs—"Good to choke you with, my dear!"

I, like one hypnotized, allowed him to put my cape over my little white tunic. He took my hand, we flew down the

stairs to the street. Then he hailed a taxi and said, in his best German, "Meine Frau und mich, wir wollen nach Potsdam gehen."

Several taxis refused to take us, but finally we found one, and off we went to Potsdam. At dawn we arrived. We stopped at a little hotel that was just opening its doors, and we drank coffee. Then, as the sun was getting high in the heavens, we started back to Berlin.

We arrived in Berlin at about nine o'clock and then we thought, "What are we to do?" We could not go back to my mother, so we went to see a friend called Elsie de Brugaire. Elsie de Brugaire was a Bohemian. She received us with most tender sympathy. She gave us some breakfast—scrambled eggs and coffee. She put me to sleep in her bedroom. I went to sleep and did not awake until evening.

"WHAT would the child think of us if we were not married?"

"If your child and my child were that sort of child, we would not care what it thought of us."

—From Isadora Duncan's *My Life*

Craig then took me up to his studio at the top of a high building in Berlin. There was a black, waxed floor with rose leaves, artificial rose leaves, strewn all over it.

Here stood before me brilliant youth, beauty, genius; and, all inflamed with sudden love, I flew into his arms with all the magnetic willingness of a temperament which had for two years lain dormant, but waiting to spring forth. Here I found an answering temperament, worthy of my metal. In him I had met the flesh of my flesh, the blood of my blood. . . . More like an angel of Blake than a mortal youth he appeared. Hardly were my eyes ravished by his beauty than I was drawn toward him, entwined, melted. As flame meets flame, we burned in one bright fire. Here, at last, was my mate; my love; my self—for we were not two, but one, that one amazing being of whom Plato tells in the Phaedrus, two halves of the same soul.

This was not a young man making love to a girl. This was the meeting of twin souls. The light covering of flesh was so transmuted with ecstasy that earthly passion became a heavenly embrace of white, fiery flame.

There are joys so complete, so all perfect, that one should not survive them. Ah, why did not my burning soul find exit that night, and fly, like Blake's angel, through the clouds of our earth to another sphere?

His love was young, fresh and strong, and he had neither the nerves or nature of a voluptuary, but preferred to turn from love-making before satiety set in, and to translate the fiery energy of his youth to the magic of his Art.

Gordon Craig is one of the most extraordinary geniuses of our epoch—a creature like Shelley, made of fire and lightning. He was the inspirer of the whole trend of the modern theater. True, he has never taken an active part in the practical life of the stage. He has stayed apart and dreamed, and his dreams have inspired all that is beautiful in the modern theater today. Without him, we should never have had Reinhardt, Jacques, Copeau, Stanislavsky. Without him, we would still be back in the old realistic scenery, every leaf shimmering on the trees, all the houses with their doors opening and shutting.

Craig was a brilliant companion. He was one of the few people I have ever met who was in a state of exaltation from morning till night. Even with the first cup of coffee, his imagination caught fire and was sparkling. An ordinary walk through the streets with him was like a promenade in Thebes of Ancient Egypt with a superior High Priest. . . .

Shortly after I dreamt that Ellen Terry appeared to me in a shimmering gown, such as she wore in *Imogene*, leading

by the hand a little blonde child, a little girl who resembled her exactly, and, in her marvelous voice, she called to me—"Isadora, love. Love. . . . Love. . . ."

From that moment I knew what was coming to me out of the shadowy world of Nothingness before Birth. Such a child would come, to bring me joy and sorrow. Joy and Sorrow! Birth and Death! Rhythm of the Dance of Life!

The divine message sang in all my being. I continued to dance before the public; to teach my School, to love my Endymion. . . .

During the first weeks, I used to lie long hours with the baby in my arms, watching her asleep; sometimes catching a gaze from her eyes; feeling very near the edge, the mystery, perhaps the knowledge of Life. This soul in the newly created body which answered my gaze with such apparently old eyes—the eyes of Eternity—gazing into mine with love. Love, perhaps, was the answer of all. What words could describe this joy? What wonder that I, who am not a writer, cannot find any words at all!

* * *

I PRESENTED Gordon Craig to Duse. She was at once charmed and interested in his views of the theater. After a few meetings of mutual enthusiasm, she invited us to come to Florence, and wished Craig to arrange a representation. So it was decided that Gordon Craig was to create the scenes for Ibsen's *Rosmersholm,* for Eleanora Duse, in Florence. We all took the train de luxe for Florence. . . . The two most adored beings in the world for me had met; Craig would have his work, Duse a setting worthy of her genius.

Arriving in Florence, we put up at a small hotel near the Grand, where Eleanora was installed in the Royal suite.

The first discussions began—discussions in which I played the interpreter for Craig, who could understand neither French nor Italian, and Duse, who knew not a word of English. I found myself between these two geniuses, forces which oddly enough, from the very beginning seemed in opposition to each other. I only hoped to make each happy and to please both. This I accomplished by a certain amount of misrepresentation. I hope some of the lies which I told in interpreting may be forgiven me, for they were in a holy cause. I wanted this great production to come off, and it would never have done so if I had really told Eleanora Duse what Craig said to her; and if I had repeated Duse's orders to Craig exactly as she expressed them.

In the first scene in *Rosmersholm,* I believe Ibsen describes the sitting-room as "comfortably furnished in old-fashioned style." But Craig had been pleased to see the interior of a great Egyptian Temple with enormously high ceiling, extending upward to the skies, with walls receding into the distance. Only, unlike an Egyptian Temple, at the

ANY woman or man who would write the truth of their lives would write a great work. But no one has dared to write the truth of their lives. Jean-Jacques Rousseau made this supreme sacrifice for Humanity—to unveil the truth of his soul, his most intimate actions and thoughts. The result is a great book. Walt Whitman gave his truth to America. At one time his book was forbidden to the mails as an "immoral book." This term seems absurd to us now. No woman has ever told the whole truth of her life. The autobiographies of most famous women are a series of accounts of the outward existence, of petty details and anecdotes which give no realization of their real life. For the great moments of joy or agony they remain strangely silent.

—From Isadora Duncan's *My Life*

far end there was a great, square window. In Ibsen's description, the window looks out into an avenue of old trees leading to a courtyard. Craig had been pleased to see this in dimensions of ten metres by twelve. It looked out upon a flaming landscape of yellows, reds and greens, which might have been some scene in Morocco. It could not possibly have been an old-fashioned courtyard.

Eleanora, looking rather disconcerted, said, "I see this as a small window. It cannot possibly be a large one."

To which Craig thundered in English, "Tell her I won't have any damned woman interfering with my work!"

Which I discreetly translated to Eleanora, "He says he admires your opinions and will do everything to please you."

Then, turning to Craig, I again diplomatically translated Duse's objections as, "Eleanora Duse says, as you are a great genius, she will not make any suggestions on your sketches, but will pass them as they are."

These conversations sometimes went on for hours.

Then Craig immured himself in the theater, where he began, with dozens of huge pots of paint before him, and a big brush, to paint the scene actually himself. . . . He did not come out, even to eat. If I had not brought him little luncheons at noons, he would not have had anything to eat at all.

One command he gave, "Keep Duse out of the theater. Do not let her come here. If she does, I will take the train and go away."

Whereas Duse was filled with desire to see what was going on. It was my task, without offending her, to keep her from going to the theater. I used to take her for long walks in the Gardens, where the lovely statues and exquisite flowers calmed her nerves. . . .

I shall never forget the picture of Duse, walking through those gardens. She did not look like a woman of this world, but rather like some divine image of Petrarch or Dante, who found herself upon the terrestrial sphere by some mischance. All the populace made way for her and stared at us with respectful but curious eyes. Duse did not like to be stared at by the public. She took all the little by-paths and small alleys, to avoid the popular gaze. Nor had she any love for poor humanity as I had. She considered most of these people as "canaille," and used to speak of them as such.

This was due mostly to her oversensitive nature, rather than anything else. She thought they were critical of her. When Duse came into personal contact with people, no one could be more sympathetic and kindly.

I will always remember those walks in the Gardens; the poplar trees, the magnificent head of Eleanora Duse, for, as soon as we found ourselves alone, she would pull off her hat and let her raven locks, just turning grey, free to the breeze. Her wonderfully intellectual forehead and her marvelous eyes—I shall never forget them. Sorrowful eyes, yet, when this face lit up in enthusiasm, I have never seen a more beatific expression of joy in any human face or in any work of art!

The *decors* for *Rosmersholm* were progressing. Each time I went to the theater to take Craig his luncheon or his dinner, I found him in a state bordering between anger and frantic joy. One hour he believed it would be the greatest vision the artistic world would see. The next, he would cry that he could get nothing in this country—no paints, no good workmen; that he must do everything himself.

The hour approached when Eleanora should see the completed scene. . . .I called for her and took her to the theater. She was in a state of intense nervous excitement which, I feared, might at any moment break out, like a stormy day, into a violent tempest.

On our way to the theater, I was so wrought up that I could hardly speak. Again, with great diplomacy, I kept her from rushing to the stage door, but I had the front door of the theater especially opened and led her into a box. There was a long wait, in which I suffered untold agonies, as she kept saying, "Will my window be just as I see it? Where in this scene?"

I held her hand tightly, kept patting it and saying: "In a little while—You will soon see. Have patience." But I was overcome with fear at the thought of that little window, which had now taken on the most gigantic dimensions imaginable.

From time to time one heard Craig's voice, in exasperated tones, now trying to speak in Italian, now just saying, "Damn! Damn! Why didn't you put this here? Why don't you do what I tell you?" Then silence again.

Finally, after what seemed hours of waiting, when I felt Eleanora's rising temper was ready to break out at any moment, the curtain slowly rose.

Oh, how can I describe what appeared before our astonished, enraptured eyes? Did I speak of an Egyptian Temple? No Egyptian Temple has ever revealed such beauty. No Gothic Cathedral, no Athenian Palace. Never have I seen such a vision of loveliness. Through vast blue spaces, celestial harmonies, mounting lines, colossal heights, one's soul was drawn toward the light of this great window which showed beyond no little avenue but the infinite universe. Within these blue spaces was all the thought, the meditation, the earthly sorrow of man. Beyond the window was all the ecstasy, the joy, the miracle of his imagination. Was this the living-room of Rosmersholm? I do not know what Ibsen would have thought. Probably he would have been as we were—speechless, carried away.

Eleanora's hand grasped mine. I felt her arms around me. She had me in strong embrace. I saw the tears were running down her beautiful face. For some time we sat, clutched in one another's arms, silent—Eleanora from her admiration and joy of art, and I from the great relief I found when she was pleased, after all my previous misgivings. So we remained. Then she took me by the hand and dragged me from the box, striding with her long steps through the dark corridor up to the stage. She stood upon the stage and in that voice which was Duse, called: "Gordon Craig! Come here!"

Craig came from the side wing, looking as shy as a boy. Duse enveloped him in her arms, and then came such a string of Italian words of adulation that I could not translate them fast enough for Craig. They flowed from her lips like water streaming from a fountain.

Craig did not weep from emotion as we did, but he remained for a long time silent, which, on his part, was a sign of great feeling.

Duse then called all the company to her. They had been waiting unconcernedly behind the stage. She made them an impassioned speech in this wise:

"It is my destiny to have found this great genius, Gordon Craig. I now intend to spend the rest of my career *{sempre, sempre}* devoting myself only to showing the world his great work."

She then went on with renewed eloquence to denounce the whole modern trend of the theater, all modern scenery, the modern conception of an actor's life and vocation.

Holding the hand of Craig all the time, and turning again and again to him, she told of his genius and of the new great resurrection of the theater. "Only through Gordon Craig," she said, over and over, "will we poor actors find release from this monstrosity, this charnel house, which is the theater of to-day!". . . .

* * *

I HAD three great Masters, the three great precursors of the Dance of our century—Beethoven, Nietzsche and Wagner. Beethoven created the Dance in mighty rhythm, Wagner in sculptural form, Nietzsche in spirit. Nietzsche was the first dancing philosopher.

I often wonder where is the American composer who will hear Walt Whitman's America singing, and who will compose the true music for the American Dance, which will contain no jazz rhythm —no rhythm from the waist down, but from the solar plexus, the temporal home of the soul, upwards to the Star Spangled Banner of the great sky which arches over the stretch of land from the Pacific, over the plains, over the Sierra Nevadas,

over the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic. I pray you, young American composer, create the music for the dance that shall express the America of Walt Whitman—the America of Abraham Lincoln.

It seems to me monstrous that any one should believe that the jazz rhythm expresses America. Jazz rhythm expresses the primitive savage. America's music would be something different. It has yet to be written. No composer has yet caught this rhythm of America—it is too mighty for the ears of most. But some day it will gush forth from the great stretches of earth, rain down from the vast sky spaces, and America will be expressed in some titanic music that will shape its chaos to harmony, and long-legged, shining boys and girls will dance to this music, not the tottering, ape-like convulsions of the Charleston, but a striking tremendous upward movement, mounting high above the Pyramids of Egypt, beyond the Parthenon of Greece, an expression of beauty and strength such as no civilization has ever known.

And this dance will have nothing in it of the inane coquetry of the ballet, or the sensual convulsion of the Negro. It will be clean. I see America dancing, standing with one foot poised on the highest point of the Rockies, her two hands stretched out from the Atlantic to the Pacific, her fine head tossed to the sky, her forehead shining with a crown of a million stars.

* * *

I HAVE sometimes been asked whether I consider love higher than art, and I have replied that I cannot separate them, for the artist is the only lover, he alone has the pure vision of beauty, and love is the vision of the soul when it is permitted to gaze upon immortal beauty.

Perhaps one of the most wonderful personalities of our times is Gabriel D'Annunzio, and yet he is small, and, except when his face lights up, can hardly be called beautiful. But when he talks to one he loves, he is transformed to the likeness of Phoebus Apollo himself, and he has won the love of some of the greatest and most beautiful women of the day. When D'Annunzio loves a woman, he lifts her spirit from this earth to the divine region where Beatrice moves and shines. In turn he transforms each woman to a part of the divine essence, he carries her aloft until she believes herself really with Beatrice, of whom Dante has sung in immortal strophes.

There was an epoch in Paris when the cult of D'Annunzio rose to such a height that he was loved by all the most famous beauties. At that time he flung over each favorite in turn a shining veil. She rose above the heads of ordinary mortals and walked surrounded by a strange radiance. But when the caprice of the poet ended, this veil vanished, the radiance was eclipsed, and the woman turned again to common clay. She herself did not know what had happened to her, but she was conscious of a sudden descent to earth, and looking back to the transformation of herself when adored by D'Annunzio, she realized that in all her life she would never again find this genius of love. Lamenting her fate, she became more and more desolate, until people, looking at her, said, "How could D'Annunzio love this commonplace and red-eyed woman?" So great a lover was Gabriel D'Annunzio that he could transform the most commonplace mortal to the momentary appearance of a celestial being.

Only one woman in the life of the poet withstood this test. She was the re-incarnation of the divine Beatrice herself. and over her D'Annunzio needed to throw no veil. For I have always believed that Eleanora Duse was the actual Beatrice of Dante re-incarnated in our days, and so before her D'Annunzio could only fall upon his knees in adoration, which was the unique and beatific experience of his life.

In all other women he found the material which he himself transmitted; only Eleanora soared above him, revealing to him the divine inspiration.

—From Isadora Duncan's *My Life*, by permission of Boni & Liveright.

CREVASSE!
A Scene Near Moreauville, Louisiana, May, 1927

The waters suddenly burst through this crevasse a few hours before the picture was taken. Presently the great Bayou des Glaises levee was honeycombed with breaks, and five parishes had gone under the flood. A hundred and fifty thousand refugees were straggling into the Red Cross Camps. (*See* Father Mississippi. *Page* 34).

An Appreciation of Isadora Duncan

ISADORA DUNCAN was the last friend I saw when I left Europe this Spring. She stood in the little crowd on the platform at the Gare Saint Lazare. She had been saying goodbye to Ruth Mitchell near the front of the train, and my car passed her as the train pulled out of the station. I was standing at the open window, laughing and half-crying at the sadly funny excitement of people parting with their friends, and suddenly I heard her voice calling my name and "Goodbye!" She raised her hand when I caught sight of her, and stood still with it raised in the air and moving slowly in a serene and strong benediction. A great beam of that energetic and perfectly idealistic light shone out of her eyes to me. She looked very great. She looked like a statue of real liberty.

It made me sad for a long time, because greatness in this little world is sad. Greatness coming to an unhappy end is almost unendurable, and I had felt that Isadora was coming to an unhappy end. I felt it underneath all the delightful bubbling of her mirth when I saw her during the winter in Cannes. It was at the house of our friend, Lucien Monod, a Communist and an artist. She had just received a cablegram that money would be forwarded for her memoirs, and she was full of laughing joy—that wild, reckless, witty joy that all her friends remember. Isadora could sprinkle the whole world with her wit and make it shine. A lot of stupid Americans—indeed almost all of stupid America—imagine that they laughed at Isadora. They are completely mistaken. Isadora laughed at them. She laughed as Rabelais would laugh at them, or Montaigne, or Shakespeare, or Aristophanes. Any great man or woman would laugh at them. And Isadora Duncan was one of the great men and women —more indubitably so, I think, than any other artist who has lived in our time. They speak of Duse and Sarah Bernhardt and Isadora as a trio of great women, but Isadora was incomparably above the other two. She was not only a perfectly supreme artist, as they were—endowed by nature with momentous power and the exquisite gift of restraining it—but she was also a mind and a moral force. She used her momentous power, as the giants of mankind have always done, not only to entertain the world, but to move it.

And she did move it. It is needless to tell how she changed the art of dancing in our time. She was a revolution in that art, and so to some extent in the whole art of the theater. All the civilized world acclaimed her, and recognized in that young brave girl's beautiful body, running barefoot and half-naked, running and bending and pausing and floating in a stream of music, as though the music had formed out of its own passion a visible spirit to live for a moment and die when it died—all the world recognized in that an artistic revolution, an apparition of creative genius, and not merely an achievement in the established art of the dance.

But I think few people realized how far beyond the realm of art—how far out and how deep into the moral and social life of our times the influence of Isadora Duncan's dancing extended. All the bare-legged girls, and the poised and natural girls with strong muscles, and strong free steps wherever they go—the girls that redeem America and make it worth while to have founded a new world, no matter how badly it was done —they all owe more to Isadora Duncan than to any other person. And the boys too that have a chance to be unafraid of beauty, to be unafraid of the natural life and free aspiration of an intelligent animal walking on the earth—all who have in any measure escaped from the rigidity and ritual of our national religion of negation, all of them owe an immeasurable debt to Isadora Duncan's dancing. She did not only go back into the past to Athens to find that voluntary restraint in freedom that made her dancing an event in the history of art. She went forward into the future—farther, I suppose, than Athens—to a time when man shall be cured altogether of civilization, and return, with immunity to that disease if with few other blessings, to his natural

home outdoors on the green surface of the earth. That made her dancing an event in the history of life.

Isadora was exiled—banished by more than an accident of the marriage law—from America. It was inevitable that she should be. America had never seen a woman genius before, and could not think of anything else to do with her. But nevertheless Isadora was very American. The great big way in which she conceived things, and undertook them, and the way she succeeded with them, was American.

Even her faults were American—her passion for pulling off stunts—"gestures" is the refined way to say it—was American. She made a grand sport of her public position and character. She played with publicity like a humorous Barnum. Even her extravagant and really bad irresponsibility, which went almost to the point of madness in late years, was in the reverse sense an American trait. It was an exaggerated reaction against America's "righteousness." *Wrongtiousness* is what it was. And there will be a lot more of it here, if the righteous go much farther the way they are going.

America fighting the battle against Americanism—that was Isadora. From that battle incomparable things are to come—things that will startle and teach the world. And Isadora led the way into the fight all alone, with her naked and strong body and her bold character, beautiful as an Amazon. If America triumphs over itself—over its cheap greed and prudery, its intellectual and moral cowardice, its prurient puerile senility—if America triumphs over that, Isadora Duncan will be sculptured in bronze at the gate of the Temple of Man in the new day that will dawn. She will stand there, poised in terrible impatience, knee raised and arms tensely extended as in the Marche Militaire or the Scythian warrior's dance—beautiful—a militant and mighty woman, the symbol and the veritable leader of those who put on their courage like armor and fought for the affirmation of life in America.—Max Eastman, in *The Nation*

THE LOST LYRIST

My heart's a lyre, one hand alone can play,
That hand is mute.
Now all day long my little house
Of song is destitute.
But when night comes and all grief's comforters
Have closed their wings,
Within these dear, dark, dedicated walls,
Fugitive as breath, a homing finger falls
Upon the strings—
And my heart sings.

—Elizabeth Hollister Frost, in *Harper's Magazine*

NOBODY really loves to be surrounded by equals. He wishes a few superiors {luckier than he, but no better} to whose estate he may aspire, and lots of inferiors.

We are no more emancipated than the Europeans whom we patronize. Like them, we yearn to wear the insignia of some honorable and exclusive organization, some order of knighthood in which our membership may arouse the envy of our less favored fellows. Failing the existence of any orders under governmental auspices, we have, perforce made up our own. No other country has so many secret societies, institutes, academies, self-bestowed titles and honorary degrees.

Once the American citizen manages to get some handle to his name, he hangs on to it like grim death. Once a Justice of the Peace, always a "Judge." A "Colonel" is anyone who has ever ranked higher than top sergeant in any volunteer local military organization. One term in Congress renders any American "Congressman" So-and-So for life. A "Professor" is anyone who ever undertook to teach anyone anything.—Deems Taylor, in *Vanity Fair*

Other Newly Found Lincoln Documents

THE first and most important of the following letters of Abraham Lincoln, recently made public by Emmanuel Hertz, a New York collector of Lincolniana, was written to the famous War Governor of Pennsylvania shortly after Lincoln's election to the Presidency. The second was written when Lincoln was a Member of Congress. The third letter, written to a client while Lincoln was practicing law with Herndon, was clearly disapproved of by the latter, who wrote across the top of it, "Never to be published—Herndon." The last, and one of the finest of Lincoln letters, discloses the generous nature of the Great Emancipator. Although rumors had reached him that his supposed friend was spreading damaging reports about him, Lincoln characteristically gave him the benefit of the doubt.

Confidential.

Springfield, Ill., Dec. 21, 1860.

Hon. A. G. Curtin.

My Dear Sir:

Yours of the 14th was only received last night. I am obliged by your kindness in asking my views in advance of preparing your inaugural. I think of nothing proper for me to suggest except a word about this secession and this union movement—On that subject, I think you would do well to express without passion, but, nevertheless, with firmness, the purpose of yourself, and your State to maintain the Union at all hazards. Also if you can, procure the legislature to pass resolutions to that effect—I shall be very glad to see your friend, the Attorney General, that is to be, but I think he need scarcely make a trip merely to confer with me on the subject you mentioned. Yours very truly,

A LINCOLN.

* * *

Washington, May 24, 1848.

My Dear Wife:

Enclosed is the draft as I promised you in my letter of Sunday. It is drawn in favor of your father, and I doubt not, he will give you the money for it at once. I write this letter in the postoffice, surrounded by men and noise, which, together with the fact that there is nothing new, makes me write so short a letter.

Affectionately,

A. LINCOLN.

* * *

Never to be published—Herndon.

Springfield, Nov. 17, 1858.

Messrs. S. C. Davis & Co.

Gentlemen:

You perhaps need not to be reminded how I have been personally engaged the last three or four months. Your letter to Lincoln & Herndon of Oct. 1st, complaining that the lands of those against whom we obtained judgments last Winter for you, have not been sold on execution has just been handed to me today. I will try to "explain how our" {your} "interests have been so much neglected," as you choose to express it. After those judgments were obtained we wrote you that under our law the selling of land on execution is a delicate and dangerous matter; that it could not be done safely without a careful examination of titles, and also of the value of the property. Our letters to you will show this—to do this work would require a canvas of half the State. We were puzzled, and you sent no definite instructions. At length we employed a young man to visit all the localities, and make as accurate a report on titles and values as he could. He did this, spending three or four weeks time, and as he said, over a hundred dollars of his own money in doing so. When this was done we wrote you, asking if we should sell and bid in for you in accordance with this information. This letter you never answered.

My mind is made up. I will have no more to do with this class of business. I can do business in court, but I can not, and will not, follow executions all over the world. The young man who collected the information for us is an active young lawyer living at Carrolton, Greene County, I think. We promised him a share of the compensation we should ultimately receive. He must be somehow paid; and I believe you would do well to

turn the whole business over to him. I believe we have had, of legal fees, which you are to recover back from the defendants, one hundred dollars. I would not go through the same labor and vexation again for five hundred; still, if you will clear us of Mr. William Fishback {which is his name} we will be most happy to surrender to him, or to any other person you may name. Yours, etc.

A. LINCOLN.

* * *

Springfield, Dec. 15, 1849.

G. W. Rives, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—On my return from Kentucky I found your letter of the 7th of November, and have delayed answering it till now, for the reason I now briefly state. From the beginning of your acquaintance I had felt the greatest kindness for you, and had supposed it was reciprocated on your part. Last Summer, under circumstances which I mentioned to you, I was painfully constrained to withhold a recommendation which you desired, and shortly afterwards I learned in such a way as to believe it, that you were indulging in open abuse of me. Of course, my feelings were wounded. On receiving your last letter, the question occurred whether you were attempting to use me at the same time you would injure me, or whether you might not have been misrepresented to me. If the former, I ought not to answer you; if the latter I ought, and so I have remained in suspense. I now enclose you a letter which you may use if you think fit.

Yours, etc.,

A. LINCOLN.

LINCOLN WRITES HOME

THESE letters, written in 1848 by Abraham Lincoln, then serving as a member of Congress, to his wife, Mary {Todd} Lincoln, and to William H. Herndon, his one-time law partner, recently came to light. They belong to Oliver R. Barrett, collector of Lincolniana.

Reviewing their history, Carl Sandburg states that the first letter was addressed to Mrs. Lincoln at Lexington, Ky., where she was visiting relatives. It reveals that Lincoln disliked the title of "Honorable," and asked his wife to omit the prefix in writing him. It also hints at strained relations between the Lincoln family and certain acquaintances, and indicates that the Civil War President-to-be was an economical shopper.

Washington, April 16, 1848.

DEAR Mary:

In this troublesome world, we are never quite satisfied. When you were here, I thought you hindered me some in attending to business; but now, having nothing but business—no vanity—it has grown exceedingly tasteless to me. I hate to sit down and direct documents, and I hate to stay in this old room by myself. You know I told you in last Sunday's letter I was going to make a little speech during the week, but the week has passed away without my getting a chance to do so, and now my interest in the subject has passed away too. Your second and third letters have been received since I wrote before. Dear Eddy thinks father is "gone tapila."

Has any further discovery been made as to the breaking into your grandmother's house? If I were she I would not remain there alone. You mention that your Uncle John Parker is likely to be at Lexington. Don't forget to present him my very kindest regards.

I went yesterday to hunt the little plaid stockings as you wished, but found that McKnight has quit business and Allen had not a single pair of the description you give and only one plaid pair of any sort that I thought would fit "Eddy's dear little feet." I have a notion to make another trial tomorrow morning. If I could get them, I have an excellent chance of sending them. Mr. Warrich

Tunstall of St. Louis is here. He is to leave early this week and to go by Lexington. He says he knows you, and will call to see you, and he voluntarily asked if I had not some package to send to you.

I wish you to enjoy yourself in every possible way, but is there no danger of wounding the feelings of your good father by being so openly intimate with the Wickliffe family?

Mrs. Broome has not removed yet, but she thinks of doing so tomorrow. All the house or rather all with whom you were on decided good terms send their love to you. The others say nothing. Very soon after you went away I got what I think a very pretty set of shirt-bosom studs—modest little ones, jet set in gold, only costing 50 cents apiece or $1.50 for the whole.

Suppose you do not prefix the "Hon." to the address on your letters to me any more. I like the letters very much but I would rather they should not have that upon them. It is not necessary, as I suppose you have thought, to have them come free.

And you are entirely free from headache? That is good—good considering it is the first spring you have been free from it since we were acquainted—I am afraid you will get so well and fat and young as to be wanting to marry again. Tell Louisa I want her to watch you a little for me. Get weighed and write me how much you weigh.

I did not get rid of the impression of that foolish dream about dear Bobby till I got your letter written the same day. What did he and Eddy think of the little letters father sent them? Don't let the blessed fellows forget father.

A day or two ago Mr. Strong, here in Congress, said to me that Matilda would visit here within two or three weeks. Suppose you write her a letter, and enclose it in one of mine, and if she comes I will deliver it to her, and if she does not, I will send it to her.

Most affectionately,

A. LINCOLN.

Washington, July 11, 1848.

Dear William:

Yours of the 3rd is this moment received; and I hardly need say, it gives unalloyed pleasure. I now almost regret writing the serious, long-faced letter I wrote yesterday, but let the past as nothing be. Go it while you're young!

I write this in the confusion of the H. R., and with several other things to attend to. I will send you about eight different speeches this evening; and as to kissing a pretty girl, I know one very pretty one, but I guess she won't let me kiss her.

Yours forever,

A. LINCOLN.

—With explanatory notes by Carl Sandburg, in *Collier's Weekly*

WASHINGTON, LINCOLN AND LINDBERGH

GEORGE WASHINGTON and Abraham Lincoln were the radicals of their time. If it be said of Washington that he belonged to the property owning class, how can we explain his failure to join the Tories? What shall we say of his devotion to his ragged, suffering soldiers at Valley Forge? A man does not endure such suffering and such danger except his heart be stirred by a deep passion for a great cause.

His monument is this great Republic and its future. His monument is at last in the hearts of the people the world around who love liberty and who devote their lives to duty and to truth.

In addition to containing the birthday of Lincoln as well as Washington, February is the natal month of another American, who is more widely known and more glorified than any other human being on this earth today, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh.

The fact that an unknown and unnoticed mail pilot can attain and keep such fame is the latest illustration of the fact that the avenues of opportunity created by Washington and enlarged by Lincoln are still open to American boys.—United States Senator C. C. Dill.

MODESTY—THE SOCIAL ART OF SELF-ESTEEM

JOHN ERSKINE recently resigned the chair of English literature at Columbia University to devote his time to music and writing. Besides being an essayist of distinction, his excursions into fiction include The Private Life of Helen of Troy, Galahad *and* Adam and Eve.

MODESTY is a two-edged virtue. Like other virtues it has reference to a condition within us, but it is measured by an opinion outside. We may be honest or courageous, though other men don't think so, but we are not modest unless our neighbor feels we are. The word itself is a variant of moderation. The modest man is one who does not go too far in the value he sets upon himself. Sets publicly, that is. We may cherish great ambitions and recognize our own abilities, and yet be modest. In fact, the outward moderation supposes an inward confidence, or we are not modest but humble. Humility rises on the vision of our insignificance. Modesty is the social art of self-esteem. . . .

When a famous artist dies, a writer or a sculptor, the wolves fasten on his reputation and try to tear it. While he lived he was too strong for them. Well, modesty is the virtue of those who as little as possible rouse the wolves in advance. The modest man, confident of his merits, hides them till he is gone. He bequeathes to his critics the privilege of discovering him. They will forgive his achievements if they can believe no one else, not even he, was aware of them.

It will be seen and recognized, however, that the modest man is very rare. . .

If the practice of advertising grows upon us, what sort of philosophy shall we have in another hundred years? We shall be surrounded by lovely art expressing admirable aspirations. Religion will advertise, the churches perhaps will fight off the lure of the films by rival illuminations over the door, school and colleges may report the wisest remarks of their best educated pupils, and doctors may send us photographs of patients emerging from their office cured. But by that time our souls may be rather queer. . . .

Those who watch the literary pageant of our times know how widely distributed ability seems to be; everywhere young folks spring up with a promising book, story, play or poem. But after the first emergence, they are heard of no more. Sometimes they disappear quickly, sometimes they twinkle out through a series of dismal disappointments, but in any case they go.

Why? Because they are young, and haven't enough to write about? They are too ready to believe this themselves; therefore they embark on an unnatural, feverish existence, "looking for material" as they say. But the trouble probably is that their success broke their contacts with the very life out of which it came.

I HAVE KNOWN POETS

I have known poets in my time. . . .

I have also known a Cardinal,
A gold-laced General;
A Cabinet Minister and several millionaires
Learned men, lover men—
And I would lose the lot of them
For any one of half a dozen poets that I know!
And I say, Lord,
When my time comes to go,
I shall not care for Heaven if the poets stay outside.
You may keep my starry crown
For some poor soul that craves it,
And give my harp
To any Angel child that plays it,
But I will take the poets and what you have left over,
A windy hill to walk upon, a filmy cactus flower,
A maple tree, a lady fern or bee caroused in clover,
Of all I've loved and sung about just the odds and ends—
And two or three poets to be my friends!

—Mary Austin, in *The Nation*

They began to think of themselves as too good for the world that produced them, and though they may not have moved away, they have severed some spiritual taproot and killed their art.

Walter Scott, wise old giant, illustrated that modesty which is the merest prudence in any career. He began as a lawyer and was made sheriff of his county. He kept on being a lawyer, because after all he might some day cease to be sheriff. He became a famous poet, but he kept on as lawyer and sheriff, because after all the fame might pass. He became one of the greatest of novelists, but he kept on being lawyer and poet, and he permitted no discussion of his writings in his own house; busy as he was with his pen, he would retain the point of view of an average gentleman. No wonder his countrymen said he met them all like a blood-brother or that his heart continued to fill with life to write about.

If we seem to say that modesty is the art of succeeding surreptitiously, perhaps we can very well let that definition stand. Success can be defined in terms of the spirit. In such terms, assuming the prime importance of our souls and our duty to develop our talents, we may say that modesty is the one wise art of boasting. To put only a name on a tombstone, with no legend and no dates, would be to take immortality almost for granted. Nothing further but to leave off the name. Before we are ready to let our works speak for us, our confidence in them must have become superb.—John Erskine, in *The Century Magazine*

THE art of Japan has a humanity about it, an appealing sweetness and light, a sobriety and perfect refinement of taste, an extraordinary decorative quality, a sense of humor that make it a distinctive expression of the race by which it has been produced; and many phases of it either have no continual antecedents whatever or have been developed so far beyond them as to have become wholly national. . . .

Japanese art is in the main exquisite, broadly appreciative of depths and heights, decorative, human and refined. It has a feeling for nature all its own, delights in the beauty of little things as well as in the grandeur of great spaces and the absorption of the human spirit into the rhythm of the universe.

Its faults are tendencies toward triviality and stylization, a lack of staidness that brings it down too often from the heights to play about incognito in places where it should not be. The Japanese are younger in spirit than the Chinese, less fatalistic; not so consistently serious. Their art has moments of equal exaltation, but, more frequently than that of China, is content to enjoy and to express the world that is.—Louis V. Ledoux, in his study of *The Art of Japan*

A PROGRAM FOR CENSORSHIP

TO condemn a man for corrupting morals without actual proof that the morals of a single person have been corrupted is to sentence a man for arson because he is caught carrying a match. Yet that is exactly the situation that confronts the litterateur in America at this moment. He is prosecuted on and convicted of the charge of inciting lewd and lascivious thoughts in purely theoretical crania and of corrupting the morals of purely imaginary young folk. As with all other criminals, the litterateur should be properly tried and convicted upon the evidence and the evidence alone. If *Jurgen* has actually filled someone's head with dirty thoughts and impaired someone's morals, let us have the witness in the box and let him swear on the Bible to his ruin. Then let Cabell be put in stripes and lodged on the stone-pile if need be. If Mr. Justice Ford's daughter has been contaminated by reading Dreiser or any other such literary devil, let her papa put her on the stand and let's all have a look, and then, if we blush, let Theodore be put on the first New York Central express to Ossining.

Let us have at least *one plain fact.* As the law now reads, it is one-sided and unfair.—George Jean Nathan in *The American Mercury*

How War Can Be Outlawed

THE chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations here states his views on the possibility of a six-nation agreement to guarantee permanent international peace, in an authorized interview.

THE ratification of a multilateral outlawry treaty between France, Great Britain, Italy, Germany, Japan and the United States binding the parties thereto not to resort to war with one another would inaugurate a new epoch in international relations.

Nothing could be more important for mankind than a frontal attack on the institution of war by six great powers. If these Governments would lay the axe at the root of the tree, refuse any longer to recognize war as legitimate, and declare nations criminals who engage in this supercrime, the effects upon the people of the entire world would be stupendous. Their pent-up hopes and aspirations for peace would be released and they would demand that every conceivable kind of international dispute be settled without resort to violence. There is not a Government on the face of the globe strong enough to wage war against the aroused and sustained public opinion of its people. If we are to end war we must get back of Governments and diplomats, back of leagues and courts, to that educated, aroused and well-directed public opinion upon which all agreements and all laws must ultimately seek foundation. Outlawry would constitute the highest possible barrier to aggressive action by one nation against another.

Another important result of such a treaty would be to enlist the support of the United States in cooperative action against any nation which is guilty of a flagrant violation of this outlawry agreement. Of course, the Government of the United States must reserve the right to decide, in the first place, whether or not the treaty has been violated, and, second, what coercive measures it feels obliged to take. But it is quite inconceivable that this country would stand idly by in case of a grave breach of a multilateral treaty to which it is a party.

Such a treaty would not interfere with the League of Nations at all. On the contrary, such an agreement would greatly strengthen the League. The prevailing war system is itself the greatest obstacle in the pathway of Geneva. With war delegalized between these great powers it would soon be possible to secure a universal treaty completely outlawing war as an instrument of policy in international affairs. Then, and only then, will the League be free to concentrate upon its constructive and beneficent functions. At present we have a network of treaties and understandings relative to peace—arbitration treaties, conciliation treaties, The Hague Tribunal, World Court, peace machinery of the League and peace machinery of Locarno. The effect of the Kellogg proposal is a solemn pledge to let all this peace machinery work. It is a solemn

THE total number of American lives lost in the World War, from all causes, was 77,118. War is the modern Moloch!

Yet in the eight years following the war, 1919 to 1926, the number of persons killed by automobiles on the highways of America, was 137,017.

The total number of our wounded in the World War, who did not die, was 221,059; a fearful showing.

But those injured by automobiles in eight years numbered 3,500,000; or more than 1,480 per cent. more than in the war.

What was it that we used to hear about the Car of Juggernaut, in Darkest India?

—*North American Review*

pledge to rely upon the peace machinery and not upon the war machinery. If we are to prevent war or reduce the chances of war, every means known, moral, educational, arbitral, legal, political, must be harnessed for the struggle.

The obligations of the signatories of the Covenant of the League to adopt coercive measures against a nation which fails to observe its international obligations can be easily safeguarded by widening the multilateral pact so as to include those nations which are most likely to be the victims of aggressive action by another power, as, for example, Belgium. If, after such action is taken, an attack is made on Belgium by one of the parties to the agreement, the resultant breach of the multilateral treaty would thereby *ipso facto* release the other signatories and enable them to adopt whatever measures seem most adequate under the circumstances. In other words, a violation of the treaty by one of its signatories automatically restores liberty of action to all other signatories. . . .

If the outlawry of war included an obligation to disarm, then it would be necessary to agree upon definitions. But outlawry does not include disarmament, although it is hoped and expected that when the institution of war has been outlawed the nations will feel such a sense of security that they will no longer regard heavy armaments as necessary or desirable. It seems to me, therefore, that the question of aggression and defense must be decided in the light of the particular circumstances at each time of crisis and that no satisfactory definition can be discovered in advance. . . .

Meanwhile, traditions, customs, fears, hatreds, fixed habits and institutions cannot be dispelled overnight through the necromancy of words. We must be realistic. It would be fatal to ignore the psychological aspects of the problem. For the time being it may be necessary to make concessions and to permit exposed and fearful nations to formulate plans for common action in case they are attacked.

The peoples of the world must learn that there is no way to achieve absolute safety and unfailing justice. To cease relying upon armaments and military alliances may involve perils. But the dangers inherent in perpetuating the war system are infinitely greater. We must be willing to take risks for peace as well as for war. We must break with the past, cease to build upon the foundations of suspicion, fear and hatred and begin to build upon the cornerstones of understanding, confidence and good will.—Senator William E. Borah, in the New York *Times*

PERHAPS the cleverest tactics ever attempted by art thieves were those employed many years ago in the stealing of Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire," now owned by Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee, daughter of the late J. P. Morgan. A few days before the theft the picture had been put up at auction in London and had been bought by Agnew's for $50,000, the highest price, at that time, ever given at an English auction for a painting. All London flocked to see this portrait of the auburn-haired beauty, the vainest woman of the eighteenth century.

An American criminal, Adam Worth, thought that so valuable a picture could be made to serve his own personal needs. Raiding Agnew's at night, he pasted tissue paper over the canvas, removed it from its frame, rolled it up and escaped with it under his arm. He had no notion of selling it. He realized that he could never dispose of a painting so famous. But he was short of funds, and a pal of his was held in prison awaiting $10,000 bail. So Worth wrote anonymously that should Agnew meet this crony's bail, the picture would be returned. To the criminal, the trick seemed certain to succeed. But it did not work. Agnew refused.

Worth was never caught. He hid the portrait in the false bottom of a trunk that was shipped to America and stored in New York, Brooklyn and other cities. Twenty-five years later, when he was on his deathbed, he returned it to Agnew's, marvelously intact, through an intermediary.—Malcolm Vaughan, in the New York *Herald-Tribune.*

The Foe of Liberty and Progress

JOHN SPARGO, who here declares Socialism to be obsolete and the Marxian theories, which constitute the philosophical basis of modern Socialism, to "have been discredited by the evolution of life," was a veteran Socialist of the Keir Hardie school when he came from England to the United States. Splitting from the Socialist Party later on, he helped to sound its death knell as a national political factor.

WHETHER considered as a philosophy of social progress, as a politico-economical ideal, or as a practical programme for the advancement of the well being of mankind, Socialism is discredited and obsolete.

The impotence of the movement everywhere, and particularly in the United States, where according to its own theories it should be strongest, is not difficult to understand. It is not due to repression. It is not due to the superior political skill or intellectual powers of its natural opponents on the one hand, or to lack of ability, courage or devotion on the part of its advocates. Such factors as these have, at most, only temporary and localized significance, wholly inadequate to explain a universal condition.

> THE vigorous and growing opposition of organized labor in this country to all schemes of government ownership in industry is one of the most hopeful and encouraging facts in American political life.
>
> —John Spargo.

The real explanation is that the philosophy of the movement and the programme by means of which it would attain its goal are in direct contradiction to the basic and controlling forces of life itself.

Socialism is not progressive, but reactionary. Its influence is not calculated to assist the onward march of mankind. but rather to obstruct its progress. . . .

Fundamental to the whole programme and goal of the Socialist movement is the theory that the growth of industry results inevitably in the ever increasing misery and degradation of the workers. Against that theory may be set the simple fact that precisely the opposite is true; that where industry has developed most the standard of living is highest and the prosperity of the workers has attained the highest level. This is the simple and unchallengeable truth.

We have about one-fourth as many people as China, but we do more than ten times as much work, thanks to our highly developed industrial organization, and our wages and standards of living are proportionately higher than those of the Chinese. There is no other country in the world in which the wage earners live as well as those of America. Nowhere else do wage earners enjoy such comforts and luxuries as those of America can and do enjoy. There is no country in the world where the great mass of working people earn as much as do those of the United States, enjoy so much leisure, or command the means to live as well as do those of this country. The reason for this condition of affairs is our highly developed industrial organization, our abundant mechanical power, and our large scale production. With few exceptions, the actual labor of the workers is lighter, and performed under better conditions, where machinery is most used and industrial organization is most highly developed.

Similarly, the Marxian theory of the irresistible concentration of wealth in the hands of a constantly diminishing number, pointing inevitably to the rapid attainment of a condition characterized by a small possessing class on the one hand and an enormous propertyless class on the other, finds no support in the actual conditions of life.

The countries in which industrialism is least developed come much nearer to that state of affairs than any of the

highly developed industrial countries. Farthest from it are those nations in which industrialism has attained the highest development, our own country being the foremost of these. We are farther removed from the condition forecast by Marx than at any time in the history of the nation. Never before was there such a wide and general diffusion of wealth. Never before was so large a part of the the wage-earning population represented in the statistics of home ownership, bank savings, insurance, stock and bond ownership, and other evidences of participation in the annual surplus.

Instead of becoming constantly poorer and more oppressed, the wage earners of America are steadily growing more prosperous and free from oppression. The principal reason for this condition of affairs is the enormous growth of mechanical power, far exceeding anything hitherto known to mankind. Behind every American worker today there is mechanical energy equal to four and one-half horsepower. The whole of human experience warrants the belief that in proportion as the mechanical power behind each human unit in industry is increased, so will the prosperity and well being of the worker himself increase. . . .

It is one of the most ironical facts in the history of economic thought that Karl Marx regarded himself as the first to comprehend and interpret the relation of machine production to social evolution, a belief shared by his disciples, whereas in truth he wholly misconceived that relation. . . .Always a closet philosopher, knowing little or nothing of industrial life at first hand but only its statistical reflections in books, he never got a glimpse of the great outstanding fact of the flexile nature of the social organization resting on and proceeding from machine production.

The introduction of a machine enabling two or three men to do what had previously been the work of a dozen men signified to Marx simply the displacement of so many workers, resulting in increased competition and unemployment, consequent depression of wage and ever increasing misery. He never perceived that the hardships occasioned by such displacements of labor by machinery—often the result of inexpert management—were temporary; that the new methods with their increased productivity opened up new channels of employment, and instead of irresistibly forcing the workers downward uniformly presented new means of advancement. He never understood the simple truth that industrial expansion through machinery and mass production brought greater flexibility into the economic system, adding greatly to the opportunities open to the workers, lessening human drudgery and increasing the sum of comfort available to the worker and his family. . . .

> THERE is plenty of evidence to prove that, as a rule, where more than very simple industrial processes on a small scale are involved, private ownership is greatly superior to government ownership, costing less and rendering more efficient service.
>
> —John Spargo.

The tragic experience of Russia under the Bolshevist regime has abundantly demonstrated that social revolution in an industrial society based upon machine production must inevitably defeat its own purpose. By revolution it is possible to seize the powers of government without destroying them, and to proceed at once to use them. In a society in which industrialism is not highly developed, where production is still carried on in small work-shops, largely by hand labor, it is possible for social revolution to take place without serious interference with the productive agencies, much less their destruction. It is quite otherwise in a society where machine industry and mass production prevail. In such a society the occurrence

of social revolution of necessity means the destruction of the highly organized social mechanism.

In Russia the terrible experiment in social revolution only superficially affected the life and work of the peasant of the village; it was vastly more serious in its destructive effects in the industrial sphere. Had Russia been more highly developed industrially the consequences would have been proportionately more disastrous. . . .

The ideal end desired by the Socialists is not peculiar to them, but is shared by most civilized people. To banish poverty and oppression, to give equal opportunities to all, to abolish strife between individuals, classes and nations, are aims which the Socialist has no right to regard as peculiar to himself. What distinguishes the Socialist programme is not the result aimed at; it is the method to be employed. The essential feature of that method is the replacement of individual or corporate ownership and direction of industry by public ownership and direction through governmental agencies. Public ownership is proclaimed as a universal panacea by Socialists everywhere, notwithstanding the contrary experience of mankind.

If there is anything which may be said with certainty upon this question, it is that truthful and just comparison of the results attained under government ownership where it has been tried with those attained in similar activities elsewhere under private ownership and direction, almost uniformly demonstrates the superiority of the latter method.

Private enterprise has universally shown a much greater capacity for adjustment to changing conditions than government ownership has shown. In that capacity, of course, lies the secret of progress. Readiness to abandon old methods and adopt new ones, to scrap perfectly good machinery for no other reason than that better has been invented, to pioneer along new trails, is essential if progress is to be made and industry is to accelerate the evolution of life. That readiness, evidence of a highly sensitized responsiveness to changing conditions, is less common under government ownership than under private ownership; it is supremely characteristic of our American industrialism. . . .

The vast bureaucracy which rests with such crushing weight upon Russian industry is not accidental or the result of something peculiar to Russia. The application of government ownership and management to industry inevitably requires it. Government ownership can be applied to modern industry only through such an enlargement of governmental powers as must effectually destroy the liberties of the people.

Moreover, whenever and wherever a great industrial service is brought under government ownership and management it becomes so difficult as to be well nigh impossible to effect the changes in technical processes upon which industrial development depends. It is too difficult to discard existing methods and mechanisms in favor of new ones. Invention is thereby paralyzed. No municipally owned and operated electric service anywhere in the world is characterized by such energy and ingenuity in finding new means of public service as are shown by the most progressive of our public service corporations.

The wide extension of customer ownership, through the sale of the stocks of these public service corporations to their customers, and of employee ownership, through the sale of stock by many industrial concerns to their employees, indicate the lines upon which we are developing a type of industrial organization that is destined to socialize our industrial life without destroying our incentives to progress, or submitting to the crushing burdens of such bureaucratic government as the Socialist programme involves.

We are surely and steadily increasing the diffusion of opportunity and distributing the advantages derivable from technical improvements in industry among an ever increasing proportion of the population. In this form of public ownership, rather than government ownership, lies the great hope of America.—John Spargo in *The North American Review*

THE REAL AMERICAN LANGUAGE

VACHEL LINDSAY, who stands in the front rank of contemporary American poets, spent one summer tramping from Illinois to New Mexico, distributing "rhymes" and speaking in behalf of "The Gospel of Beauty." The accompanying passage is reminiscent of that experience.

ONCE, when a very small boy, about twenty-six years old, I was begging my way through Southern Kentucky, along the old Daniel Boone Trail. I came up through Cumberland Gap, went straight north over Big Hill and had many adventures among the moonshiners. It was only a few months since the Wright brothers had made their first successful flight, and the world was made over for all of us.

I had written in New York a poem for aviators, called *The Wings of the Morning*, or, *The Tree of Laughing Bells*, a sort of parable of a non-stop flight, to Japan and return, from the banks of the Sangamon river. Japan or Asia, if you please, were symbolized in the poem by an entirely decorative storm-tossed tree called the Tree of Laughing Bells, which was on the edge of the Universe. . . .

The idea of a Tree of Laughing Bells was just too abstruse for words! I made many pictures of the tree and gave them to many people in New York—just a tree with a multitude of bells on it, shaking in the winds of chaos, but oh, what an abstract idea! Oh, what a strain on the mind! That and other experiences caused me to turn beggar. First, by letter, I begged $50 from my Indiana grandmother and printed the poem, with bells of my own design from this Tree of Laughing Bells drawn in purple all over a red cover.

Then I turned beggar for sure. I traded it for a night's lodging through the South, reciting it for those who would let me recite it. In general, the old stock by their log cabin firesides endured it. Some of them liked it.

By the time I had gone through the moonshiner country around Asheville and on to Cumberland Gap, the poem was memorized thoroughly, my courage was up, and I could sing it to the watch-dog. I felt as fresh as the dew of the morning, and no doubt I was. And so I approached one of these log cabins in Southern Kentucky. There was an old mother of the United States race who looked like Queen Elizabeth in her old age {if QueenElizabeth had ever really been a wife and grandmother}, smoking a corn-cob pipe on the front porch. It was high noon. I made my usual speech. I wanted to recite my poem for aviators, which I waved under her nose, in exchange for a noon meal. She said,

"Young man, I can recite it."

I answered, "You've never seen it."

She gave me a look like the great Tudor Queen glaring at the Spanish Ambassador. "I *have* seen it. And why don't you talk United States?"

I said, "No, you haven't seen it. Nobody's seen it but me. It is privately printed and I have all the copies there are in my pocket. Let me recite it for you for a lunch. I *do* talk United States. And I write United States."

She took her pipe out of her mouth, and said, "My boy, I can recite it."

I started my speech again. "This is a

THE BABBITT JAMBOUREE

When I see an Indian dressed for war
Yet dancing for a Babbitt jambouree
In plumes no Babbitt ever dares to wear,
An anger rises in me
Like high tide in the sea.
These are my own, these Indians. And I know
What makes the breeds more bitter than the bloods.
There's just one drop of Indian blood in me,
Yet in tremendous April tides and floods
It seems to sweep upon me when I watch
Those who have owned this land turned to a show.

(Concluded on next Page)

poem about aviators, men in flying-machines; it's a story of one of them going to Japan and back, on a non-stop flight."

"Yes," she said. "Flying machines. Who ever heard of flying machines? You mean a kite, don't you? My boys used to fly kites."

I said again, "But you haven't *heard* me recite it. You don't know how well I can recite it."

She answered, standing up and burning into me with Lady Macbeth eyes, "Young man, I can recite it."

Her daughter joined her from the kitchen; maybe it was her daughter-in-law. She had been listening in. And grandma made me an address. It was *not* in dialect, it was *not* in the hard-jawed, nipping Riley manner. It was *not* in the *Biglow Papers* manner; it was *not* in the O. Henry manner; it was *not* in the John V. A. Weaver manner; it was *not* in the Artemas Ward manner; it was *not* in the Mountain white manner, the *Trail of the Lonesome Pine* manner; it was *not* in the manner of the moonshiner.

And when I put a feather in my hat,
It is with thoughts the Babbitts cannot know.
Woe to the pale-face then, who thinks it is for show.

That little feather stands for a whole war.
It means I beat the tom-toms in the rain;
It means a scalping-knife is in my belt,
That I will lead the young braves, not in vain.
It means when all these silly days are done,
Sons of this soil will come into their own,
Sons of the Mohawk,
Sons of Pocahontas,
Bred of these rocks and mountains, blood and bone.

—Vachel Lindsay, in *The London Mercury*

She was just the first lady of the land, just exactly the kind of woman Andrew Jackson married, and she smoked her corn-cob pipe like a lady, just as well as any new grandmother flapper smokes cigarettes. This was her speech. I will never forget it, to my dying day.

"My boy, I love you like my own son. I like spoiled, wandering boys. God knows, I have had enough of my own. I have never failed to feed one of them. They have written me their poetry and they have read me their poetry. I know all about that; it was good poetry. I feed every boy who comes here. I have never begrudged anything a Christian should give. You boys break our hearts and don't care. You think a poem can settle it. A poem can't settle it. What I am giving you, I am giving you. It is my gift to you, and you are not giving anything in return. You can't give me anything in return. I can recite your poem. I could have recited it years before you were born, and then some more. They are all alike and mighty purty.

"I want you to come in and eat a-plenty. I want you to come in and eat with my sons and daughters and take a second and third helping out of the same dishes and I don't begrudge you anything. You are no better and no worse than any other small boy. If you think you are the only boy who ever wrote poetry, you are just a damned fool. I will take care of people just like you until I die. I have never begrudged anybody anything. Go in and eat your dinner, boy. I can't eat. I think I will sit and smoke."

That speech was in the United States language.—Vachel Lindsay, in *The American Mercury.*

FIXED rules administered arbitrarily have no place in a college. This means that some one must at all costs determine what is back of a case of moral failure—not only the factual evidence in the case, but the background and state of mind that lead up to it. . . .

To expel a boy from college as soon as a weak spot in his character has been located seems to me to indicate either a failure to understand human nature, or a blindness to the most solemn responsibility that the college has assumed in admitting him.—Herbert E. Hawkes, Dean of Columbia University

A Soldier in Spite of Himself

GRANT said, "Let us have peace," and these words are cut in stone over the entrance to his gigantic tomb. They symbolize the deeper feelings of his soul more luminously than anything else he ever said. He was at heart a pacifist. He hated war; he hated armies; he detested everything connected with soldiers. Curious, isn't it?

He did not have even one professional soldier on his staff until late in the Civil War. His best friend and chief of staff was John A. Rawlins, an Illinois lawyer, who could not have drilled a company of soldiers to save his life.

Some striking instances of his instinctive pacifism occurred during his tour around the world after he had served his two terms as President. The Crown Prince of Germany invited him to attend a military review. Grant accepted the invitation out of politeness, but was bored. In commenting on the review, he said to Bismarck:

"The truth is I am more of a farmer than a soldier. I take little or no interest in military affairs, and, although I entered the army thirty-five years ago and have been in two wars, in Mexico as a young Lieutenant, and later, I never went into the army without regret and never retired without pleasure."

At Versailles the French Government conducted him, with an escort, as a distinguished guest to the famous gallery of war paintings in the palace. "I tried to enjoy the pictures," he said, "but found them only disgusting. . . .I never saw a war picture that was pleasant," he added.

Right after the Civil War, when Grant was the outstanding national hero, the American Nation began to pile its gifts upon him. Philadelphia and Washington each gave him a house and Boston decided to give him a library—5,000 volumes, all carefully selected by the literary Brahmins. It was to be a surprise, so the donors sent a spy slipping around to find out what books on war and campaigns the great General already had, as they did not want to duplicate them. They learned, to their surprise, that he did not own a single military treatise. Adam Badeau, his military secretary—formerly a newspaper man—who knew him probably better than any one else, said that he never read a book on the science of war.

His military career is a strange phenomenon. He never was a soldier within the meaning that frames itself in our minds when we think of Napoleon, or Lee, or Von Moltke, or Jackson. These men were military by instinct. They loved the art of war, and studied it with the absorbing care that a mathematician gives to the study of Einstein. They looked upon a military campaign as a problem in strategy; but to Grant a campaign was simply a matter of common sense.

In the distillation of his mind every

THE most difficult piece of work I have ever done has been the writing of Gen. Grant's life. Before I had got very far along with it I had to get the conventional picture of Grant out of my mind. This was quite a jog in itself, for I had the conception of Grant that has been current for fifty years. It was too hard and compact to be sponged away gently, as one wipes writing off a slate. It could be removed only by a series of mental blasting operations.

I have no objection to conventional notions, and I would have written of Grant as the average man knows him *if what the average man knows had been anywhere close to the truth. But it isn't,* and I did not find that out until I had already done considerable work on the enterprise of producing his biography. Gradually, and by degrees, as I began to know him better and better, I realized that the traditional idea of his personality was false and hollow; that he was an entirely different sort of man from what he is commonly supposed to have been. So I threw away what I had written and started to reconstruct his portrait from head to foot.—William E. Woodward

complicated military problem became simple. He possessed the rare faculty of disregarding inessentials, of reducing everything to the plainest, matter-of-fact geometrical designs. His success as a General was due to just that. Other Union Generals thought of capturing strategic points, of occupying this place or that. Grant cared very little about places; he knew the war could be won only by defeating the Confederate Armies, and they were his objective.

At Georgetown, O., where he lived as a boy, he was considered the village numskull. The local wits pretended not to be able to pronounce his strange name of Ulysses, and he was called "Useless" Grant. His father, a close-fisted and irascible person, wanted everything he could get free, so he managed to procure an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point for his son. Ulysses did not want to go; his ambition was to be either a farmer or a teacher. He says in his "Memoirs" that he hoped the train would run off the track on the way to West Point and disable him slightly so the appointment would go to some one else.

At the Military Academy his standing was below the average in studies—and far below the average in conduct. A negligent, lazy cadet—a ploughboy turned all of a sudden into a student. The four years at West Point were the most miserable that he ever spent in his life, he wrote forty years later. He never met any of the pretty girls who came to the academy dances; he had no social tact; he couldn't dance, and did not want to learn. During his entire term at the academy he was never once invited to a private house.

He never met any of the pretty girls, yet there was a broad streak of femininity in his personality. I know this sounds absurd; we are accustomed to think of him as a bearded, puffy-looking, middle-aged man with a cigar in his mouth. In his youth, as a young officer, he was known in the 4th Infantry as "The Little Beauty"—a nickname which came from his small size, his handsome blue eyes, his fragile appearance and his clear skin.

When the officers of the regiment gave an amateur presentation of *Othello* Grant was selected for the female part of Desdemona. He wore bell-like skirts, a Venetian scarf around his head, and carried a fan. Imagine that!

Life in the army was unendurable to him, and whiskey began to hum in his cosmos. I do not know when he started to drink liquor to excess, but I think—from what I know of him—that it was in Mexico, where he was with the army during the Mexican War. The cause of his liquor habit was probably loneliness and sex repression. Lacking the capacity for easy friendships, he was not intimate with the other officers and remained alone with whiskey for company. Many other officers in the campaign had Mexican mistresses and a good time generally—but Grant was a prude. Even his bitterest enemies never had the nerve to accuse him of an illicit

THE key to Grant's character cannot be given in a word, or a sentence, for he was an extremely intricate and complicated person, saturated with contradictory qualities. He had mysterious, unspoken opinions and ambitions which were never fully revealed. Now and then we catch faint glimpses of them, like a foggy landscape seen through a crack in a wall. He did not in the least resemble Washington, whose life and ideas fit precisely into a simple pattern. Nor Jefferson, who was composed entirely of liberalism surrounded by logic, Nor Lincoln, an indecisive, vacillating half-mystic, who was much more profound and subtle than Grant, but who is nevertheless easy to comprehend after one finds the motivation of this subtlety. —William E. Woodward.

love affair at any stage of his career.

He thought the wholesale robbery of Mexico by the United States the most unjust and wicked thing in our history. He did not want to take part in it, "but I did not have the moral courage to resign my commission," he says.

No matter—his commission was soon taken away from him. After the Mexican War he was sent to a lonely military post in California, leaving his wife behind him in Missouri. All he had to comfort him was her letters. He carried them around with him—frayed, tattered sheets of writing which he would read hours on end while the liquor bottle stood before him.

The Colonel could not stand it; the Colonel thought Grant was not cut out for a military career, and asked him to resign. So he found himself out of a job, with no way to make a living, and with an urgent need of liquor.

In the blazing hot summer of 1859 he wandered through the streets of St. Louis, trying to sell real estate and making a failure of it. He was so shabby and forlorn that he attracted people's attention; and he was so disorganized that he went about borrowing small sums of money from chance acquaintances. Yet, within nine years of that time he was President of the United States, after having won worldwide renown as a General.

What a tremendous drama lies in his rise from a frowsy drinking man to President! Suppose the Civil War had not happened? Would we ever have heard of Grant? I think not. The Civil War made him; it was his fortunate circumstance.

It does not seem to me that he possessed any ability at all, or worth mentioning, except as a soldier; and he was a very great soldier—probably the greatest soldier that has yet appeared among the American people, with the exception of Stonewall Jackson. But he did not want to be a soldier. He was like some wonderfully good automobile mechanic who has a lifelong hankering to be a physician, but who could never be a good one. Grant's desire was to be a business man, though he had absolutely no talent for business.

His sphere of success lay in physical action. In the presence of ideas, opinions and documents he was utterly confused and muddled. His admiration for business success, for intellect, for cleverness, amounted almost to a religion. During his Presidential Administration he was surrounded by able financiers, money-makers, schemers and sharp lawyers. It is they who made his political career such a lamentable fiasco. They persuaded him to approve of one shady transaction after another. They dragged his Administration into the mud, though his own personal honesty was deep, enduring and untouchable. . .

Through the fall of 1883 and the spring of 1884 he sat with cancer clutching at his throat, dictating his reminiscences in the whispering tone of a stricken man. That summer he passed sadly and pathetically out of life.

I think that, in his heart, he felt he had never done anything he really wanted to do.—William E. Woodward, biographer of George Washington and of Ulysses S. Grant, in the New York *World*

THE American hates the superior man, in whatever field his superiority may lie, as a rat hates poison. The very fact of the man's superiority he regards as a reflection upon himself and upon his own relatively lower status, and so he exerts himself to the utmost to reduce that man's superiority, or at least the prevailing sense and idea of the superiority, in his own eyes and in those of his fellow Americans.

This is one of the outstanding characteristics and phenomena of our democracy: the impulse toward the technique of equalization by reducing the higher to the level of the lower. It accounts for the spoofing of musicians, painters, literary men and poets. It accounts for the mudslinging at public figures, the scandals of the pink and yellow press and the jokes and sneers at royalty. It even accounts, one may believe, for the increasing spread of agnosticism.—George Jean Nathan, in *The American Mercury*

Robert E. Lee As Seen by His Aide-de-Camp

THE author of these reminiscences, a grand-nephew of John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States, became Aide-de-Camp to General Robert E. Lee in 1862. He held that post to the close of the Civil War and was the only member of the great Confederate commander's staff to accompany him to the surrender at Appomattox, as here described.

Having lived for three years on terms of marked intimacy with General Lee, esteeming his chief's mental and moral character no less than his military genius, and feeling that Lee had often, from motives of chivalry, failed to do himself justice in his dispatches, Colonel Marshall was admirably qualified to write the life of his hero. This is the only Southern eye-witness account of the surrender.

I WAS in General Lee's tent one day just before the battle of Chancellorsville, when an officer who had been with a scouting party came in with a report. The report was not a little affected by the excitement that usually begins to be felt when an engagement is pending, and did not in the least understate the number of the enemy that the scouting party had seen. General Lee listened very quietly and attentively to the narrative, which bore on its face the evidence of its own want of probability, though the narrator may have believed it to be accurate.

When the officer left the tent General Lee said in his grave way: "That report reminds me of something I heard General Taylor say when I was with his army in Mexico, before I joined General Scott. As we advanced into the interior of the country there were rumors of the approach of General Santa Anna with an overwhelming force, and there was more or less excitement and anxiety on the subject. No considerable force of Mexicans had in fact been seen, and the alleged army of Santa Anna was left to the imagination, which always exaggerates the unknown and the unseen. One day a cavalry officer came to General Taylor and reported that he had seen 20,000 Mexicans with 250 pieces of artillery. General Taylor said to him: "Captain, do you say you saw that force?" The captain asserted that he had seen it. Thereupon General Taylor remarked, "Captain, if you say you saw it of course I must believe you; but I would not have believed it if I had seen it myself."

Narrators do not always restrict themselves to what they did themselves, but are much disposed to include in their reports what they think was done, or omitted to be done, by others. I remember a striking illustration of this which occurred during the battle of Fredericksburg. Fighting in that battle took place on the right and left of the Confederate Army; the center had hardly been engaged at all. General Longstreet on the Confederate left had repulsed the repeated attacks made on the troops posted at the foot of Marye's Hill and General Jackson had repulsed the assault made on our right near Hamilton's crossing. The distance between the two scenes of combat was between three and four miles.

In the afternoon I was sent to the right by General Lee with an order to General Jackson, and while looking for him I came across General D. H. Hill, who commanded a division in Jackson's corps. As soon as he saw me, General Hill exclaimed: "Well, it is just as usual. This corps does all the fighting. Those fellows on the left have not fired a shot all day, except some little artillery firing." I offered, with great respect, to bet a very largeapple that "the fellows on

CHALLENGE

LIFE is an empty glass, but see
With what a fine, unerring grace,
I lift and hurl it dauntlessly
Into death's insolent, dark face!

—Natalie Flohr, in *Opportunity*

the left" could show two dead in their front for every one the fellows on the right could show. Nearly fifteen hundred Federal dead lay in front of Marye's Hill, and General Hill did not know that there had been any fighting there . . .

Here is a memorandum, dated April 15th, 1868, by Colonel William Allan, author of *The Army of Northern Virginia in 1862,* of a conversation which Allan had just held with Lee. This conversation was occasioned by a letter of inquiry addressed to Colonel Allan by W. M. MacDonald, asking, among other things, "Why Gettysburg was fought and lost?"

"As for Gettysburg — First, he {Lee} did not intend to give battle in Pennsylvania if he could avoid it. The South was too weak to carry on a war of invasion, and his offensive movements against the North were never intended except as parts of a defensive system. He did not know the Federal Army was at Gettysburg, *could not believe it,* as Stuart had been specially ordered to cover his {Lee's} movements, and keep him informed of the enemy's position, and he {Stuart} had sent no word. He found himself engaged with the Federal Army, therefore, unexpectedly, and had to fight. This being decided on, victory would have been won if he could have gotten one decided simultaneous attack on the whole line. This he tried his uttermost to effect for three days and failed. Ewell he could not get to act with decision. Rodes, Early, Johnson, attacked, and were hurt in detail. Longstreet, Hill, etc. could not be gotten to act in concert. Thus the Federal troops were enabled to be opposed to each of our corps, or even divisions in succession. As it was, however, he inflicted more damage than he received, and broke up the Federal summer campaign. When he retired he would have crossed the Potomac at once if he could have done so. It was so swollen as to delay him, and hence his works at Hagerstown. He would not have been sorry if Meade had attacked him then, but he did not stop specially to invite it, but because the river was high. Meade's failure to attack showed how he had suffered.

"In regard to going into Pennsylvania at all: He thought it was far better than remaining at Fredericksburg. He had been attacked there, and had succeeded in repulsing the attacks, but he did not wish again to remain there to risk another attempt. The position was easily flanked, and the plan Grant afterwards pursued might have been tried at any time. He thought it best to improve the advantage gained by marching north, thus drawing the enemy away from the Rappahannock, exciting their fears for Washington, and by watching his opportunities baffle and break up their plans. To have lain at Fredericksburg would have allowed them time to collect force and initiate a new campaign on the old plan. In going into Pennsylvania he diverted their attention, kept them thinking of Washington instead of Richmond, and got ample supplies for his army. He did not want to fight unless he could get a good opportunity to hit them in detail.

"He expected, however, probably to find it necessary to give battle before his return in the fall, as it would have been

> SO SOON as the firing began, General Lee joined Hill just below our tree, and he remained there nearly all the time, looking through his field glass. . . . Generally he sat quite alone on the stump of a tree. What I remarked especially was that during the whole time the firing continued he only sent one message and only received one report. It is evidently his system to arrange the plan thoroughly with his three corps commanders, and then leave to them the duty of modifying and carrying it out to the best of their abilities.
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> —Colonel Freemantle, British military observer at the battle of Gettysburg, quoted in *An Aide-de-Camp of Lee.*

difficult to retreat without. He had no idea of permanent occupation of Pennsylvania. He was troubled as it was to forage, so weak was the force he could spare for the purpose. He expected therefore to move about, manoeuvre, and alarm the enemy, threaten their cities, hit any blows he might be able to deliver without risking a general battle, and then, towards fall, return and recover his base. Stuart's failure to carry out his intentions forced the battle of Gettysburg, and the imperfect, halting way in which his corps commanders, especially Ewell, fought the battle gave victory, which, as he says, trembled for three days in the balance, finally to the foe. He says that one day, I think the second, he consulted Ewell and told him that if he could not carry his part of the line he would move the second corps to the right of Longstreet and threaten their communications with Baltimore, but E. Johnson and Ewell said the line then held could be carried. Johnson, Rodes, and Early however attacked in succession and were not able to hold any advantage.

> IF the officers of General Grant's army had been instructed how to act; if they had learned their parts; if they had been taught by the greatest actors how to play them, how to act at a time when one of the loftiest souls that God ever sent upon earth was humbled, how to act so as to show their respect and veneration, they could not have done better than they did. They could not have done better, because they were and behaved as American soldiers; they loved their enemies and they did good to those who hated them.
>
> —Colonel Charles Marshall

"General Lee spoke feelingly of the criticism to which he had been subjected, said critics talked much of that they knew little about, said he had fought honestly and earnestly to the best of his knowledge and ability for the Cause, and had never allowed his own advantage or reputation to come into consideration. He cared nothing for these. Success was the great matter. He instanced General Joe Johnston's sensitiveness on this score, and how wrong and unwise it was.

"He referred to a reported conversation of Longstreet, in which the latter was reported to have said that General Lee was under a promise to the Lieutenant General not to fight a general battle in Pennsylvania. General Lee said he did not believe this was ever said by Longstreet. That the idea was absurd. He never made any such promise.

APPOMATTOX

After the disaster of Sailor's Creek, the Army of Northern Virginia, reduced to two corps under the command of Generals Longstreet and Gordon, moved through Farmville, where rations were issued to some of the starving troops. A close pursuit by the overwhelming army of General Grant made it necessary to remove the wagon trains before all the men could be supplied, and the remnant of the great Army of Northern Virginia, exhausted by fight and starvation, moved on the road to Appomattox Court House. On the afternoon of the 7th of April, 1865, General Grant sent to General Lee the first letter. It read:—

April 7th, 1865

General R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.

General,—

The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States Army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant

U. S. Grant, Lieutenant General

There was some difference of opinion

among the general officers as to the nature of the reply to be made to General Grant's letter, some thinking it was yet possible to save the remnant of the army. It was greatly reduced; it was starving; but it was as brave an army as ever carried a gun, and General Lee had such confidence in it as, I believe, would have made him risk anything, if there had been any chance of success. Finally, of course under General Lee's instructions, I wrote the following to General Grant:—

April 7th, 1865
General,—

I have received your note of this date. Though not entertaining the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid the useless effusion of blood, and therefore before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. E. Lee, General

To Lieut.-Gen. U. S. Grant, Commanding Armies of the United States

The next day Grant replied as follows:

April 8th, 1865

General R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.
General,—

Your note of last evening in reply to mine of same date, asking the conditions on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply, I would say, peace being my great desire, there is but one condition that I insist on, namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the Government of the United States, until properly exchanged.

I will meet you, or will designate officers to meet any officers you name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant
U. S. Grant, Lieutenant General

It will be observed that General Grant, in this letter, manifested that delicate consideration for his great adversary which marked all his subsequent conduct towards him. He offered to have the terms of the capitulation arranged by officers to be appointed for the purpose by himself and General Lee, thus sparing the latter the pain and mortification of conducting personally the arrangements for the surrender of his army.

THE site of the McLean house, made famous as the scene of the surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox is now marked by a tablet. The house was sold for $10,000 and torn down to be sent to Chicago and exhibited at the World's Fair. The material (bricks, timbers, etc.) were never removed from the original premises, however. A watchman was employed for many years to prevent relic-hunters from carrying away the bricks. But most of them have disappeared and the few remaining timbers have almost rotted away.

I have no doubt that this proposition proceeded from the sincere desire of General Grant to do all in his power to spare the feelings of General Lee. . . .

General Lee had replied to the letter of General Grant of the 8th of April:—

April 8th, 1865

To Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, Commanding Armies of the United States
General,—

I received at a late hour your note of to-day. In mine of yesterday I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army; but as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desire to know whether your proposals will lead to that end. I cannot, therefore, meet

you with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia; but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States' forces under my command, and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 A. M. tomorrow, on the old stage road to Richmond, between the picket lines of the two armies.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee, General

No reply to this letter had been received when, early on the morning of April 9, General Lee, after receiving Gordon's report, directed me to come with him and go down on the Lynchburg road to meet General Grant, expecting that he would meet him in accordance with the terms of his letter. An orderly by the name of Tucker, a soldier from Maryland and one of the bravest men that ever fought — he was with A. P. Hill when he was killed {at Five Forks} and brought Hill's horse off the place where he sacrificed his life so unnecessarily—accompanied us. The flag of truce was a white handkerchief, and Tucker rode ahead of us carrying it. General Lee and myself rode side by side until we came to our rear line, which was composed of the remnants of Longstreet's corps.

The men in the last hours of the Confederacy cheered General Lee to the echo, as they had cheered him many a time before. He waved his hand to suppress the cheering, because he was afraid the sound might attract the fire of the enemy, and we rode on through the line. Longstreet's men had thrown up breastworks, and could have held their position against a strong force. We rode on down the Lynchburg road with Tucker ahead of us, until he was halted by the skirmish line of the Federal Army. Our own skirmish line had been thrown forward and there was some fighting going on between the two bodies of the skirmishers.

As soon as Tucker was halted, General Lee directed me to go forward and seek the Federal commanding officer. I took off my sword and disarmed myself, and walked forward with a handkerchief in my hand, and an officer met me. It was Lieutenant Colonel Whittier. He was a staff officer of General Humphreys, whose division was immediately at our rear. We had a very agreeable correspondence with each other afterwards. He was an old officer of the engineer service in the United States Army, and one of the most accomplished officers in that service. I met with him and he gave me a letter from General Grant in reply to the letter that was written the day before on the subject of general pacification. General Grant said:—

LEE first met Grant when he was a captain on General Scott's staff in the Mexican war, and Grant was a lieutenant of infantry. General Scott had issued an order that officers coming to headquarters were to do so in full dress. Grant had been making a reconnaissance and came to headquarters to report the result in his field dress, plentifully covered with the dust of Mexico, evidently thinking in 1847, as he did in 1865, that time was of more importance than appearance. Lee had to tell Grant to go back to his tent and return in full dress. One wonders whether, when apologizing to Lee a second time for his informal costume, Grant remembered what happened eighteen years before. —Colonel Charles Marshall

April 9th, 1865

To General R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.

General,—

Your note of yesterday is received. As I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace, the meeting proposed for 10 A. M. to-day could lead to no good. I will state however, General, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself, and the whole of the North entertains

the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed.

Sincerely hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. Grant, Lieutenant-General

Colonel Whittier gave me this letter and I walked back, I suppose about one hundred yards, to where General Lee was, and read it to him. After a few moments' reflection he said, "Well, write a letter to General Grant and ask him to meet me to deal with the question of the surrender of my army, in reply to the letter he wrote me at Farmville." . . .

There was a man named McLean who used to live on the first battle field of Manassas, at a house about a mile from Manassas Junction. He didn't like the war, and having seen the first battle of Manassas, he thought he would get away where there wouldn't be any more fighting, so he moved down to Appomattox Court House. General Lee told me to go forward and find a house where he could meet General Grant, and of all people, whom should I meet but McLean. I rode up to him and said, "Can you show me a house where General Lee and General Grant can meet together?" He took me into a house that was all dilapidated and that had no furniture in it. I told him it wouldn't do. Then he said, "Maybe my house will do!" He lived in a very comfortable house, and I told him I thought that would suit. I had taken the orderly along with me, and I sent him back to bring General Lee and Babcock, who were coming on behind. I went into the house and sat down, and after a while General Lee and Babcock came in. Colonel Babcock told his orderly that he was to meet General Grant, who was coming on the road, and turn him in when he came along. So General Lee, Babcock and myself sat down in McLean's parlor and talked in the most friendly and affable way pending his arrival.

In about half an hour we neard horses, and the first thing I knew General Grant walked into the room. There were with him General Sheridan, General Ord, Colonel Badeau, General Porter, Colonel Parker and quite a number of other officers whose names I do not recall.

General Lee was standing at the end of the room opposite the door when General Grant walked in. General Grant had on a sack coat, a loose fatigue coat, but he had no side arms. He looked as though he had had a pretty hard time. He had been riding and his clothes were somewhat dusty and a little soiled. He walked up to General Lee and Lee recognized him at once. He had known him in the Mexican war. General Grant greeted him in the most cordial manner, and talked about the weather and other things in a very friendly way. Then General Grant brought up his officers and introduced them to General Lee.

I remember that General Lee asked for General Lawrence Williams, of the Army of the Potomac. That very morning General Williams had sent word by somebody to General Lee that Custis Lee, who had been captured at Sailor Creek and was reported killed, was not hurt, and General Lee asked General Grant where General Williams was, and if he could not send for him to come and see him. General Grant sent somebody out for General Williams, and when he came, General Lee thanked him for having sent him word about the safety of his son.

After a very free talk General Lee said to General Grant: "General, I have come to meet you in accordance with my letter to you this morning, to treat about the surrender of my army, and I think the best way would be for you to put your terms in writing." General Grant said: "Yes; I believe it will." So a Colonel Parker, General Grant's Aide-de-Camp, brought a little table over from a corner of the room, and General Grant wrote the terms and conditions of surrender on what we call field note paper, that is, a paper that makes a copy at the same time as the note is written. After he had

written it, he took it over to General Lee.

General Lee was sitting at the side of the room; he rose and went to meet General Grant to take that paper and read it over. When he came to the part in which only public property was to be surrendered, and the officers were to retain their side arms and personal baggage, General Lee said: "That will have a very happy effect."

General Lee then said to General Grant: "General, our cavalrymen furnish their own horses; they are not Government horses, some of them may be, but of course you will find them out—any property that is public property, you will ascertain that, but it is nearly all private property, and these men will want to plough ground and plant corn."

General Grant answered that as the terms were written, only the officers were permitted to take their private property, but almost immediately he added that he supposed that most of the men in the ranks were small farmers, and that the United States did not want their horses. He would give orders to allow every man who claimed to own a horse or mule to take the animal home.

General Lee having again said that this would have an excellent effect, once more looked over the letter, and being satisfied with it, told me to write a reply. General Grant told Colonel Parker to copy his letter, which was written in pencil, and put it in ink. Colonel Parker took the table and carried it back to a corner of the room, leaving General Grant and General Lee facing each other and talking together. There was no ink in McLean's inkstand, except some thick stuff that was very much like pitch, but I had a screw boxwood inkstand that I always carried with me in a little satchel that I had at my side, and I gave that to Colonel Parker, and he copied General Grant's letter with the aid of my inkstand and my pen.

There was another table right against the wall, and a sofa next to it. I was sitting on the arm of the sofa near the table, and General Sheridan was on the sofa next to me. While Colonel Parker was copying the letter, General Sheridan said to me, "This is very pretty country."

I said, "General, I have n't seen it by daylight. All my observations have been made by night and I have n't seen the country at all myself."

He laughed at my remark, and while we were talking I heard General Grant say this: "Sheridan, how many rations have you?" General Sheridan said: "How many do you want?" and General Grant said, "General Lee has about a thousand or fifteen hundred of our people prisoners, and they are faring the same as his men, but he tells me his have n't anything. Can you send them some rations?"

"Yes," he answered. They had gotten some of our rations, having captured a train.

General Grant said: "How many can you send?" and he replied "Twenty-five thousand rations."

General Grant asked if that would be enough, and General Lee replied "Plenty; plenty; an abundance;" and General Grant said to Sheridan "Order your commissary to send to the Confederate Commissary twenty-five thousand rations for our men and his men."

After a while Colonel Parker got through with his copy of General Grant's letter and I sat down to write a reply. I began it in the usual way: "I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of such a date," and then went on to say the terms were satisfactory. I took the letter over to General Lee, and he read it and said: "Don't say, 'I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of such a date'; he is here; just say, 'I accept these terms.'" Then I wrote:—

Headquarters of the Army of Northern Virginia
April 9, 1865

I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst, they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

Then General Grant signed his letter, and I turned over my letter to General Lee and he signed it. Parker handed me

General Grant's letter, and I handed him General Lee's reply, and the surrender was accomplished. There was no theatrical display about it. It was in itself perhaps the greatest tragedy that ever occurred in the history of the world, but it was the simplest, plainest, and most thoroughly devoid of any attempt at effect, that you can imagine.

The story of General Grant returning General Lee's sword to him is absurd, because General Grant proposed in his letter that the officers of the Confederate Army should retain their side-arms. Why, in the name of common sense, anybody should imagine that General Lee, after receiving a letter which said that he should retain his side-arms, yet should offer to surrender his sword to General Grant, is hard to understand. The only thing of the kind that occurred in the whole course of the transaction—which occupied perhaps an hour—was this: General Lee was in full uniform. He had on the handsomest uniform I ever saw him wear; and he had on a sword with a gold, a very handsome gold and leather, scabbard that had been presented to him by English ladies. General Grant excused himself to General Lee towards the close of the conversation between them, for not having his side-arms with him; he told him that when he got his letter he was about four miles from his wagon in which his arms and uniform were, and he said that he had thought that General Lee would rather receive him as he was, than be detained, while he sent back to get his sword and uniform. General Lee told him he was very much obliged to him and was very glad indeed that he hadn't done it.

After that a general conversation took place of a most agreeable character. I cannot describe it. I cannot give you any idea of the kindness and generosity, and magnanimity of those men. When I think of it, it brings tears into my eyes.

After having this general conversation we took leave of General Grant, and went off to appoint commissioners to attend to the details of the surrender.

The next day General Grant sent a message to General Lee asking him to meet him. I did not accompany him on that occasion, but I think it was then he met General Grant under that famous apple tree, because I saw some Federal soldiers cutting down that tree the next day. General Lee told me when he came back that General Grant asked him if he would go and meet Mr. Lincoln. He said he did not know where Mr. Lincoln was. He might be at Richmond, at City Point, at Fortress Monroe, or in Washington, he could not tell where—but he said, "I want you to meet him. Whatever you and he agree upon will be satisfactory to the reasonable people of the North and South." He said: "If you and Mr. Lincoln will agree upon terms, your influence in the South will make the Southern people accept what you accept, and Mr. Lincoln's influence in the North will make reasonable people of the North accept what he accepts, and all my influence will be added to Mr. Lincoln's."

General Lee was very much pleased and would have been delighted to do anything in the world that he could to bring about a pacification, but he said: "General Grant, you know that I am a soldier of the Confederate Army, and I cannot meet Mr. Lincoln. I do not know what Mr. Davis is going to do, and I cannot undertake to make any terms of that kind."

General Grant then said he would go himself at once, and while he understood the reasons of General Lee's position, he regretted that he could not go.

I think myself, and have always thought, that if General Lee and Mr. Lincoln would have met as General Grant proposed, we could have had immediate restoration of peace and brotherhood among the people of these States.—From *An Aide-de-Camp of Lee* {Papers of Colonel Charles Marshall} by permission of Little, Brown & Company

Viscount Cecil says another great war would break up civilization. Well, a civilization that permits another great war deserves to be broken up.

—Philadelphia *Inquirer*

THE FUTURE RISE—OR FALL—OF MAN

IN this article, the concluding chapter in his new work on the evolution of man, the head of the American Museum of Natural History rejects the Darwinian theory of ape ancestry, declaring that "the better we understand the human anatomy and mechanism of both the hand and foot and the more we learn of the fossil ancestors of man, the less close appears our relationship to the great anthropoid apes, the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the orang and the gibbon."

Since the publication some ten years ago of Dr. Osborn's extraordinarily popular Men of the Old Stone Age, *science has extended the age of man from 500,000 years to the 1,250,000 years of the close of the Age of Mammals, with still more surprising discoveries in prospect.*

A BURNING question of the present day is whether man is destined to rise or to fall, and many and varied answers are being attempted. . .

The rise of primitive and of uncivilized man is subject to the same laws as those which prevail throughout the animal kingdom, until human civilization steps in and interferes with the natural order of things. Thus when man begins to specialize and human races begin to intermingle, Nature loses control. It appears that the finest races of man, like the finest races of lower animals, arose when Nature had full control, and that civilized man is upsetting the divine order of human origin and progress.

> WHEN our understanding of the spiritual, intellectual and moral, as well as physical, values of races becomes more widespread, the course of the rise of man to Parnassus will again take an upward trend and the future progress of the human race will be secure.
>
> —Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn

Several recent writers on the subject of the future rise and development of man, among them Bury, Inge and Conklin, take a decidedly pessimistic view. They are no doubt under the influence of the shock of the great World War, which they regard, and in a measure rightly so, as a calamity of the first magnitude in contrast to the optimism of the Victorian period.

It is quite true that European nations have suffered terribly and that the effects of the struggle have been chiefly deteriorative to the race. France, after the Napoleonic wars had already cut off three inches from the stature of the average man, lost 1,400,000 of its best men. England too has deteriorated racially, and so has Germany. Of the original Nordic stock—the men of the time of Goethe and Schiller—only one-tenth remains; nine-tenths of the population of Germany are of Alpine-Slavic stock. In America the original pioneer stock is dying out; the foreign element is in the ascendency. China, in the opinion of Dr. Ting, is not much better off—the deterioration of the Chinese race being due, however, not to war but to the absence of the great force for betterment which lies in sexual selection or the choice of wives.

Racial deterioration appears to prevail throughout the world today; our policy seems to be that of care for the individual, neglect for the race. This doctrine of individualism, so rampant everywhere, is the greatest deterrent to racial progress. We must return to the viewpoint so well expressed by Tennyson in apostrophyzing the record of Nature's mode of work seen in the wealth of fossil remains in the rocks:

> So careful of the type
> She seems, so careless of
> The single life.

The future rise of man is intimately related to that of the special race to which he belongs; this is true not only of his

physical nature but of his mental and spiritual nature as well—they too depend on the mental and spiritual ascent of the race of which he is a unit. Every race has a different kind of soul—by soul is meant the spiritual, intellectual and moral reaction to environment and to daily experience—and the soul of the race is reflected in the soul of the individual that belongs to it. This racial soul is the product of thousands or hundreds of thousands of years of past experience and reaction—it is the essence or distillation of the spiritual and moral life of the race. In Europe, for example, the soul of each of the three great races—the Alpine, the Mediterranean and the Nordic—is individualized, it is the product and summation of its own racial experience in the long past of its development. . . . Races, species and stocks of man arise in the same manner as among other mammals.

Care for the race, even if the individual must suffer—this must be the keynote of our future. This was the guiding principle which underlay all the discussions of the Second International Congress of Eugenics in 1921. Not quantity but quality must be the aim in the development of each nation, to make men fit to maintain their places in the struggle for existence. We must be concerned above all with racial values; every race must seek out and develop and improve its own racial characteristics. Racial consciousness is not pride of race, but proper respect for the best qualities and characteristics which each race possesses. Purity of race is today found in but one nation—the Scandinavian; but Scandinavia has been seriously bled by emigration—so many of its best men have left the homeland for America that today the dependent class is relatively large; realizing these conditions, the Scandinavian people have set on foot a movement to keep the best men and women at home, and such a movement has also been begun in the United States. Such new racial consciousness is a hopeful sign, and with it before our eyes we need not despair.—From Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn's *Man Rises to Parnassus*, by permission of the Princeton University Press

The future city without an airport will be in the class with a coastal city without a harbor.—William E. Arthur, *airport-designer*

FRIENDS OF THE AIR

ONE dark night the yacht *Kaimiloa* lay off Fanning Island wallowing in the troughs of an angry sea, storm-tossed and without anchorage, seeking in vain the guiding lights from the safe harbor of this small and little frequented isle. All attempts to gain communication with the radio station failed. So few ships ever called at this cable station, where the Canadian and Australian cables meet, that authorities did not keep their harbor lights piercing the darkness. And light must be had to make safe anchorage.

Then Fred Roebuck, the radio operator on the yacht, decided to get amateur radio to aid him.

He got in touch with San Francisco, thousands of miles distant, and asked an amateur, who answered him, for help. The short wave-lengths of amateur radio were to be his salvation. Fifteen minutes after the query for help had been received in San Francisco, another amateur in another part of the city was out of his bed, and dashing for the nearest telegraph and cable station. There he handed in a cable for the lonely South Sea isle, asking the authorities to flash on their harbor lights. Not till the cable had been dispatched, witnessed by his own eyes, did the amateur go home. And more than six thousand miles distant, in a stormy sea, the yacht *Kaimiloa,* on a South Sea geological cruise, saw flashing out of utter darkness the bright beams of a harbor light, which soon guided them into safe anchorage.

This is an example of the type of friendship that amateur radio has developed among the young men of the world. Fostered in the United States and Canada, international friendships have multiplied rapidly among the men whose hobby is the furtherance of the science of radio.

—James Montagnes, in *The Outlook*

THE WORLD STILL IN PROCESS OF CREATION

DISCOVERY of evidence tending to show that the process of creation is going on in the heavens, and that the earth, instead of disintegrating, as has long been believed, is continually changing and evolving, was announced in March by Dr. Robert A. Millikan, of the California Institute of Technology, at a meeting of the California Institute Associates. Owing to the eminence of its author, who is a medalist of the Royal Society of Great Britain, vice-chairman of the National Research Council and who, in 1923, was awarded the Nobel prize for isolating and measuring the electron, the announcement has stirred the scientific world.

THROUGH new and more precise measurements on cosmic rays than those heretofore made, Millikan and Cameron have just succeeded in bringing forth quantitative evidence that those rays represent the precise amount of energy which should, according to Einstein's equation showing the relation of mass to energy, be emitted in the form of ether waves when the primordial positive and negative electrons unite to create helium atoms and other light atoms such as oxygen and silicon, magnesium and iron.

Millikan and Cameron have investigated these rays through experiments in high mountain lakes, both in California, and in Bolivia, and Millikan and Bowen have studied them with the aid of self-recording electroscopes sent up by sounding balloons which reached nine-tenths of the way to the top of the earth's atmosphere.

The results obtained in such investigations during the past eight months constitute the first indubitable evidence that the cosmic rays on which they have been experimenting, instead of being spread like white light over a considerable spectral region, consist of bands of definite frequency, or color, like the light from a neon lamp or from a Cooper-Hewett mercury arc.

The general spectral region, however, in which these bands are found, corresponds to frequencies 100,000,000,000 times greater than those emitted by the aforementioned lamps. This is why these cosmic radiations are powerful enough to penetrate 200 feet down into a mountain lake before they are completely absorbed.

The rays brought to light by this most recent work correspond to four main radiations extending over a spectral region three octaves wide and having frequencies identical with those which are computed theoretically from the loss of mass which would occur in accordance with the foregoing equation of Einstein, first, when the helium atom is created out of the nucleus of the hydrogen atom {the positive electron}, two negative electrons acting as the binding agents; second, when oxygen and nitrogen atoms are similarly created out of hydrogen; third, when silicon and magnesium are so produced, and fourth, when the atom of iron is born. . . .

STARS

And then
He made the stars also.
What a gesture!
What a lovely after-thought!
He made them on a whim—
A tiny fancy.

With trembling eagerness
And all absorbed,
Carelessly profligate,
He made stars by the hundred million thousands,
Like grains of golden pollen.

Then, when he had done, he dropped
Into a maker's dream,
For in his mind was growing
The strange whim of man.

Goldenly slipped from his dreaming hands
Worlds fell,
As coins through the fingers of a spendthrift.

—Florence S. Small, in *Books*, New York *Herald-Tribune*

There is further, a philosophic argument which supports the results of this observation. We have long known that all elements have a structure which indicates that they are exact multiples of the mass of the positive electron, which is the nucleus of the hydrogen atom.

We have also known for thirty years that in the radio-active process the heavier atoms are disintegrating into lighter ones. It is, therefore, to be expected that somewhere in the universe the building-up process is going on to replace the tearing-down process represented by radio activity.

Up to the present, however, no evidence had ever been found that this building-up or creative process is going on now. The present experiments constitute the first discovery of such evidence.

It must be taken with some reserve and must be subjected to further critical analysis and further experimental tests. But, so far as they go, these experiments are at least indications, and the first indications, that all about us, either in the stars, the nebulae or in the depths of space, the creative process is going on, and that the cosmic rays which have been studied for the past few years constitute the announcements broadcast through the heavens of the birth of the ordinary elements out of positive and negative electrons.

When it is remembered that the positive electron is the nucleus of the hydrogen atom, and that all the spectroscopic survey of the heavens shows the extraordinary abundance everywhere of hydrogen; and when we reflect that we have known for fifteen years that all the elements have weights that are practically exact multiples of the weight of the hydrogen atom as it appears in the structure of helium, the foregoing conclusion that the process of atom-building out of positive and negative electrons {the latter have a mass that is negligible in comparison with the former} is now going on gains additional plausibility.

If it is confirmed it will constitute new proof that this is a changing, dynamic and continuously evolving world instead of a static or a merely disintegrating one.

Further qualitative support for the validity of the foregoing evidence is derived from the fact that so far as we can now see there are no sort of nuclear changes which could take place powerful enough to produce the observed cosmic rays except those herewith suggested.

Putting together, then, the quantitative and the qualitative evidence, we may have some confidence in the conclusion that the heretofore mysterious cosmic rays, which unceasingly shoot through space in all directions, are the announcements sent out through the ether of the birth of the elements.—Robert A. Millikan.

A GHOSTLY PROCESSION

THERE are many parallels between our history and that of Greece and Rome at the height of their greatness. Now, as then, we see a general decadence of the family and of marriage, a great extension of voluntary birth-control and sterility among the better classes, and the consequent breeding of the race from the lower levels rather than from the top. Now, as then, we see the importation of vast numbers of alien and inferior stock and general race mixture. Now, as then, we see the gradual extinction of the most gifted lines as a result of the dry-rot of luxury, the subordination of social duties to personal freedom, the demand for pleasure at any price. Now, as then, we hear the counsel of despair, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." The shadows of former civilizations cross the stage like the ghosts in Macbeth—Egypt, Assyria, India, China, Persia, Greece, Rome, Arabia. Will America also join in this ghostly procession?

—Anonymous author in *Harper's Magazine*

The lay mind has little patience with the caution, hedging and half-hearted admissions of the conscientious scientist as he explores the unknown.—George E. Vincent, president of the Rockefeller Foundation

An Ex-Hobo Looks at America

IT has been fifteen years since I left the road and entered the prize-ring in an attempt to make the long bulge upward. I became a "road kid" at fourteen years of age. I remained on the road, or near it, until I was beyond twenty-one.

A road kid is, perhaps, the most vicious product of underworld America. Springing as he does from a wretched environment, where force and cunning are the only laws, he becomes suspicious of everything and learns to look for motives even behind kindness itself. The road kid begins as a disgruntled adventurer. He usually has qualities which, if rightly directed, would make of him a valuable middle-class American citizen. Ingenuity, force, initiative, and a swaggering bravado he must combine in plenty if he expects to survive. He generally ends in the penitentiary—a dominating yegg, rebellious to the last. Once in a while he becomes a pugilist, like Norman Selby, Jack Dempsey, and Stanley Ketchell. On several occasions he has become a writer—Josiah Flynt, Jack London, and myself.

A man is what the winds and tides have made him. If he spends a year on the road as a youth, he is stamped forever. The ungifted and cunning Flynt was a hobo to the end. After he had published *The Powers That Prey* which was directed against the New York police, and in which he invented the word "graft" as used in common speech today, he had learned enough resourcefulness as a road kid to enable him to avoid every net which the minions of the law spread for him in the heart of the metropolis.

Flynt was a nephew of Frances E. Willard. He dropped the latter name after he became a young hobo. A weazen little cigarette fiend, the hardships of the road and the jail had early sapped his vitality. He died at thirty-eight.

Jack London, at midnight, walking the roads of his vast estate and meditating suicide, went to the eternal railroad division point at forty, a disillusioned vagabond. His psychology remained that of the road kid, grown wealthy.

The quality which I now possess as a writer is the same as that of my early comrades of the road who became yeggs and burglars—ruthlessness tinged with irony and contempt.

A reading of Gorky's *Lower Depths* will reveal the same quality.

Vagabonds early become shrewd observers. Observation, once the wanderlust is under control, is perhaps, the vagabond writer's finest attribute. Gorky is unerring in his observation; London the same. They also learn never to look steadily at an object or person. Their gaze is always furtive. The hunted of society, they continually look about them

DURING my wandering boyhood I learned that most of our criminal population was made up of those who had committed crimes against property. This condition has not changed. Our criminals are merely the stragglers in the great American forward march, the leaders of which are those who believe

"That they shall get who have the power,
And they shall keep who can."

It was Samuel Untermeyer, I think, who said that the Republican party was for the rich, and the Democratic party for the great middle class.

Upon being asked concerning the poor he replied:

"Oh, well, all you can do with the poor is give them work."

Brutal as this may seem, it is direct American psychology.

—Jim Tully

for an angry dog or policeman. To this day if I meet a policeman unexpectedly my first impulse is one of escape. For an instant I wonder what forgotten sin the officer has heard about. The war between society and the hobo never ceases. The tattered stragglers of a world into which they do not fit, they resent laws and lawgivers, and blue-coated upholders of the law.

My greatest mental and spiritual battle was not in learning to write, though it required nearly eight years to complete my first novel. Rather it was one of developing a sanity toward life—to purge my heart of bitterness—and to fit myself into a social scheme in which softer and more cautious thinking was the order of the day. For be it remembered, I was forced to develop a ragged Nietzschean quality that I might survive. I had early read a line of his—"What does not kill me, strengthens me." It helped greatly in the formative years.

By some craving of the mind, and with no guidance whatever, I early read the great masters of all literatures. As my world was one in which their names were unknown, I meditated upon their books a great deal, but did not discuss them. . . .

My love of reading saved me from most of the time-killing vices of my environment. It made hunger, degradation, and the jail less poignant. It saved me at last from the prize-ring when I was beginning to acquire a national reputation as a bruiser. I left the ring, not after I became wealthy, but when the golden meadows stretched ahead of me. . . .

Upon retiring from the ring I looked more closely about me and realized keenly how impossible it was for a young fellow of the middle or lower class to obtain a cultural background worthy of the name. Everywhere he was given the same advice in family, school, or college. Syndicated platitudes were as common as fog in London. I could see youthful minds reeling under the staggering burden. They were seldom strong enough to survive its monotonous weight. It made of them types and not individuals. Banker, merchant, tailor—the view-point of America was the same.

It has not changed. I have since reached the point where people utter platitudes about my success. I accept them with a dreary smile. My servant is obsequious. Even my long ago comrades have changed. They have become too humble. I alone remain the same.

Having fought my way out of one world, I am unable to fit myself into another one. My nature, never plastic, cannot be remoulded. Having been forced to become more or less antisocial through a combination of circumstances, I am thus given time to reflect more on the unchanging jumble of civilization that is about me. . . .

Before my desk is a large bronze statue of Buddha. His feet are twisted about his knees in a strange manner, giving evidence that the sculptor knew little of anatomy. There is a picture close by of which I am not certain of the title. Christ, in the garb of a carpenter, stands before a High Priest. There is in His face the essence of strength and compassion. About me are also pictures of Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Whitman, Gorky, Hardy, Shakespeare and Mark Twain.

I have gained much from such men when my lamp of bravery burned low. . . .I expect nothing from the middle class of humanity. They are but so many sheep nibbling at the withered grass of life. I lean on its higher spirits—the men whose souls were of oak—who were often misunderstood and rejected. . . .

I have come to the conclusion that the most intellectually restless people in America are the aristocrats at the top and the radicals at the bottom.

The lawyer and the doctor and other professional men have often a touch of civilization. The banker and the merchant seldom. The latter types are the models of the great middle class—who think only in terms of money.

The middle layer of the cake, which comprises, in my opinion, more than two-thirds of the populace, is composed of bigoted, conceited, and literally glossed-over barbarians. . . .

Nearly every successful man in America

believes in half-truths. He inoculates his family with the same ideas, and they, being more or less reflexes of their illustrious founder, carry on the same notions. Thinking is a laborious business. The great mob unconsciously know this, and allow Doctor Frank Crane to dilute Emerson for them, or Arthur Brisbane to give them weak doses of Schopenhauer and Buckle, diluted to their capacity with ingredients from Theodore Roosevelt and Harold Bell Wright. The great thinker is unknown to the generality of business men. Indeed it is more than true:

"How few think justly, of the thinking few,
How many never think who think they do. . . ."

America, controlled by the banker, the lawyer, the merchant, and the thief, is the most reactionary nation on earth. I write, not as Socialist or radical, for I am in accord with Anatole France that no idea is worth a term in jail. Rather do I write as one who has observed during a long wandering.—Jim Tully, in *Scribner's Magazine*

A FREE MAN

Pressed sorely on all sides, but loath to yield,
Sometimes when it has seemed that I must die
I see your banner, sharp against the sky,
And catch the glitter of your battered shield.
Then, spite of weariness, my arm is steeled
To lift my own discouraged banner high
And gather laughter for a battle cry
To fling against the fiercely crowding field.

I know what friendless struggles you incur,
Faring so carelessly in ways apart,
Still smiling to yourself, unconquered still,
Wielding the lightning blade Excalibur,
Your fair white plume unstained, O Gallant Heart,
Armored in triple mail from every ill.

—Rosalie Hickler, in *The Atlantic Monthly*

PRIVATE benefactions contribute more financial support to higher education in this country than either Governments or students.

During the last year money from private sources netted the 975 institutions of higher learning $168,000,000, it is disclosed in figures compiled by the Federal Bureau of Education. Federal, State, and City Governments contributed $116,000,000 and students $50,000,000, making the total receipts $480,000,000. But $72,000,000 was for endowments, leaving $408,000,000 for expenditure by the institutions last year.

Of these institutions 821 are under private control and 154 are under public control. They represent an investment of $2,335,000,000. Their buildings are valued at $1,000,000,000 while another billion is invested in productive securities. College grounds, libraries and machinery represent the remainder.

In its survey, the bureau learned that of the professional schools and departments 180 teach theology. Law schools ranked second with 136, medicine third with 77, pharmacy and dentistry trailed with 67 and 43 respectively. The institutions graduate about 100,000 men and women each year. — Associated Press report in the New York *Times*

AMERICA is much more than a geographical location. It is a combination and a relationship. It is the destiny of a masterful, pioneering people, enduring all the hardships of settling a new country, fundamentally determined to be free.

It is the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution, with a system of local self-government. It is the development of the farm, the factory and the mine, the creation of a surpassing commerce, and the opening of vast lines of travel by sea and land, with broadening opportunity for education and freedom for religious worship.

Our country is the result of incomprehensible triumph, conferring upon its own people untold material and spiritual rewards and indirectly raising the standards of the world. It is a combination of all these elements, with their past history and their present aspirations that we refer to as the United States of America.—President Coolidge

THE SKYLINE OF CHICAGO
From the Etching by Anton Schutz

There are days when "the sunlight falls with a clear, hard radiance, and the city shines as if burnished. The high buildings throw a brilliant skyline . . . and one thinks of the great cities of the past—seats of empire and of culture, and sees Chicago emulating their greatness." This sketch is reproduced from the New York Times, *by permission of the New York Graphic Society.* (*See* Close-up of American Cities. *Page* 88).

The Imperialism of the Dollar

IT is hardly extravagant to say that the power dominant in America today is the power of money. . . .The rich are in good odor. The wide diffusion of wealth has bred a great tolerance. Even the fact that two hundred and twenty-eight men have the incredible income of over a million dollars a year each arouses no especial hostility or suspicion. The public sees our great concentrations into billion-dollar projects without any particular dismay. It is rather enamored with the bigness of it all, and sees it largely as the legitimate product of our tremendous economic and industrial growth.

Nevertheless there are distinct sub-surface rumblings. When the average man comes to think of the inequalities of wealth, of the instances of poverty and misery, and of social ills, or when he comes in contact with the sheer brute power of money and the demoralizing effect of its excessive worship, his primal reactions are apt to assert themselves, and he begins to blame the owners of money for not curing the things he thinks money can cure.

In any social disorder the money power is usually the first subject of attack. If, in spite of all evidences of the enormous power of money, we can say that in this country we have no plutocracy in a political sense, still the fear of it lies below the surface. That fear may be dormant, but it is never dead, and it may become as dangerous as the reality. And I believe it to be true that, with the changes now taking place in the character of the dollar and in the organized power of money, the danger, if not the fear, is becoming only too real here.

The power of money takes on new and truly imperialistic aspects because of new and subtle devices for the addition, multiplication, and division of the old-time power of the dollar. By building up new investment forms and a new credit economy, and by inventing new forms of legal title, financial leaders are managing to separate the legal ownership of the dollar from the legal control of what the dollar represents.

There is coming to be a sort of duality in which dollar ownership and dollar power tend to part company. . .

To-day we put our money and our credit out to work for us instead of working with them. Our wealth is no longer represented by titles to property. It is represented by titles to certificates of indebtedness. Theoretically we may still be in a position to assert over it the powers of direction and control. Practically we are passing these powers over to the banker.

The banker, particularly the investment banker, is gradually acquiring a mortgage on the industry of the nation. Through his vast resources and ability to organize the facilities of credit and distribution he dominates practically the whole field of industry and enterprise.

Through corporate agencies and investment devices and the credit control of banks, the ownership of wealth is becoming abstract and depersonalized. It no longer carries the responsibilities, either of service or of profit, which formerly arose from personal ownership. These are passed on to the banker. This depersonalization, so to speak, of

> I would be the last to discount in any degree what the world owes the modern banker for our established prosperity and for bringing order out of that financial chaos of earlier days which was so responsible for the scandals and lootings of high finance and the tragedies of unnecessary panics and failures. . . .
>
> He has done as much to liberate the energies of men and feed the springs of enterprise as all the statesmen put together, and a large percentage of his effort is undoubtedly devoted to the traditional ideals of service and guidance and constructive assistance to his patrons.
>
> —Governor Albert C. Ritchie

the dollar inevitably tends to exploit it, and the danger is that the money power may go money mad. . . .

A world that sees the dollar through the eye of the investor or the speculator is a different world from one that sees it through the eye of the producer or the consumer. It is perhaps the sensing of this that underlies the traditional hostility to Wall Street. We must begin to see the dollar not only as the dollar of the banker, but as the dollar of the community. . . .

With unity of control passing by one device or another to great banks and investment houses, to holding companies, to investment trusts, to insurance and savings institutions, it now rests with us to hold them responsible, and it rests with them to determine whether the dollar shall be a democrat or a plutocrat.

And let those who control and direct this imperial force not forget that in the last analysis their responsibilities are essentially political.

The power of the dollar is always a political issue, and the dollar forgets that at its peril. The good sense of the country has always recognized how much our prosperity is due to the courage and sagacity of men of money, but nevertheless their power is always suspect.

The idea is to "keep it out of politics." It were better to get into politics with its cards on the table, for it is a power which, properly directed, can be irresistible for good.

The dollar is a realist that distinguishes between fine words and fine deeds. It is peculiarly adapted, therefore, to render wise assistance in problems of statesmanship that now confront us.

Survey any of the questions of the hour—the tariff, the farmer, the trusts, the consumer, our increasing tax burdens, our costly system of distribution, our problems of labor, of national defense, of internal improvements, of foreign relations, — and note how in all of them the economic and financial and political are interwoven.

My point is that the dollar should recognize this fact, shoulder its responsibilities, come out into the open, and move forward to constructive democratic and social leadership. . . .

The nation does not want imperialism in terms of empire, but the dollar is already acquiring it in terms of power. The dollar may not dream of political empire, but it does dream of markets. Our interest in other continents is largely an interest in markets. Imperialism can be economic as well as political, and quite as dangerous in either case.

Whatever may be the wise or feasible policy as to our war loans or international relations in general, the far-flung lines of our commercial and banking dollar are bound to make new complications and orientations in our foreign affairs and policies.

Conceivably the dollar might exert a power to do what no other power has so far been able to accomplish. It might translate its own powers of cooperation

ANYONE UNDER TWENTY-FOUR

Towers of Manhattan:
Troy Town tall
After your splendor
Seems drab and small.

Towers of Manhattan
Shadowy and kind,
I have only seen you
In my mind.

Towers of Manhattan
That lean upon the blue,
How shall I be happy
Away from you?

Towers white and wistful,
You call me clear.
And over all the thousand miles,
I hear!

Towers, tall and waiting
To light my feet to fame,
How did you know to call
My very name?

—Mary Carolyn Davies, in *Contemporary Verse*

and unity into world harmony and world unity. Without entering the domain of dollar diplomacy, without asking or receiving any national endorsement or guaranty as a condition to its voyage to foreign parts, it might still work out a more rational world order, help remove the incubus of excessive naval and military armaments, and educate the world as to the "great illusion" of war.

So in the hands of those in whom have been massed these enormous controls of money and credit is a power that is truly imperial. It must be exercised for the benefit of mankind with truly imperial vision and skill.

We have a right to demand that the dollar do some statesmanlike thinking as to whither it is headed itself and whither it is leading us.

If in the past the dollar has been something of a politician, we have a right to demand that now, as the greatest common denominator in the equation of life, it become more of a statesman.—Albert C. Ritchie, Governor of Maryland, in *The Atlantic Monthly*

THE GRAFTERS

$2,000,000,000 had been stolen by grafters in one year.

Now the people waxed very wroth over this, and called together certain wise men whom they had elected to be representatives, and spake to them after this fashion:

"How is it that we are being robbed so grievously?"

And the representatives answered, saying: "Behold, it is because this country hath not sufficient laws against grafting."

"Go to," instructed the people, "and pass laws."

So all the representatives gathered together and passed oodles and oodles of laws.

$2,000,000,000 was stolen by grafters the next year.

Then the people waxed wroth again and spake thus:

"Did ye not pass laws against this grafting business?"

"Yea, verily," answered the wise men. "But the laws have not been enforced. What this country needs is more enforcement officers."

"Go to," commanded the people, "and hire enforcement officers."

And the wise men did as they were bidden.

$2,000,000,000 was stolen by grafters the following year.

Now when this had come to the ears of the people their anger waxed hotter and hotter, and they muttered much among themselves. And finally there arose up among them a Big Business Man, who was much wiser than the representatives. Also he was a man of Great Honesty. And he went to and fro among the people, speaking in a loud voice.

"Behold!" he cried in a voice of thunder. "Can ye not see, ye foolish people, that the way to stop graft is to vote the grafters out of power? Go ye therefore to the polls and cast your votes for men of honesty and integrity, and cast out these thieves and robbers, that there may be no more graft."

So all the people went to the polls and voted, and each and every one of the grafters was thrown out of office. And their places were filled by Honest Men.

The next year $2,000,000,000 was stolen by grafters.—Asia Kagowan, in *Life*

IT is a platitude that every country has the right to or deserves the government it has. But any one who studies Europe should see that that generality, like most others, is not always true. Every country in Europe, if not in the world, has an interest in these dictatorships and minority rules. When the affairs of any country are controlled by an individual or small minority and not by popular consultation there is danger not only to general democratic rule but to peace.—Edwin L. James, Paris correspondent, in the New York *Times*

GREEK GESTURES

THESE epigrams, suggestive of the Greek Anthology, are "not translations, but are almost entirely original—random reports, so to say, of a twentieth-century stranger in Attica." The publication from which they are taken pronounces them "really marvelous. . .Only one {?} of the poems would we suspect of being modern."

The reference in the first epigram is to the famous inscription written by the Greek poet Simonides in victorious competition with Aeschylus to celebrate the battle at Thermopylae, in which a small army of Greeks was exterminated by the Persians: "Go, stranger, and tell the Lacedaemonians that we lie here in obedience to their orders."

SIMONIDES APPRAISES HIS EPITAPH ON THERMOPYLAE

Only two lonely lines of mine
May shine in translation.

TO PHIDIAS

On yonder pedestal stands a mother—
A greater sculptor than thou, O Phidias!

CONTRAST

Chares of Lindus
Was reckoned a pygmy.
Had he been Ajax,
Or been Achilles,
Would he have wrought the Colossus of Rhodes?

PAN

Praxiteles carved Danae and the draped Nymphs of Parian marble,
But me, Pan, he carved of Pentelic marble.

ORISON

Also the gods are at work.
May the poets keep them merry!

HAPPINESS

None may be happy,
Even in Hellas,
Save the mother of children,
And the artist in his creation.

FRUSTRATION

Eutychus, who paints with divine perseverance,
And who is the father of some twenty children,
Fails of getting a likeness
In art, as in nature.

AN ARTIST

To find time to become rich,
At too great a cost,
Is not in the cards dealt to Diodorus.

BEAUTY

How frail and fleet is beauty!
Frail as a petal shaken by thunder,
Fleet as the sunrise passing to sunset—
Transient, immortal.

THEOGNIS

On Social Success

Among madmen,
Be exceeding mad;
Among the rich,
Parade no penury;
Among fools,
Be natural.

A PUPIL OF PLATO

I seem never to go anywhere,
In my mind,
But that I meet Plato coming back.

ARISTOPHANES

Easy it is to make a Boeotian merry,
Or an Athenian smile
At the shifts of a Sophist;
But Zeus, how hard to evoke
The laughter of scholars!

A CRITIC

Two lines make an epigram,
More than three lines a rhapsody,
Maintains Cyrillos,
Having made neither.

IMPROVIDENCE

Autumn approaches, Epicles,
And what have you woven of spring or of summer,
To wear against winter?

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF PHIDIAS

That which my eye sees
Is heaven coming to earth;
That which my heart feels
Is the pure love of living;
That which I carve
Is the joy of the body.

PASTORAL
After Sappho and Theocritus

Evening—and a pale star is coming,
And a late sun is going
In a great cloud of gold.
Tardy pigeons are homing,
And a white stream of sheep is flowing
From pasture to fold.

PYTHAGORAS

O Man,
Shalt thou always be outcast,
Viewed with fear or suspicion,
And justly condemned
By the rest of the animal world?

ROMANCE

Doris,
From her window,
Let down a ladder of illusion
Into a gulf of shadows,
That faltering Cleon might climb to her.

LOVE
After Agathias Scholasticus

Being a shadow,
Woven of air
And swayed by the wind,
Love, often touched by the finger of passion,
Is shattered,
Even as death shatters life.

SAPPHO TO ATTHIS
On Going into Exile

Recall me, Atthis,
In days to come,
As something between music and moonlight
In a ghostly garden.

A SINKING SHIP
After Lucilius

Where were my timbers quarried?
What mountain went into my ballast?
What blind builder confused cork and lead
To make me seaworthy?

OBSERVATION

Behold,
On Pericles, on Socrates and Aeschylus,
The same sun is shining!

ALEXANDER OF MACEDON

Having conquered the world,
I have failed
In the eyes of an unworldly woman,
Who reveres Aristotle.

A MARATHON VETERAN

Now that I am scarred and halting, Heracles,
Suffer me thy polished portico,
Wherein to linger and listen to song and dance.
Enough of the battle!

DIONE

Fond mother of Aphrodite,
In thee,
As in thy daughter,
Swims beauty.

CHANGE

I, Lais,
Once reckoned fair among women,
Hand thee my mirror, O Cypris. . . .
It has grown cruel.

ONCE IN ATTICA

Beholding Phryne
Bathing under the moon,
In sight of the multitude,
I, Hyperides, lost my way back to a beckoning home.

TERPANDER

Crowned with bays, bearing laurel,
With wealth in my wallet,
{The tribute of Sparta!}
I went back to Lesbos,
Home of my fathers,
After long absence.
What was my welcome?
Friends, former neighbors,
Nudging each other,
Lifted their eyebrows—
Even inquiring
Which were the gainer,
Lesbos or Sparta?

SOPHISTRY

To make failure a goal,
And to attain it,
Is success,
According to Gorgias.

—William Griffith, in *The Bookman*

CLOSE-UPS OF AMERICAN CITIES

DURING the past year The New Republic *has scored a journalistic "hit" with a series of brilliant "character studies" of the principal cities of the country. Here are some of them, the first, on Chicago, being written by an editor of the magazine who also occupies the chair of English literature at the University of Chicago. The other cities are each portrayed by a writer who was chosen for his intimate acquaintance with the subject assigned him—usually a resident journalist of distinction in the city he discusses.*

CHICAGO

"COME on, sister. You got to play ball. This is Chicago," says the murderess in a lurid presentation of crime and publicity called *Chicago*, {a show that had a brief season in New York City}.

Apart from reminiscential detail, it suggests the atmosphere of its birthplace and name city. There is a crudeness about the light which beats upon the high points of the city's eminence, a stridency in the tone with which it cries its wares, an exaggeration and over-emphasis of that for which at the moment the city chooses to stand, which are characteristic. Today it is crime. Yesterday it was patriotism. It was in Chicago that a jury, guided by Judge Landis, brought in verdicts against a hundred members of the I. W. W. in something like half an hour; and in Chicago that Governor Lowden "won the War" by suppressing by bayonets a convention of the People's Council. Before that, it was culture. Everyone has heard the old gag, ascribed to a Chicagoan, about making culture hum. But if the city in its eagerness and emphasis tends to lend itself occasionally to ridicule, it must be admitted that only by such methods could enterprises of great pith and moment be brought to fruition in such surprisingly short time. The keen light, the vibrant air, the hot breath of public excitement make the city a forcing house. The founding of the orchestra, the miraculous growth of the Art Institute and the University, the World's Fair, are among its fruits. It would be tedious to name the undertakings in which Chicago has been a pioneer. . . .

THE great outburst of activity which followed the Chicago fire of 1871 culminated in the World's Fair. It was directed by the grand-dukes of the first generation. There was, however, already a second generation sprung from an earlier group of pioneers, and it was to its representatives that such projects as the Art Institute, the Orchestra and the University owed their start—and to the women. Chicago, in its social and cultural life, has always been something of a matriarchate. There used to be amusing stories of the way in which the wives of the grand-dukes held them up for the financial support of the orchestra, and then displayed them asleep in their boxes while Theodore Thomas effected the musical education of the city.

—Robert Morss Lovett

For the moment, perhaps, the chief uplifting effort of Chicago is to correct the physical deformity which it suffered in its rapid growth. This deformity, like certain other misfortunes in history, came from unrestricted opportunity. The city lies on a flat alluvial plain between the old lake shore and the present one, with almost no natural obstacles to determine its growth—a paradise for city planning. The westward-moving pioneers found a grateful variation in their mode of travel by striking the lower end of Lake Michigan and ferrying across. The point of departure was St. Joseph—that of disembarkation was the harbor made on the western shore

by the Chicago River. The village which grew up there became the distributing point for the whole West, the focus from which trading routes spread like the bars of a fan. The early merchants took to themselves various provinces of this business empire—Field and Leiter took dry goods; Armour and Swift, meat; McCormick and Deering, farm machinery; Edson Keith, hats; Medill, news; Hibbard, Spencer and Bartlett, hardware; Franklin MacVeagh and the Spragues, groceries. George Pullman invented the sleeping car, once known as the palace car, to transport human freight. Later came Montgomery Ward and Julius Rosenwald to organize distribution by mail. Naturally the railroads were of first importance. . . .

The tracks cross and recross each other, in their efforts to get out. In spite of viaducts and track elevation, the railroads offer an immense obstacle to the natural breathing of the city, which narrowly escaped being smothered in its swaddling clothes.

There is another malformation from which Chicago suffers, which is entirely its own fault—that is the Loop, an oblong structure of elevated tracks over which all elevated trains pass, whether coming from the north, south or west. Within its few acres are concentrated the great mercantile and financial establishments which make the business city. The Loop was a calculated device. While the retail business of New York has moved in a generation from Eighth Street to Fourteenth, to Twenty-third, to Forty-second, in Chicago it has remained anchored to one spot. Michigan Avenue lies just outside the Loop, along the old lake front, and naturally business spilled over into this boulevard. It ran south, wrecking and displacing many of the finest old houses in Chicago. Within the last few years, a bridge has been thrown across the river to the North Side, and a spectacular development has taken place—a group of skyscrapers, including the Tribune and Wrigley buildings, has sprung up, pointing the way to business along the north shore. The opening of Wacker Drive, leading to the west along the river, and of the great diagonal of Ogden Avenue, further threaten the exclusive domination of the Loop.

If Chicago has messed up its inland situation, it has used its lake front grandly. Fortunately, it became conscious of its opportunity only late, when it was prepared to appreciate it. For long years, the lake existed merely for the carrying trade; the city, except for a few indefatigable yachtsmen, turned its back upon it, and allowed the Illinois Central to build beaches and widen its terminal facilities at will. The World's Fair revealed the possibilities of beauty in the lagoons of Jackson Park; soon after, bathing beaches were opened beyond the Central tracks; a grandiose municipal pier was thrown out a thousand yards into the lake; an outer drive has been constructed, leading entirely around the congested district. A hundred-foot roadway gives freedom of movement to thousands of automobiles, without the necessity of traffic regulation. Within a year or two, this drive will lead from Jackson Park to the North Side, ten miles; and the possibility of still more sweeping arcs is obvious. No city in the world can accommodate itself to automobile traffic as can Chicago.

The Outer Drive and the Loop—these at the moment stand as symbols of the two complementary factors in Chicago's being. . . .

It is, in a sense, absurd to write about Chicago as if it were one city. According to evidence of race and language, it is nearer a hundred cities. The earliest immigrants to Chicago, however, came from the seaboard States, chiefly from New England; and the men who gave it preeminence and determined its character were, with few exceptions, of that stock. The typical Chicagoan today remains a New Englander, modified occasionally by an infusion of other American or North European blood; and frequently by contact with other races. This mixture and mixing have given to the Chicagoan a geniality and good-nature which becomes a tolerance unknown in the cradle of the race. As the

host of innumerable conventions—business, religious, educational, professional, fraternal—the Chicagoan knows how to put up with all sorts of opinions, and to provide all sorts of hospitality.

During the War, Chicago was, next to New York, the most tolerant city in the the country, although even more blatantly patriotic. One has only to remember the treatment accorded to the leaders of the orchestras in Chicago and Boston. Chicago asked Mr. Frederick Stock to abstain from leading the orchestra in public, in order that his German birth and lack of American citizenship should not offend the patriotism of music lovers. Boston sent Dr. Muck to Fort Oglethorpe.

Chicago is not yet the seat of the Federal Government; the oceanic waterway is not built; the drainage canal is not allowed to supply power to drive all the machinery of the city; the gas trust is not broken up; the smoke nuisance is not abated; the street railways are not furnishing free service, under municipal ownership, nor are the lighting and telephone companies, nor is Marshall Field's store conducted as a public enterprise. Indeed, the failure of collective effort is one of those extraordinary lapses in persistence of which Chicago's history is full. . . .

There are days when the wind blows across the lake in the track of the first pioneers, and drives the clouds and smoke inland. The sunlight falls with a clear, hard radiance, and the city shines as if burnished. The high buildings along Michigan Avenue throw a brilliant skyline, and far out beyond the new lake front gleams the turquoise water. One thinks of the great cities of the past—seats of empire and of culture, and sees Chicago emulating their greatness. And there are days when the wind blows from the west, bringing the dust and waste all the way from Omaha to strew upon the dishevelled landscape. The clouds hang low, and beneath them are caught the greasy smoke and gases of the city. Then the heart of man despairs, and one remembers Wells' comment—"A monstrous lapse from civilization." Such days suggest whole periods in the city's history, one of which is perhaps beginning. But the story is not yet finished. Chicago, in its alternative moods, is still in the making.—Robert Morss Lovett

FORD is Stinnes, born on a Michigan farm and still in love with it, a plutocratic Don Quixote who, from his Rolls-Royce, directs a highly organized tilt against the windmills of social and industrial nonconformity.

He is Detroit's most imposing portent, for, like Napoleon, he sums up and demonstrates the potentiality of mankind; the social phase he has helped to create is at its largest, widest and most staggering activity in Detroit. —Cyril Arthur Player

DETROIT

SUPERFICIALLY, Detroit is a community settlement consisting of a phenomenon known as Henry Ford and 1,499,999 others.

None the less, Mr. Ford is not Detroit; he is only the enlarged expression of its outward being. Within itself, Detroit is a strange, strange place, made up of dwindling elder men, like Ford, who knew every leisurely street corner when Detroit was, so to speak, a village, and of hundreds of thousands of newcomers from ever quarter of the globe. There is very little homogeneity; it is a city of strangers, apart from those ageing groups, or except for the trade circles whose common interest and curiosity binds them together with tenuous threads.

Detroit, in motor vehicle jargon, is an "assembled" town. Tens of thousands of men and women come annually to Detroit; they come to make money. When they have made it, many of them go to New York, Florida, California, to spend it. Detroit's people are restless, living for excitement; it is a flapper city,

so to speak, whose deeper potentialities are not yet stirred. It is crude but vigorous, a potent soul in the making—if only souls could be machine-made!—often an *enfant terrible* among cities; a worshiper at the gaudy shrine of success.

The motor car industry has been built up of personalities machined by formula, with the aid of "public relations counsel," as quickly and efficiently as a shining cheap car. Detroit is the market of personality embodied in the God Production; its perceptions are those of an army of lesser Henry Fords. . . .

Detroit lives fast and excitedly because it is young. This youthfulness is Detroit's secret of being. Youth sits at the desk of command, from the Ford Motor Company down. The executive chairs are, almost without exception, occupied by men whose glowing youthfulness is a significant lesson to the old school of leaders pictured in the stories of success. Detroit demands youth, rewards and devours it, machining it deftly into its favorite term of dynamic energy. Detroit the Dynamic is merely a city where driving youth is at the throttle of a million-and-a-half-manpower chariot; this Brobdingnagian vehicle thunders noisily over highways and along Wall Street, through labor conferences and across the campus where grave scholars note its passing and analyze its phenomena into incomprehensible formulae. A century hence it will be a textbook; today it is a pay-roll. The Ford tempo dominates the community: each man for himself, Adam's curse in the form of routine mechanical labor, and the black fear of unemployment which haunts, day and night, the peace of industrial communities. To be out of work is inefficient, to be inefficient is to thwart life; a machine is fool-proof, and when it is no longer efficient it is, or should be, discarded. A stern gospel, but one that rules the lives of several hundreds of thousands of families.

Detroit never has put much stock in a society of manners, for the peculiar distribution and catholic origin of the population permits birth and breeding to be discovered in almost any neighborhood. Detroit's society is distinctly founded in material achievement, inclined to glitter in and out of season, expressing its troubled quest for unattainable beauty in colossal structural efforts.

It is scarcely fair to conclude from this that the phrase "Detroit millionaire" has the same connotation formerly read into "Pittsburgh millionaire." The old-time money-master was conceived as a parochial figure; hence the burlesques founded on the adventures afield which follow emancipation from factory or mill. Detroit's men of money, or of ambition, have eaten up the circumference of the earth long before the day of retirement. At any given time, they are to be found in greater proportion on limited trains, in alien hotel suites and on racing liners than in Detroit itself. That is part of the city's character; its pursuit is mobility; it lives in transit; its pilgrimage to office or factory and return is a nervous race of densely moving vehicles, many of them operated by drivers as dense; and it likes nothing better than to escape from its own streets and feverishly press down on the egotistical gas-throttle along the so-called open roads.

In fact, transportation is the one civic problem that ever seems to stir it. Few things have so touched the community as the successful exploit of one of its wealthier citizens in circumnavigating the globe in shorter time than anyone else. That was something comprehensible to all Detroit. . . .

Being a border city, its problems of smuggling, human and otherwise, are many. It is a very short distance across the river, and the desire of thwarted immigrants to reach the land of their hopes sometimes outruns their discretion so far as their pocketbook permits. Liquor-running is, of course, chronic. The recent investigation by the Canadian Commission tended to show that Detroit received from Canada for distribution, last year, liquor to the value of $20,000,000. No one in Detroit, outside a few unsophisticated fanatics, is astonished, however much he may be shocked, at the figures. It might have been $40,000,000; but there are only twenty-

four hours to a day. Without suggesting that the customs officials are crooked—and the service contains a majority of fine men—this condition is worth reflecting on: A customs inspector draws, let us say, $1,300 a year. It is not much. A rum-runner approaches this $1,300-a-year inspector and murmurs to him that he, the rum-runner, will be bringing a car over on such-and-such a ferry, with so many cases aboard. There is $5 a case for the inspector; all he need do is to turn his head the other way.

Now, how does that temptation strike the average citizen working on a $1,300 salary? Taking into consideration his knowledge also of chaotic public sentiment? Detroit suffers severely, not from a disrupted customs service—a surprising testimony to the integrity of the department—but from a general demoralization of authority, police and otherwise, due to the vast size of the traffic and the large money involved. The reader can translate that statement into his own speculations.

Detroit, the youthful and hard-driving, keeps to its path in spite of these things, and outside the inevitable circles of presumable graft, of gambling layouts and the like, the community is almost farm-like in its standards of conduct. Detroit knows how to make the grand gesture. In such mood it purchased Belle Isle; in such mood it seized its streets by purchasing the street railway system; in such mood it plans and builds super-highways, and projects subways. The super-highways are its own solution of the traffic problem it has created: highways 204 feet wide, with provision for forty-mile traffic and no crossing-interruption. Even at the moment, it is gathering its enthusiasm to create a civic center as part of the tardy reclamation of its water-front—it was the river that caused Cadillac to found the city—and, with the opening of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway, the city believes that this great natural artery will become one of the world's busiest highways. . . .

Optimism is justified. Instinct, if nothing else, has given the community substantial foundations. Its pioneer educational work has contributed much of value to the nation, and its own coordinated school system is one of the finest in the world. It thinks long, hesitates, postpones; but what it does, and when it does it, is mighty well done. . . .

Detroit must become one of the most remarkable cities the world has ever seen; it must go on, for it cannot stand still, and it dare not go back.—Cyril Arthur Player

IT is quite true that the workingman gets more for his money in Los Angeles than almost anywhere else. You can buy a bungalow and become the ninth owner of a Ford, with a handclasp for the first payment. Food is inexpensive, most of it being produced by heart-breakingly industrious Japanese ranchers. These have quarts of children, all of whom, down as far as the age of two, get up at three A. M. to toil in the fields. The bungalow is cheap and ugly, but in a twinkling it is buried in flowers.

—Bruce Bliven

LOS ANGELES

NEARLY everyone I know who comes from the East, or from Europe, to visit Los Angeles, goes away declaring that it is embodied nightmare; but I can only say that those who hold this view seem to me amazingly short-sighted. For this city is a social laboratory *in excelsis.* It offers a melting-pot in which the civilization of the future may be seen, bubbling darkly up in a foreshadowing brew. Besides, it is gorgeously amusing. Anything may happen in Los Angeles in the next quarter-century, and nearly everything did in the one just gone.

Consider it in terms of sheer growth, and you have a phenomenon only approached in one other community—Detroit, the dedicated temple of the motor

car. Twenty-five years ago, the population of this City of the Angels {a title which discreetly fails to say whether fallen or not} was 100,000. Today it numbers not less than 1,300,000 souls, and twenty telegrams will lie on my desk next Tuesday, assuring me that this is a cowardly understatement by 90,000 at least. Every working day, its builders start forty-seven new private dwellings and two apartment houses. Every week, last year, it built a new hotel. Two out of every three inhabitants have moved from somewhere else within a decade. Assessed valuation of property has tripled in ten years; postal receipts have almost quadrupled; bank clearings have gone from one billion to nearly eight. And so on.

This steady, speedy growth is the one most important thing to understand about Los Angeles, as about many another American community today. It creates an easy optimism, a lax prosperity which dominates people's lives. Anything seems possible; the future is yours, and the past?—there isn't any. . . .

It is easy to smile scornfully at all this sudden new proliferation of houses and shops and boulevards and sign boards and stop-go signs. Derision is not difficult at the raw smell of paint and packing boxes, especially if one has a taste for civilizations worn smooth with age, for ivy which does not bear a sign, "Planted by Miss Mary Pickford, June, 1927."

If Los Angeles is paradise, it is a middle-class heaven. The wage-earner finds things somewhat less pleasant. The city has always been an open-shop, low-wage town. It is the Mecca of the misfits. They drift southwest across the continent, on the trails of the pioneers, until the ocean halts them. Then they stay for the climate . . . and the flowers, which grow on the least provocation. {Los Angeles loves to recall the eastern suitor of a California girl, who telegraphed out to a florist an order for five dollars' worth of violets. They were delivered in several bushel baskets.} Ocean beaches and deep mountain canyons are just beyond the dooryard, and may be enjoyed at the cost of a gallon of gasoline. The climate is the poor man's benison as well as the rich man's luxury. There is no other place in America where the social stratification is so little marked, where all classes do so nearly the same thing at the same time.

The human materials from which Los Angeles has been synthesized have been identified often enough. Of the original Spanish culture of the tiny, moribund pueblo, there is now hardly a trace. It has been overlaid with successive waves from the solid American Middle West. Of the individuals in this migration, some have become mildly rich by sitting on their land and waiting for its value to increase; and others have come West, almost as beggars, in order to enjoy the not inconsiderable advantages of being poor in an open-air climate. Between these groups is a third, most pathetic of all, consisting of those with some money but not enough. Too often, the farmer and his wife who have reached the age of sixty, gnarled and weather-worn, exhausted by the long struggle against cyclones, blizzards, drought, locusts and low prices, sell the farm and come to California with the proceeds, expecting that they will only survive a few years, and that by spending their capital, a little at a time, they can keep going in the interim. In that salubrious climate, of course, no one ever dies; and so, not infrequently, their calculation goes astray and they are left facing the world penniless at seventy-five or eighty.

The transplanted Middle Westerner's loyalty to California is excessive, and painfully vocal. It was one of these, I am sure, who told one of the city fathers, "that's a real pretty sunset, if I do say so myself." But their allegiance to the old home is not diminished by their adherence to the new. They are organized into numerous State societies which meet frequently and *con emoto.* A gathering of the Iowa Society, for example, is a sight to think about. A huge park, or other open space, is taken over, and the map of Iowa laid out upon it, each county, in its proper place, being marked by a flagpole and pennant. When the

erstwhile Iowans arrive in their Dodges and Chevrolets—and 125,000 is not an uncommon figure for the attendance—each family rallies round its own flag amid its former neighbors, and holds high carnival, with reunion, reminiscence, fried chicken and hard-boiled eggs.

More important than the tired, elderly Iowan and the mildly mad fruit-eater, the characteristic individual in Los Angeles today is just the simple customary American type, the Babbitt, realtor, Rotarian, good-hearted, well meaning, honest, affectionate, loyal, narrow, dogmatic and dull. Money has been made in that town every day for many years—quantities of it—chiefly, not by producing things but by selling them. To this honeypot have come the same drones who always cluster around it. The type is the big, beaming man, with clipped military moustaches, whose golf is in the nineties, motor speed in the sixties, waistline in the forties, wife in the thirties, and sweetheart in the {early} twenties. Every luncheon club which exists anywhere either has its biggest branch in Los Angeles, or the runner-up. There are fifty golf courses within an hour's run of the city, and heaven knows how many beach clubs. {These latter are so snobbishly reserved that they sometimes take advertisements four newspaper pages in length to ask for new members—"if you feel you can pass our rigid tests, clip the coupon."} Mr. Babbitt, the New American, in Los Angeles as elsewhere, is noisy, cheerful, pleased with himself. He makes plenty of money, spends most of it, drives a snappy car, dresses in snappy clothes.

If, in the past, Babbitt has had his way in Los Angeles, there are signs that his reign will not last forever. Extraordinary things are on foot. People are beginning to raise their voices, arguing that mere bigness is, after all, not the finest of ultimate ideals. . . .

It is not impossible, I think, that a real civilization may some day grow up on this shore of a sapphire sea, a civilization which will not need to hang its head when the Athens of Pericles is mentioned.—Bruce Bliven

BALTIMORE

AT ONE o'clock in the morning, sometimes as late as two, dishes rattle in the Childs restaurant on Charles Street, and there is the murmur of conversation. And that is all the nightlife there is in Baltimore.

Don Juan would have difficulty in finding more if he passed through Maryland with Mephisto in a modern search for wickedness. Baltimore is not a Babylonian city. It is no violent leavening lump like Detroit, no industrial circus like Chicago, nor is there anything about its progress to lead one to suppose that it may evolve into some fantastic New Jerusalem.

The city is middle-aged in spirit, tolerant except on Sundays, when blue laws are rampant, and conservative with a veneer of impishness that sometimes descends to small-town humor. There are no fierce strivings of enthusiasm; Baltimore keeps its shirt on, clean and laundered in the midst of a Billy Sunday revival or the beginnings of a great war. Somehow it seems to disdain, or be incapable of, excitement; its collective mind is as unruffled as the flow of a Trollope novel. On its principal streets, people do their shopping and carry on their business leisurely and placidly. One does not feel here the restlessness of a striving city.

Baltimore is not an ugly city, and it is not lovely; it has not the hard brilliance of stone and steel, but neither does it possess fully a living, generous charm. It has avoided the beautiful and the monstrous together, but were instances of either to exist, they would straightway be absorbed into the average and cease to be things for contemplation.

Baltimore protects its dwellings with a mother's care and anxiety, and is aroused to its most sincere and loudest protests by every move that might possibly make for intrusions into its residential sections. The large, sprawling districts that surround the downtown neighborhood are mere repetitions of the city's symbol—the rows of houses,

each with its front lawn or back yard, its wire or whitewashed board fences, its little tiers of steps, its six or eight rooms, its oatmeal wall-paper.

Distinctly a place of the great middle class, Baltimore tends the needs of that class with high caution. Salaries, particularly in the unskilled trades and white-collar occupations, may be notoriously low, but then, so are rents; and both are commensurate with the average citizen's ambitions. Poverty exists, but it is hardly a violently obvious thing.

The fact is, the city knows itself too well. The younger cities of the Middle West can mold themselves, or have been molded, to fit in with a Ford Philosophy, without the calisthenics that more mature bones find necessary for such a transformation. Baltimore is wary of strain, and does not welcome sudden and violent exercise. The roots of propriety go too deep; the town is not cosmopolitan enough to support even one large good restaurant of the continental sort, and too sedate to put up with an Aimee Semple McPherson, even as a spectacle.

It seems paradoxical that Baltimore should call forth the anathemas of the reformers, for, though it may not be pious in a restricted evangelical sense, it has many of the virtues which the average man refers to as goodness. . . . Criminal cases are brought to trial at a speed in excess of that at the Old Bailey, London. On Monday, August 16, of this year, a man attempted to hold up the proprietor of a local theater. On Thursday, August 19, he was sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary, after a trial lasting precisely forty minutes. Sixty hours after the commission of the crime, he had begun to serve his term. . . .

The real and everyday Baltimore has the average shrewdness, wise caution and common sense of the average man. Its soul is summated in its houses and favored movies. It is the soul of a man at home—doubtless a little troubled, a little unhappy in the deep places of his mind—but seeming at peace.—A. D. Emmart and H. Kingston Fleming

SALT LAKE CITY

> IT is the one oasis in a five-hundred-mile circle of desert, and, therefore, the market town for widely scattered ranches and mines. The Gentiles have marred the vision of the pioneers; yet Salt Lake has carried on, much according to the pattern of the initial plan.
>
> —Nels Anderson

THIS is the place, drive on."

Brigham Young viewed for the first time the valley of Great Salt Lake; the gray and sun-baked desert, the rugged, treeless mountains, the lake shimmering like burnished silver. At the base of the distant mountain the lake blended into a haze of color, blue, purple and violet. Save for the threads of green where the streams flowed, the picture was devoid of life. Crossing the plains and mountains, the Mormons had heard, from the traders and scouts they met, of this great inland sea. No living thing could exist there, they were told—which only whetted their interest. And this was the place. They stood with their prophet surveying the scene. They heard him speak as an oracle. They believed.

The wagon train circled for its final camp and Brigham Young called his party into solemn session. Here they would build a city of refuge for the chosen of all nations. In the chambers of these mountains God would hide his people and make them mighty. He thrust his staff into the ground where he stood. On this spot they would rear a temple to their God, and Zion would spring up around it.

Every man would have his acre in the city and his fifteen acres in the country. There would be land for all and every man would work, and no man acquire wealth through his brother's loss.

Even before a tent had been pitched they began to plan and officer their municipal theocracy. In gilded vision they peopled the plain, and the grassless desert teemed with life. The city unfolded in a gridiron of spacious blocks and broad, straight streets. So "Brother Brigham" dreamed on July 24, 1847, when, with so many willing hands to fulfill his prophecies, dreaming was a reasonably safe matter. Salt Lake was soon under way: a city of love and cooperation, hopeful and happy in the thought of a self-sustained isolation.

Then the Gentiles began to come. Salt Lake became a way station for the gold seekers to California, as it is now the way station for all pleasure seekers on their way to most of the national parks, or for the hoboes who stop to eat on their way east or west, and by whom it has been christened "the queen city of the milk and honey route."

The Mormons came for isolation; the Gentiles followed for trade. The Mormons turned to the land; the Gentiles to mining, industry and commerce. Brigham Young preached isolation and agriculture, and if his followers turned aside, it was only to develop their own cooperative woolen or cotton mills, smelters, sawmills, or their own stores, banks and newspapers.

Salt Lake: half Mormon, half jack-Mormon and Gentile, is a city of two selves, a double personality: one loyal to the ideals of the pioneers, the other scorning or blushing for the past. The first is Mormon, introverted, defensive, rural-minded, loving the soil and simple living. The other is non-Mormon in spirit, aggressive, urban-minded and sophisticated. The first, devoutly religious, accepts the world only on its own terms, while the other bids for recognition on any terms.

Salt Lake City today creates little, but it imitates much. It has produced little worth seeing and nothing worth remembering, unless one so interprets its ruthless attacks on the old landmarks. The structures on the Temple Block, the Temple and the Tabernacle, are still intact, as are most of the landmarks on the block east of the Temple which once belonged to Brigham Young. Across the street from the Lion House, in which several of his less favored wives were packed under a single roof, stood the Amelia Palace. In his later years, Brigham Young built this lordly palace for a favorite wife. For many years it was an art museum, but recently, in keeping with the changed spirit of the city, it has been replaced by a bank.

Most of the major creeds are still interested in saving the Mormons, or suppressing the Church, and Salt Lake is the port of entry for many missionary movements. The lay public elsewhere can still be induced to contribute to this good work. It is a fair guess that as much money is spent to evangelize the Saints as the Saints spend to evangelize the world. It is a case of preachers trying to save Mormons, who are all preachers, and not many conversions are made. Stories still circulate that Salt Lake is a hot-bed of polygamy, that thousands of girls are brought in every year to Utah harems, and that most of them are cleverly done away with by the bearded patriarchs. Outsiders, not being permitted to enter the temples, are led to suspect, and even affirm, that something insidious is afoot; that the temples are either piled with human bones or stored with ammunition against the forthcoming Mormon uprising. Well meaning D. D.'s actually believe this stuff and preach it to their credulous flocks. Sensing this, Salt Lakers of all brands have gone on the defensive: explaining, protesting, comparing, ingratiating themselves. Not having offended, they yet display a consciousness of guilt. They follow you around, declaring their virtues with the same earnest zeal with which the Californians try to impress you with their climate.

This may explain why Salt Lake, while it is the most visited, is the least enjoyed of cities catering to the tourist trade. They tip-toe in as though to the scene of a tragedy, ask naive questions, look and listen for something to confirm their suspicions and steal away to rail or to praise. Sometimes they are bewildered by the contradictions between the old

and the new, and the brooding resignation that greets them in certain quarters. Tourists who possess Denver and deluge Los Angeles remain only guests here, suffering themselves to be led around, talked to, loaded with tracts and fed with organ music at the Tabernacle, a dome of a building with almost perfect acoustics. Of all the visitors, the hobo with time to linger enjoys Salt Lake most. There are not many cities where they get "sit downs" in the first-class homes. Lucky is the hobo who can pick the Mormon homes of the old order, where they remember still that the Saints, too, were once outcasts.

On the lower levels, Salt Lake's social life is not unique. In spite of the admonitions of the Church, there is frequent crossing of the line in matrimony. In the upper strata, however, there is little mixing. A number of self-conscious Gentile cliques exist, while in the upper Mormon circles there are the definite beginnings of an ecclesiastical aristocracy. Families that have been in power since the beginning remain in power, and few new names are ever added to the roster of church control. From the first parceling of the land, the property of some families has been at the heart of the city, so, with the passing of time, rich blessings have been poured upon their heads. Living as they do in ease and comfort, in the security of the charmed circle, some are being afflicted with dry rot. Others, for all their professed idealism, have lost the simplicity of the pioneers. Church leadership is still with them, but they have lost touch with the simple and sturdy lay members. Their palatial homes line the shaded streets to the east of the Temple where Salt Lake nestles against the barren foothills of the Wasatch, and there they live in an exclusive atmosphere, as remote from their followers as royalty is from the life of the peasant.—Nels Anderson

IT is as difficult as dangerous to predict New Orleans' future. At present, the city seems to be moving away from all the things which have endeared it in the past; it would like to be the Detroit of the South, rather than the Vienna of prohibition America. If we should at some time break the grip of our standardized civilization and see a recrudescence of regional culture, New Orleans will be a center unique and important, like Santa Fe, San Francisco and (I'm not joking) Chicago.

—Bruce Bliven

NEW ORLEANS

WHEN the professional enthusiasts talk of delightful old New Orleans, it is not the city in its entirety which they embrace.

Their hearts are set on the "Vieux Carre," a minute section ten squares by seven, composed of little ancient French houses, set flush upon the narrow paved streets. They have balconies, bound with the loveliest lace-like handwrought iron; interior gardens {with slave quarters sometimes still remaining at the back}; stone-lined passageways from street to garden, through which, in the brave old days, a coach and four would go clattering when the little Creole ladies fared forth to the Mardi Gras balls. Nearly all of these houses are beautiful with the beauty which grows from simple-hearted craftsmanship, making things for use and not for "ornament".

There was a dreadful period, many years long, during which hustling modern New Orleans despised the Vieux Carre, its greatest treasure. Only within two decades has the city discovered that the district is lovely and is worth preserving for business if for no other reasons. Indeed, it was not long ago that a gang of silk-hatted wretches razed an entire block, completing their vandalism by substituting an ice-cream brick of a public building. Today, the district has been made fashionable, and is, therefore, presumably safe from being improved out of existence. The rents

of the quaint garrets, where artists have been wont to hide themselves away to work, have risen until no artist can afford them. Shops for antique furniture abound; tea rooms multiply by fission. This district is, in short, going Greenwich Village. But it will always be a marvelous place for a stroll.

In the Vieux Carre are to be found some of the best of the famous old French restaurants which more than justify New Orleans' boast to give the best food on the continent {at prices, I may add, which are about one-third the New York tariff for the same quality}. The chef is the owner, or at least, his name is above the door, and often, the name as well of the master under whom, years ago, he learned his art. I do not propose to be side-tracked into a paean; let me merely say that, if you eat enough of it, this marvelous food will certainly kill you; and that I unhesitatingly recommend such a death.

New Orleans is hedonist by tradition, by present-day contact with the Latin, and by climate. Not only good food and good drink, but all the other wicked pleasures of the flesh are there pursued with vivacity and sophistication. No American town is more completely absorbed in race-track gambling, not only at the local park, but in every other city where ponies and telegraph wires run. Faro, roulette, chemin de fer, poker and similar Satanic devices for altering your financial status are not at all difficult to find. Lottery tickets are dispensed both to Negroes and whites. The old "red-light district" has been destroyed—in theory; but in fact, there is still a small section of the city almost entirely devoted to the melancholy daughters of joy —two adjacent sections, in fact, white and black.

To most Americans, New Orleans is synonymous with Mardi Gras. Everyone knows, from the news reels if not otherwise, of the street parades with their elaborate and often beautiful floats; of the crowning of Rex and his consort; of the gay masqueraders, who wander over the town in that truly impromptu spirit of fun, which is so foreign to the American temperament in general. The hotel men can assure you, patting their bank books, of the number of persons who come to New Orleans at Mardi Gras time. It would not be surprising to learn that the great holiday had become merely a shopkeepers' device to lure money out of people's pockets; but such is not the case. Mardi Gras really means something; probably not as much as the enthusiastic local resident insists, but still something. It is no inconsiderable achievement to bring together large numbers of persons, working to create something which is evanescent and beautiful, and can only be enjoyed by forgetting, for the moment at least, all the lessons of the Puritans. I like the thought of the secret societies with their solemn, absurd mythological names, spending months of time and many thousands of dollars that their share in the enterprise may be as handsome as possible. I like the foolish ritual of the balls, to which young women are invited anonymously, and summoned to the floor by an impersonal announcer, there to dance with the awesome masked members of the club, whose identity is still unrevealed {unless their partners can guess, as what girl can't!}. On the whole, an innocent, gay and desirable revel. There is a great deal of drinking; there is some casual love-making; but, at its worst {if you choose to say "worst"} it is not one-tenth as serious as similar revels in a truly Latin country, or as the Maypole festivities of the English countryside *circa* 1840. It is not without significance that there is a Negro Mardi Gras, and that the two go on side by side in good nature and acquiescence.

New Orleans looks South. In the back rooms of its restaurants are still hatched the revolutions of Latin America. Through its harbor pass most of this country's imports of bananas, coffee, mahogany, tropical oils. Many of its leading citizens have been enriched by trade with the Southern hemisphere. Prophecies of future greatness for the city are largely based on the probable great expansion of our trade with the countries between the Rio Grande and

Tierra del Fuego. Not all of this interest is commercial. While the New Orleanians show no more concern than the rest of this country in the present-day Latin culture as such, some attention is given to historical and scientific questions. At Tulane University, for example, some fine work is being done in studying both the remains of the Maya civilization and contemporary Central American Indian life. I like the story of the conquest of Guatemala. The Government of that country was reluctant to let the University expedition get back into the jungle; so some shrewd strategist sent down the glee club and orchestra, to sing and play American jazz for the enraptured officials. Now, Guatemala is just a suburb of the Tulane campus.

The intellectual life of New Orleans suffers the same blight found in most other American cities. Nearly all its young people of outstanding ability, in the arts or otherwise, go to New York as soon as they can; if they "make good," they rarely come back except for brief visits. New Orleans is as movie-mad as every town; its cinemas are packed all day long, and its new ones, at least, show the customary bad films in the customary lovely surroundings. Theatrically, the city is just part of "the road;" it gets the same No. 3 companies and bad vaudeville that are on view in Atlanta or Spokane or Birmingham. Its Spanish-French heritage appears in a real love of good music; it is perhaps the only city except New York where men go to the opera voluntarily. Yet, when the beautiful old French opera house burned, some years since, no effort was made to replace it until a few months ago, when plans were started for one of those enormous municipal auditoriums which are springing up all over America today, chiefly as convention-bait.—Bruce Bliven

THEOLOGY, wedded to architecture, used to bring forth cathedrals. But the modern offspring of this interesting couple is a sky-scraper. The Congregational Church of Manhattan interprets anew the role of religion by erecting a three-million-dollar social center and apartment-hotel on Broadway. Nave and clearstory, being no part of Congregational architecture, are not indicated in the blue-prints. Instead, the plans specify an auditorium for worship, a gymnasium, a moving-picture theater, and six hundred rooms for transients. Concessions are being made to traditional church usage, however, by giving the door a distinctively ecclesiastical design.

Formerly, religion concerned itself solely with the spiritual order and strove mightily with spire and ritual to float mankind over the prisoning dikes of the flesh, into the tranquil realm of the spirit. Lourdes and Mont-Saint-Michel are perennial expressions of that spiritual order —an order not affected by fleshly vicissitudes or the erosion of centuries. But of late, certain American churches have abandoned this exclusively spiritual and other-worldly notion of religion, and have frankly mixed their theology with physical and social clay. "The times," they plead, tacitly admitting the failure of their spiritual program, "require a new technique and a churchful of modern machinery." And so the old gear of rose-window and Gregorian chant is cast overboard; shower-baths and moving-picture machines become the implements of the newer salvation, or service, or whatever it is that the modern church concerns itself with.

Strasbourg? Notre Dame? Cologne? Interesting old piles, yes. But they served another age—an age when personal hygiene, efficiency and competitive religion were unknown. The new apartment-hotel church, with its hot water and splendid gymnasium, will give the "odor of sanctity" a fresh interpretation, carrying with it many a curious corollary that the communion of saints never dreamed was an essential part of religion.—Table Talk, in *The Century Magazine*

We have too many people who live without working, and we have altogether too many who work without living.—Dean Charles R. Brown, of Yale

Moral Chaos in Soviet Russia

A VAST experiment in government according to political and economic theories never before put into practice has been going on for ten years in Russia behind a veil of censorship, conjecture and rumor. The moral status of the Slavic people under the Soviet regime is here set forth by an American woman newspaper correspondent and a trained observer, who, we are assured, writes entirely without prejudice. Since making her report on this and other phases of the Russian enigma, the author has become the wife of Sinclair Lewis, the novelist.

IN the matter of sexual morality, Russia is in a state of chaos. Part of the people—and among them many leading Bolshevists—are as puritan as the Pilgrim Fathers. The other side of the picture is libertinism, unchecked and legally admissible. Marriages can be contracted by the signing of a registry book by both parties and common-law marriages are recognized on an equal footing with registered marriages. Divorces can be arranged by the signing of a registry book by one party. Love, until it involves property and children, is completely free under the law. Yet the marriage law has its own little jokers for Don Juans, and some of them would make gay youths of other countries break into a cold sweat if confronted with them.

Out of this chaos the Soviet State—growing more conservative, as institutions in power usually do—is trying to bring some order in the form of a new, proletarian, Communist morality, based upon the welfare of the class and the State. But so far Russia's leaders have not been very successful in imposing new regulations for old.

Not only have the moral codes of the old State and of the Church been swept away, but the god of romantic love, one Cupid, has been publicly disgraced and branded as "bourjui." Communism has sympathy for only one kind of love: love for the class, for the fellow proletarian.

The love of a woman for one man and of a man for one woman is too likely to bring with it the longing for home, for property, for settling down, for "all the philistine coziness of the bourgeoisie," as one revolutionist has put it.

The result of the Communist program and theory is the growth of cynicism toward love, which in the irresponsible manifests itself in a brutal sexuality, and in the fanatical Bolshevist in a chilly puritanism. Somewhere between these two extremes, of course, the majority of people love, quarrel, suffer, separate, cling together and make their own morality according to their individual instincts, inhibitions and temperaments.

And despite all of the attempts of Bolshevist theorists to get the population to treat love as a matter entirely secondary to work and the progress of the revolution, more people commit suicide in Russia every year from love than from any other cause, and, almost imperceptibly, in the literature of the youngest writers, love is beginning again to be treated as a romantic, emotional matter; foreign love stories are read with enthusiasm and, especially among women, there is a very strong reaction away from the attitude that sex is something to be treated with rather less consideration than the daily bread and butter.

The visitor to Russia notices one thing immediately. That is a refreshing freedom from sex-consciousness, exceptional candor between men and women, and the absence of any tendency to play with sex questions.

In Russia, as everywhere in Europe, sleeping cars are arranged in coupes, for two persons, with an upper and a lower berth. Elsewhere these coupes are assorted into compartments for men and women. In Russia one buys a ticket and a berth. The sex of the traveler is not considered. A woman is lodged with a man if it happens to come out that way. Men and women go in swimming in the same lake or river, without bathing suits. They select different parts of the bank for undressing and dressing, and leave one another alone.

Less often, it seemed to me, in the streets of Moscow than in most cities is

a woman accosted by a man. The bedroom farce and the sex novel simply do not exist in Russia. This ubiquitous theme, which has reduced much of the literature and drama of the west to syrupy sentimentality or hypocritically veiled licentiousness, is barred out in Russia, not for reasons of morality, but because this sort of treatment of the domestic problem is not considered interesting.

And yet marriage, love—the whole question of the relations between men and women—interest Russia profoundly. No one is satisfied with the present state of things. When the Soviet Government drafted a new marriage code some months ago, basing it on very radical principles, it awakened a storm of protest in the country and was passed in modified form, and is not now considered to be final or indeed to be more than a makeshift.

Given an opportunity, any intelligent young Russian will talk for hours on the subject, asking innumerable questions about the attitude of the rest of the world. Discussion is so general that the newspaper *Pravda*, recently reporting a meeting called to discuss modern marriage, stated "the meeting did not arrive at any definitive conclusion, but this is perhaps not so lamentable, considering that the average age of the participants was nine years!"

Certainly the child in Russia knows more about the world and life than the average child in Western Europe does, and gets its experience earlier.

The housing situation is partly to blame for moral laxity. People live in a terrible state of overcrowding. Children, sharing the most intimate life of adults, awake earlier to a knowledge of life, nor is there the same pressure of public opinion against frank and early knowledge and experience in Russia as in other countries. And no penalties in the way of disgrace.

That Russia has gone through an orgy of freedom in sexual relations is certainly partly due to the revolutionary philosophy which swept away at once the traditional ethical basis for sexual morality by denying that there was anything intrinsically wrong in any form of sexual expression. But if one takes a high moral tone in talking with Russians they are likely to retort: "Well, we have the impression, from reading your books, magazines and newspapers, that the morals of young Americans are causing their elders much concern."

In Russia, as in the United States, England, Germany and France, people talk with sighs about the degeneracy of the post-war period and blame much moral laxity on the war and the civil wars which followed, when, with death imminent and life doubly sweet, men and women took what pleasure they could from the passing moment.

And again, the revolution, not as a principle but as a social fact, broke up thousands of homes. It set brother against sister, son against father, husband against wife. Politics is still a potent cause for divorce in Russia.

The emancipation of women has had most far reaching effects upon home life. Russian women before the revolution were economically and legally subject to their fathers and husbands. No law today compels them to remain with their husbands. The peasant woman holds the land jointly with her husband; if the marriage dissolves, she takes her share. And this fact operates probably as much to keep marriages firm as to dissolve them, because the division of a farm is a serious thing, whatever the attitude may be toward a division of the family.

Economically women are free to work on precisely the same basis as men. Equal pay for equal work is the rule. If a woman has a child it is legitimate, under whatever circumstances. It constitutes a marriage as much as registry does, which is the only form of marriage ceremony legally recognized.

If a working woman is about to have a child she cannot be dismissed for this cause, but must be granted a vacation before and after her confinement. If she is about to have a child and does not want it she can get rid of it legally, and, if the State considers her reasons adequate, in a free clinic.

It is, however, the theory of the State that children are desirable; birth control is not advocated, and the Russian birth rate is growing faster than that of any European country.

Of course this complete change in the status of women affects the attitude toward sexual morality. Marriages which held through the subjection of women tended to dissolve.

Very forcible and material checks upon profligacy resulting in children are placed upon men and women, and especially upon men, by the marriage code. The original Communist theory that the State should be responsible for children has been abandoned along with many other theories.

A woman about to have a child can file with the People's court three months before its birth the name of the father. If he does not protest it is taken for granted that he is the father and he is held, equally with the mother, responsible for the child's support. If he is not married, according to the registry books, the fact of the child constitutes a marriage. But if he is married already—if he has a registered wife—the position of the unmarried mother is exactly as good as that of the married one. He must support all his children, up to two-thirds of his income. If the mother is ill or unemployed he must maintain her. . . .

The judge in one of these courts—he was recently a dock hand in America—told me the following: "I had a case just the other day—a girl, very pretty and young, who had a child. She said its father was J——, a man who earns 600 rubles a month. J——— maintained he wasn't the father, and there really wasn't any proof, but the way we figured it was this: this man J——— was a Don Juan, anyway; he was always wasting his time and energy in love affairs, and we thought it would be a good thing for him to have some responsibility. He could perfectly well afford to support the child in comfort, feed and clothe it well, so this settlement would be a good thing for the child. And if this particular child wasn't his, well, he probably had several others somewhere. So we made him responsible for its support. . . ."

It is significant that the attempt to crystallize this practice into law has awakened vehement opposition, especially among women! Men's wives—registered wives—object strenuously to the claims of these other women and their children. . . .

The tendency among women is certainly toward the recognition of only the registered marriage and not the de facto marriage.

—Dorothy Thompson, in the New York *Evening Post*

BEAUTY'S THE THING

Beauty's the thing that counts
In women; red lips
And black eyes are better than brains
Or a tongue that's quick with quips.

I couldn't have loved him more
Had I been comelier;
But he might have looked at me
As he looked at her.

Ten years I waited. Older
By twenty I grew.
When David's money was gone,
She went too.

Abashed and broken, back
To our home he came.
The door was unlatched. I still
Bore his name.

He was happier then, he said,
Than he had any right to be,
Learning new values in life.
His smile was heaven to me.

But beauty's the thing that counts
In women, like speed in ships.
David died in my arms
With her name on his lips.

—Mary J. Elmendorf, in *Poetry*

THE STORY OF CARUSO

THE greatest of all tenors is here shown to us with photographic clarity by his widow, who tells of her meeting with Caruso, of their friendship as it grew, and frankly of the man as she came to know him. Sharing in the authorship of the biography, from which these passages are taken, is the sister of Mrs. Caruso. Their admiration of their subject does not blind them to his eccentricities or to the many funny experiences in which he was concerned.

THE first time Enrico dined with us he wore a gray-blue Tuxedo suit with blue velvet lapels, white silk socks and black patent-leather slippers. When he arrived he had on a flowing cape and a wide-brimmed felt hat, a little on one side. I thought it a strange way to dress, for I had never seen anything but the conventional black and white for dinners. But I thought perhaps all tenors dressed that way, until he explained that his costume was one that had been made for him to wear as Flammen in *Lodoletta*, the new opera he was singing that winter. Not thinking it striking enough for his part, he had decided to wear it off the stage.

After we were married I asked him what had become of the costume and he roared with laughter and said it was the only time he had worn it. Then he added, looking at me amusingly, "You know, I think I wanted to make a good impression the first time I came to your house."

Enrico came to the house again and again, and gradually began to feel at home with us. Each time that he sang at the Metropolitan he sent us tickets for the first row of the orchestra. "It is very kind of Enrico to send us these tickets," my father would remark gloomily every time the tickets came, "but, as a matter of fact, I don't hear anything but the drums."

But I knew the reason we sat in those seats. From the stage Enrico could see me plainly, and while he sang his beautiful arias he looked at me. We had never been alone together and Enrico had rarely spoken to me, but in the midst of the thousands of people that filled the great opera house, at such times we felt alone and close to each other. It was as though he were singing to me over and over again all the love he had never had a chance to express. . . .

Like Desdemona, I listened with wide eyes to the tales he told me of strange people and far-off lands, of kings and emperors for whom he had sung and who later became his friends. I saw the jewels given him by dead and forgotten rulers to express their royal pleasure—rubies from the Czar of all the Russians, pearls from the exiled Emperor of Germany, watches, rare enameled boxes, medals, all of which he brought to show me with boyish pride and delight.

He told me, with some hesitation, about his two sons. I think he realized that the knowledge of that part of his life might turn me against him. But instead I only admired and respected him

HE had a curiously humble feeling about his voice. He believed reverently and sincerely that it had been bestowed upon him by God as a gift which he was to use to give happiness and delight to men.

He said that was what his name meant: *Car'uso*—a dear use. He rarely spoke of his singing, and when he did it was in a strangely detached way, as though he were only a medium through which the music passed. I have heard him say, shaking his head sadly, "Caruso did not get into communion with his audience tonight. The voice was cold"; or, "Caruso sang well; he gave his best tonight."

—Dorothy Caruso and Torrance Goddard

the more, and had only sympathy for the love he had lavished so freely in those young days that had later brought him so much sorrow. He had not been able to legalize his early marriage, but when his sons were born he hastened to recognize them in the courts of Milan and to give them his name.

Enrico told me also of his mother. Although she died when he was fifteen years old, his devotion to her was one of the deepest emotions of his life. Wherever he lived, her portrait hung in his bedroom; and often in moments of doubt or discouragement he stood before it silently, looking up into her strong pleasant face, as though he drew from it sympathy and help. In her serene gaze there was not only the simple endurance one often sees in faces of this type; there was also a fineness and austere nobility that set her apart from her class.

For her son, Anna Caruso made many sacrifices. As he said "My mother went without shoes so that I could sing."

Of the twenty-one children born to her he was her favorite, the flower of her heart. . . .

How proudly she watched him march off to the singing lessons for which she paid with daily sacrifices, hiding her hunger or her weariness behind her beaming pride in his growing talent!

Enrico's father, Marcellino, seeing his son strong and intelligent, put him to work in a factory; but nothing—hardships, work or discouragement—could stop his singing, and he drudged through the days chanting solemn hymns, which he learned to please his mother, or shouting the Neapolitan street songs that he sang to please himself. At night, when his day's work was finished, he sat under the street lamps outside his father's house and carefully copied by the flickering yellow light the music of his beloved songs. . . .

I knew little in regard to music. I knew even less about singing. But I had a remarkable memory for useless things—for instance, the words of old songs once popular on Broadway. The more banal the song, the more likely I was to remember the words. My sister was equally accomplished, and so, to Enrico's amusement, we sang to him everything we could remember. He would shake with laughter and beg us to go on, and sometimes he would pick up one of the tunes and sing with us. He specially liked *Under the Bamboo Tree* and insisted that the words were Italian: "If you lik-a me, like I lik-a you." . . .

On the day Enrico sang at the opera the doors between the two hotel apartments that he maintained would be opened at nine o'clock and we would wake to

TO YOUTH

This I say to you
Be arrogant! Be true!
True to April lust that sings
Through your veins. These sharp springs
Matter most. . . .Afteryears
Will be time enough for sleep. . . .
Carefulness. . . and tears. . .

Now, while life is raw and new,
Drink it clear, drink it deep!
Let the moonlight's lunacy
Tear away your cautions. Be
Proud, and mad, and young, and free!
Grasp a comet! Kick at stars
Laughingly! Fight! Dare!
Arms are soft, breasts are white,
Magic's in the April night—
Never fear. Age will catch you,
Slow you down, ere it dispatch you
To your long and solemn quiet. . . .

What will matter then the riot
Of the lilacs in the wind?
What will mean—then—the crush
Of lips at hours when birds hush?

Purple, green and flame will end
In a calm, grey blend.
Only. . . graven in your soul
After all the rest is gone
There will be the ecstasies. . . .
Those alone. . . .

—From John V. A. Weaver's *To Youth* (Knopf)

the sound of music. Salvatore Fucito, the accompanist, would be in the studio playing over the music of the opera to be sung that night.

Enrico would drink a cup of black coffee, take his bath and an inhalation, all the while listening to the music and whistling or humming an accompaniment. Dressing was a machine-like routine that had to be followed exactly. Two valets assisted him, and they were not allowed to speak to him or to make the slightest noise or any unnecessary movement as they went about their duties. Silently and noiselessly they handed him his clothes, shoes, collar, tie, handkerchief, while Caruso continued to hum in time with the distant music, glancing occasionally at the score that was propped on a music stand near by. The reason for this automatic procedure was that Caruso might give his entire attention to the opera. . . .

On the nights Enrico sang we passed the day very quietly. No business was transacted; there were no auditions, no visitors and no practicing except the gentle humming that went on for a short time in the morning.

At seven o'clock, accompanied by his secretary, Zirato, and one of the valets, Caruso left for the opera house. He allowed himself an hour to dress and to make up. I was always with him in his dressing room, but he received no other visitors before the performance. While he was making up he smoked one cigarette after another, for he never believed in the theory that smoking injures the voice. He smoked even in the hour before his appearance on the stage.

Just before he went on he inhaled a quantity of tepid salt water. Drawing it deep into his lungs, he expelled it before it strangled him. I always watched this performance with some anxiety. Another rite followed that and was almost religiously carried out. His dresser and his valet stood on each side of him. One man handed him a tiny glass of whisky. As he finished it the other man gave him a small glass of sparkling water and this was immediately followed by a quarter of an apple. Caruso believed that this cleared his throat.

In each of his costumes, at the point where his hands fell, were two shallow pockets. In each pocket he carried a small vial of salt water. He had become expert in using this on the stage, unperceived by the audience.

Caruso was always nervous before a performance. He never took his singing as a matter of course. Each appearance was for him the supreme effort of his life. He said once to me: "I know that I shall sing only a certain number of times. So I think to myself, 'Tonight I will hold back my voice. I will save it a little and that will mean I may be able to sing a few more times.' But when I go before the audience, when I hear the music and begin to sing, I cannot hold back. I give the best there is in me—I give all." . . .

Caruso was such a versatile person, he had so many interests, that it seems almost a paradox to say that he was uneducated. And yet in the accepted sense of the word, that is true. He had the knowledge that comes from wide experience of the technic of singing, of drawing and of modeling. He knew sixty-four operas, he spoke seven languages. But he never read a book or pretended to any knowledge of literature. He had never regularly attended school when he was a child.

In learning a language—French, for instance—he translated some libretto he was working on from Italian into French and then back again into Italian. In writing English—and he always wrote me in my own language—he used words in a new and vivid sense in fresh combinations which made his descriptions unusually vivid and sometimes amusing. If he was in doubt about the spelling, he spelled the word as it sounded to him.

In one of his letters from Mexico he thus describes an outdoor performance of an opera.

> At moment to go on the stage there was illumination plenty by the sun. I had like a shower of rays in my eyes, terribly hot like a Shweedish bath. I was forced to close my eyes and it was impossible to look at the conductor.

One sang with me who had a voice which bark like an old dog doing "Whau, whau!" Who you say, is that? But I do not tell you, because he is my companion, so I go on singing with bag of sunshine in my face.

I believe that most people, seeing Caruso in public or reading of the Metropolitan, thought of him as a light-hearted, jovial man. As a matter of fact, he was an entirely different person from the man the public saw and read about. Like all artists, his moods changed rapidly from grave to gay; but he was far more often melancholy than merry. . . . At such times, when he talked at all, he spoke of his past life, recalling bitterly all the sacrifices of his mother, for whom he could have done so much had she lived. He went over his early struggles, the difficulties he had had in the early part of his career, the people who had injured him, had taken advantage of him or, as the years passed, had forgotten him. . . .

The financial side of things was of no importance to him; but he never forgot anyone who had helped him, and many of those he took care of in their old age were those to whom he felt he owed an unpayable debt for their kindness to him when he was a struggling young artist. There were a number of young singers that he financed, whose progress was of the greatest interest and concern to him, but there was no idea of charity in his mind toward them. They were friends to whom he was in debt, or, as in the case of the young singers, because he had faith in their ability to sing. . . .

Caruso was superstitious, and, at the end, he was certain that an evil fate was pursuing him. He did pathetic things to avert the catastrophe that he felt threatened him. If he met a woman hunchback the only way to avoid the misfortune that would certainly follow the encounter was to keep on walking till he met a hunchbacked man. He never passed under a ladder or wore a new suit for the first time on Friday. Neither would he depart or arrive on a Friday. There is an old Neapolitan proverb that, freely translated, means "On Friday and Tuesday never start and never leave." In one of his letters while away on a trip he recounts a series of small accidents that had occurred mysteriously during three days, and adds gravely, "I am sure that Mr. R who came to interview me yesterday is a *Jettatore*"—{one who has the evil eye}—"because he say to me, 'I do not see how you keep so well and in such good condition for so long and in traveling so much.' "

The beginning of his mortal illness is foreshadowed in his allusion to starting his tour with a little cold. "I feel it in my chester"—{chest}—"and he will take a long time to go on." As though a vague presentiment of his death cast its shadow over him, he began to long for Italy: "I think that if I don't work any more we will go in my—our—country, and we will have a good time without to be nervous every minute. I am looking for this day and I hope God will let me arrive at such day and then my happiness will be at the height." Again he cries out like a man who is fast exhausting his strength: "I must stop to work and go back to my own country, otherwise I will go down like a fruit goes down from the tree."—From *Wings of Song,* by Dorothy Caruso and Torrance Goddard, by permission of Minton, Balch & Company

BRIC-A-BRAC

Little things that no one needs—
Little things to joke about—
Little landscapes, done in beads,
Little morals, woven out,
Little wreaths of gilded grass,
Little brigs of whittled oak,
Bottled painfully in glass—
These are made by lonely folk.

Lonely folks have lines of days
Long and faltering and thin;
Therefore—little wax bouquets,
Prayers cut upon a pin,
Little maps of pinkish lands,
Little charts of curly seas,
Little plats of linen strands,
Little verses, such as these.

—Dorothy Parker, in *The Bookman*

In Our U. S. A.

THE old order is changing in the Cumberland Mountains, and Absalom has become one of the talkingest men on Caney Creek. Nobody gets by without standing and delivering his name, his destination and purpose, where he came from and similar bits of information.

You see, three of Absalom's children are at the school ten miles up-creek. The things that those children have learned have just about overwhelmed him, and for a time it was a serious question whether he, the head of the family, or the young ones should dominate his end of the valley.

So Absalom was forced out of obscurity. Education, he has decided, is a tolerable likely thing "iffen it hain't overdone," although it wasn't for him to fool with. He has got along for sixty years without it and aims to lay this body down without it. For that reason and because "hit hain't fitten that young ones should speak up to their elders" he has not permitted his daughter Phronnie to teach him reading and writing, for which he hasn't any use. New Ideas stop at his front door, and thus, being a strong man, he is still master of his house. Still, he will brag of Phronnie and her sisters.

The creek bed was not wide enough for two mules to pass each other, so Absalom pulled his up on the bank and, holding up his hand, signalling his desire to halt and talk, he shouted "Haowdy?" loud enough to be heard a quarter of a mile.

"Whut country yew from?" he demanded. There was nothing offensive in his challenge. "Whut country?" is a hold-over from colonial days.

"New York."

"Haow fur might that be?"

"A thousand miles more or less."

"Got kin in the mountains?"

"No."

"Jest travelin'," he commented.

"Just wanted to see what this country looked like," I explained.

Absalom looked suddenly suspicious.

"Well," he said, "I wouldn't travel no thousand mile to see nobody or no country, I wouldn't. I was born on this here creek, and I'm sixty and, excuse me, stranger, but iffen yew kin see anything in these here mountains worth travelin' a thousand miles fer yew kin see fu'ther than me, and I don't need no glasses. G'lang."

He kicked his mule in the ribs and was off. A dozen yards down-creek he whirled in his saddle and roared:

"What might yewer name be?"

Apparently satisfied with the reply, he kicked his mule on again, and to let it be understood it was nothing to him, anyway, he began nonchalantly to sing:

"I been a long time a-travelin' here below,
A long time a-travelin' away from my home,
A long time a-travelin' here below
Tew lay this body daown,"

* * *

DWELLING within 400 miles of our National Capital are upward of 4,000,000 men, women and children of pre-Revolutionary American stock, the great majority of whom could not name the President of the United States and never heard of Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Henry Ford, John D. Rockefeller, General Pershing or Charlie Chaplin. Ninety in every hundred Cumberland mountaineers are illiterate—equally ignorant of the railway and the automobile.

Here is what a close observer says about them after making an extensive trip through that mountainous section of the country,

Read and cease marveling that the Chinese can be so near to savagery, the Hottentot so naked, the Russian so benighted, the Hindu so poor.

We had entered a new country. They call it the Country of Do Without, and it is hereby strongly recommended to all who think their lot is a hard one.

We were in Knott County. We had entered a land-bound island of four million souls who, although living within four hundred miles of Washington, have only the vaguest idea of what Washington is. Of course I speak of the Cumberland mountaineers as a whole, and their number is merely estimated. The rising generation is beginning to see light. The older generation dies but never surrenders.

And before we go on with this article it is necessary that you know who these people are. Fly-by-night journalists and social workers have called them poor whites or have permitted that impression to be cultivated. The simple truth is that there is as much difference between these mountaineers and the poor whites of our lowlands as there is between the Scottish Highland clans from which these people have sprung and the pygmy tribes of Africa.

Illiteracy still exceeds 90 per cent in the mountains of Kentucky, Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina, which States contribute to the four million of whom I write. Poverty of a sort unbelievable in the cities is so commonplace as not to be impressive; the amount of money passing through the hands of the old mountaineer in any year is often less than eight dollars.

Living conditions are so primitive, educational facilities so rare, and ignorance, as judged by urban standards, so complete that visitors depart wondering why somebody hasn't done something about it—the Government of the United States or of the five States.

And after you have seen the pathetic eagerness of the children of the mountains for education you begin to suspect that their neglect has been intentional. For more than 150 years the ancestors of these Kentucky mountaineers settled where, today, their children are trying without more than a gesture of guidance to grope their way to enlightenment. In the Cumberlands there are 2,000,000 children of school age. About 25,000 of them are being educated by men and women who have established community schools with money doled out by "furriners" who have responded to the begging letters of volunteer educators. The rest are at the mercy of a wholly inadequate public-school system.

> OLD HIGH TONGUE had never seen a railroad nor a cook-stove, had never received a letter until recently when his brother Virgil's girl wrote him one from Pippapass "jest a-foolin'."
>
> And he hadn't made any effort to have the letter read to him because, he assured us, "hit's more than like there hain't nothin' in hit I don't know already." —Walter Davenport

The vast majority of the mountaineers are of Scottish and Scotch-Irish derivation. There is some English and German blood and a trace of French Huguenot. All of it is Pre-Revolutionary American, and I have not seen in New England or the South, the West or the Middle West a greater pride of race, a finer, calmer dignity nor a fiercer independence than I found in this Land of Do Without. . . .

We were on our way up-creek to Pippapass, where one of the furriners' schools is located. There are no roads; our mules were picking their way along the creek bed. An hour after we were passed by Absalom we pulled up at Old High Tongue's forge. He was solemn but glad to see us.

"Where air yew from?" he asked.

"New York."

He looked mystified.

"Travel fur?" he asked.

He had never heard of New York. He had never seen a newspaper, which, inasmuch as he could neither read nor write, hadn't handicapped him much. He had never heard of John D. Rockefeller, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Henry Ford, Charlie Chaplin,

General Pershing nor Calvin Coolidge. When I told him that Mr. Coolidge was President of the United States, he seemed mildly interested and said:

"Sooooo? Haow's he a-makin' aout? I hain't kept up much," he explained. "I hev been right busy and hain't paid much attention to politics, but I guess Andrew Jackson made a right smart man of himself, didn't he? Old Hickory : e was."

He was glad we had come along because it reminded him that he too ought to be riding up-creek to visit his mother, who was "ailin' with somethin' inside of her so as she wasn't fitten for nothin' but settin'-daown work."

With great courtesy he bade us "faarwell" and asked us, if it wouldn't be a mite too much trouble, to drop in at his brother's house — Big Trimble— three miles further on.

Big Trimble wasn't home, but Little Trimble, his son {a head taller and at least six inches broader than Gene Tunney}, assured us that it was quite as well that he wasn't because "he warn't fitten tew be talked tew, anyways."

"He air plagued right smart with a holler tooth," rumbled Little Trimble, "and he air aout gittin' hit jumped."

Almost any of the old-timers will jump a tooth for a neighbor, inasmuch as it is an operation requiring coolness but not art. All one requires to jump a tooth is a cut nail—an eightpenny nail preferably—a hammer and a steady indifference to what happens to the other fellow. The patient opens his mouth. You place the square end of the nail against the base of the tooth, where tooth and gums meet, and you hit the nail a smart blow with the hammer. It is really very simple.

"Iffen hit don't come aout first lick," explained Little, "yew air apt tew git peaked and fretful. Iffen the tooth air wore daown bad and is holler, yew kin burn hit out with a hot wire, so hit won't ruin yew. I burnt aout a holler tooth fer a man over in Letcher onct, and when I tetched the holler he wropped his tongue araound the wire and the things he said warn't fitten."

We had supper at Preacher Whipple's. He is a gentle giant, a mountain John o' Dreams, whose life has been one to make men reverent. Until he was sixteen years old he had never seen a book, but his great intelligence was not to be frustrated. He taught himself to read—how, he can't quite explain. He attended one of the old moonlight schools and mastered writing and simple arithmetic. He walked twenty-two miles twice a week to study American history under a furriner who had come to the mountains hoping to defeat tuberculosis. He has never been farther from home than that. . . .

There were other guests at Preacher Whipple's—Preacher Horn, a hawk-faced farmer from up Betty's Troublesome Way, and Preacher MacLaren, a patriarch from Desperation. They were of the Old Regular Baptist Church, the prevailing sect of the Kentucky mountains. Being a preacher in that church requires nothing but a feeling that one "has been called" and a sincerity hard to find in the educated pulpit. Many of the mountain preachers cannot read or write.

There was to be wholesale, day-long

FROM one cabin the school grew —slowly at first because the confidence of the mountaineers is not impulsive. Mrs. Lloyd wrote hundreds of letters at night and taught by day. The letters fetched money, clothing, books, equipment. A few teachers presented themselves.

Today there are twenty log and plank buildings and a faculty of twelve. There are a hundred and twenty-five children living at the school, and two hundred more walk and ride the creek daily to attend classes. Some travel as many as ten miles each way to learn.

—Walter Davenport

preaching at Old Carr on the morrow, and Preachers Whipple, Horn and MacLaren were primed for battle. A preacher in the Old Regular Baptist receives no pay, nor are any of his expenses defrayed. If his struggle with the mountain devils incurs neglect of his farm and consequent hardship upon his family, the scattered neighbors lend a hand, although there is no rule in the church requiring it.

Preacher Horn was keen for news from the outside world, particularly political news.

"Who air this man in New York they're aimin' tew elect President?" he inquired.

"Al Smith."

"Smith, that's the name," he said. "Whut air he doin' naow?"

I explained Al Smith.

"Well," sighed Preacher Horn, "I expect the mountains will elect him because he air wet, but I don't hold with it. Licker hain't done us no good, not that hit's been a curse. Ignorance air worse than licker."

Before putting up our mules for the night we visited Aunt Martha on Hungry Mountain. She lives in a windowless one-room cabin set slanchways {slanting}. She was smoking a corncob pipe and chewing twist. Aunt Martha is seventy-five or eighty—she isn't quite sure which.

"Hit don't matter much," she said. "A body has got as much sense at one age as the other, and I hain't complainin'."

It amazed her that the journey from New York did not necessitate crossing the ocean. Aunt Martha hasn't any idea where she lives except that they call it Caney Creek. She lives on an island, she assured us. The United States was another island and Kentucky lay somewhere over the mountains.

She had heard of the World War, although the names Pershing, Wilson, Germany, France and England meant nothing to her. And she "hadn't the rights of haow the war turned aout."

"Seems like men air always fightin', anyway," she sighed. "Always some kind of war. There was the French-Eversole war over in Hindman and the Martin-Toliver war up in Morehead and the Hatfield-McCoy war and this here war with Utah."

It took us some time to identify Utah as Europe, but Aunt Martha waved quibbling aside.

"Hit was one of them islands," she said, "and they all got a lot of furrin' names. I was a-ready fer them, anyway. Preacher Forest's Bell was ridin' by and told me there was another war. I was a-ready fer hit. I had my rifle daown and I went daown to the creek bottom and was a-waitin', but they never came along, so I sort of lost interest. It waar a mighty quiet war, seems to me."

I have been writing of the mothers, fathers and grandparents of the 2,000,000 mountain youngsters who have been consigned by five States and the United States Government to pass through the same darkness as their elders. But the children, because of the efforts of mountain schools conducted by furriners—Alice Spence Geddes Lloyd, for example—have been infected with the serum which makes men struggle. A taste of education has made them hungry.

Mrs. Lloyd, a Radcliff graduate, went to the Kentucky mountains ten years ago seeking health. She remained to found the Caney Creek Community Centre, one of the most important and ambitious of the mountain schools.

Being without funds, her first efforts passed unnoticed. One day Humpty Joab came up-creek.

"Iffen yew aim to stay," said Humpty Joab, "take my farm fer a school. Hit hain't much as fur as land goes. But hit'll do."

The school still stands on Humpty Joab's worn-out acres. To the first log cabin came Lige of the Little Songs, fetching six of his children; Down Eli of Antelope Mountain with four more. All alone came Holy's Floyd, who was seven years old and had walked thirty-two miles, barefooted, through the cold water of Caney. A week later a woman came down the valley on a mule.

"My young un hyer?" she demanded.

She refused to identify him by name. She refused to come inside. The children were marched past her. Along came Holy's Floyd. She looked at him without emotion. He looked back at her without a sign.

"G'lang," she ordered her mule; "I thought mebby he had falled over the mountain."

And off she went to her cabin, thirty-two miles away.—Walter Davenport, in *Collier's Weekly*

A NEW LETTER OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

AN interesting letter written by George Washington to General Henry Knox, recently obtained and made public by Gabriel Wells, a New York dealer in rare books and autographs, is believed to be the only letter in which "Washington may be said to have overflowed in exuberance and patriotic feeling, and paraphrased scripture." It reads:

Newburgh 26th
March, 1783

My Dear Knox:

Such as I have, I give unto thee. God grant the news may be true. But whether it is or not, the late conduct of the army will redound to the immortal honor of it.

Yrs most sincerely,
GO. WASHINGTON.

The letter is believed to have been written by Washington upon receipt of a letter from Lafayette announcing the signing in France of the preliminary articles of peace. Such news, marking the end of the Revolution, might well have inspired an emotional outburst by the Commander-in-Chief of the American forces. When the news was confirmed, Washington issued a proclamation on April 19, 1783, the eighth anniversary of the day of Lexington, announcing the cessation of hostilities.

The scriptural reference, of course, is from the Third Chapter of Acts. The words are those of Peter. As he was entering the Temple a lame beggar at the door sought alms. Then Peter said: "Silver and gold have I none; but what I have that give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, walk."

General Washington, although he omitted the words "silver and gold have I none," evidently intended them to be understood by General Knox. The money question in the army had been serious. There had been much discontent and suffering among the troops because of lack of pay. Washington possibly intended the news of peace to heal the troubles of the army. In that intent, he would have been justified, in consideration of the desperate state of the colonies.

—From the New York *Times*

WRITTEN ON A STREET CAR

Crowded into a corner
The Japanese wife sits,
A blossom
Robbed of its fragrance.
She has left
The noble iris and scented lilies
For the smell of industry and smoke,
This liberty.

Nothing
Awaits her here.
Life is being torn from her
As embroidery
From an Oriental screen.
Her daintiness has gone,
Coiled away
Into the sky
With the incense of her fathers.

Another sun lights her days,
Another moon
Her nights.

Her onyx eyes
Are fountains
Of opalescent tears.

Keeper of Flowers,
Is it in this way
Your seeds are transplanted?

—Jack Mail, in *Westward* (San Francisco)

A California scientist announces that he has found the sixth vitamin; and we didn't even know that one of the vitamins was missing—*Southern Lumberman*

Let Freedom Ring

THE Constitution of the United States, with the exception of the Eighteenth Amendment, contains only one kind of restraint—that on the Government. This was thought necessary to preserve liberty. This latter-day legislation does not curb the Government but adds to its powers and restricts the individual. Incongruous, unsound and unworkable laws show the tendency to protect the individual from himself, not through self-restraint developed by education, but through law.

There may be something to be said for political institutions, based on suppression, whether through uniformity, oligarchy, monarchy or martial law: even for tyranny based on the dictatorship of the Fascists or the Proletariat. But whatever may be said for tryanny or power in Government, that is not, or was not, the American method. We should bear in mind the fact that there may be no greater oppression than by rule of majority, when it enters fields outside of the realm of government as understood by practically all the people. Tyranny no less exists when imposed by part of a written constitution, particularly when, as a practical fact, that part is unchangeable.

Liberty has dangers. Our theory is that they are not as serious as those of repression. But while doing lip service to the ideal, yet in practical fact, few are ready to face the dangers of freedom. They believe in it lightly—when they think it works. . . .

It would not be far from the truth to say that in the United States to-day, in spite of constitutional guarantees in every State, where a matter involves unpopular expression on a matter that is close to the hearts of the people, freedom of speech and assemblage is fast disappearing, or has disappeared. There exists neither an official nor social attitude upholding the Voltairian view, "I do not agree with a thing you say, but I would die for your right to say it."

> TO-DAY you can talk on any subject you please in Tennessee, except religion; in California, except the I.W.W.; in Boston, except the Sacco-Vanzetti case; in any place, except on a subject which, as a burning issue, would most profit by untrammeled discussion. Speech and assemblage are free in New Jersey, West Virginia and Pennsylvania, except to union men in time of strike. If you talk labor unionism then, you land in jail.
>
> —Arthur Garfield Hays

The indirect effect of suppression of free discussion is perhaps more important than the direct effect, because the general atmosphere is permeated by either a free or a timid spirit. Travel in an undemocratic country and you at at once find that along with prohibition of public free expression comes a general hesitancy to talk freely, even in private conversation. We all had this experience during the War. . . .

In times and places where freedom of speech and assemblage is met with force, one finds diffidence and hesitancy in private relations. Tensity is a by-product of intolerance. Along with it comes suspicion. Particularly this affects those questions which, being closest to the people, are the subjects of greatest interest and should be subject to freest discussion. Thus a force which prohibits public expression and assemblage spreads like the ripples on a pond to repress the spirit of freedom everywhere.

Our doors are sealed against foreigners with radical ideas, because, say those in Government, our people have so little belief in democracy, so little confidence

in our institutions, that our Government would topple had it to meet radical views in open forum, and this in spite of our pretense that in the free competition of ideas, truth will prevail. Liberty has dangers but they do not compare with those of tyranny. The recognition of rights more effectively maintains order than machine guns.

The ideal of America, as expressed in the Constitution and Bills of Rights, is liberty. Our institutions are based on the theory that order is best maintained through liberty. But people to-day merely do lip service to the ideals of free institutions. They are fearful. . . .

We need a regeneration of the brave men and sound philosophers who wrote the Constitution and the Bills of Rights—of men who are not afraid of freedom. . . .

Every once in a while a moral spasm shakes the city of New York, and the stage is accused of the corruption of youth. Up and down Broadway the tremors upset the theatrical profession, and there are worried queries of where the dreaded blow will fall. Theater owners, managers and producers, chorus girls, actresses and stage hands, authors, librettists and musicians, knowing that accusation is condemnation, and that in this vague field a legal adviser is merely a "guesser," tremble for their livelihood. Since general suppression would cause a public uproar, the hand of discrimination must pick, choose and strike. . . .

Consider the productions on Broadway to-day. They are not very different from last year. Laws may come and laws may go, yet public taste determines the character of the performances.

Year after year the annual reports of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice deplore the demoralizing indecency of the stage. . . .

Year after year in these reports the Society itself suggests the solution. In a concluding paragraph the report says:

"We believe that the parents should so educate their children in sex matters, seriously and reverently, that within a reasonable time many of those things which are now by judicial ruling indecent, will lose their quality of indecency."

This suggests education, not repression. Any other method means that the opinion of one man, if he happens to be in an official position, will control the stage, and since that one man is just an ordinary individual, his action will be affected by his particular training, his background and his emotions, to say nothing of political influences, friendship and the vast variety of motives that influence human beings—even when clothed with authority.

Again the authorities rattle the saber. Nobody knows whose head will be chopped off. One thing is certain—that a call from the District Attorney's office will close any play in New York, whatever the manager may think to be his rights. He knows it will be stopped, that he and his cast may be arrested and held for trial; that there is no possible injunctive relief; that the owner of the theater may have his license taken away.

A wise producer will pander to The Authorities. He will not lack generosity

INDIGNATION boils my blood at the thought of the heritage we are throwing away; at the thought that, with few exceptions, the fight for freedom is left to the poor, forlorn and defenseless, and to the few radicals and revolutionaries who would make use of liberty to destroy, rather than to maintain, American institutions. . . .

Those who believe in old American ideals are today regarded as dangerous innovators. In fact, they are quite conservative and old-fashioned.

—Arthur Garfield Hays

in contributing to both campaign funds. He will accept privileges instead of demanding rights. For discrimination by officials, not laws by legislatures, will determine his fortunes. No district attorney can stop all plays which offend the sensibilities of Dr. Straton and his followers, but a show of activity on his part may be necessary. What plays shall he choose? Public officials in their inner circle are just ordinary human beings. "Jim is a good fellow. I'll drop him a tip to tone down that bedroom scene—he needs the money—we don't want to hurt him." Says another confrere: "We'll have the Church down on us if we attack Jones. Anyhow his play is not so bad." "How about the Highlights Theater," suggests a young attache of the office. "We've been after that guy for a long time. Ain't he the fellow who put on that play ridiculing Tammany? We'll show 'em." "Go and take a look at it," says his superior. . . .

The crusaders would set up a howl if any one suggested that a law be passed compelling them to see something they disapprove, but they actually exercise this power on others. They fail to realize that to prohibit portrayal of what one likes is to compel him to see what he does not like, or to see nothing at all.

Private conversation is not censored and it probably would be no better if it were. Good taste has a good deal to do with what people talk about, and with the plays and pictures they see. . . .

In this, as in other lines, I should chance the dangers of freedom, with confidence that knowledge is safer than ignorance and in the faith of Abraham Lincoln: "Throw the people on their own resources and then this Republic, the last possible hope of the earth, will never perish from this world."—From Arthur Garfield Hays' *Let Freedom Ring*, by permission of Boni & Liveright

THE POPLAR TREE

I heard one leaf
Talking to another,
The higher leaf
To a listening brother,—
"There's a mist on the hills,
There's a wren on the wall,
There's a cloud in the north,
And the cuckoos call:
There's a road to the south
Where a cart goes down,
And children are shouting
All over the town."

The tree stood still
In the morning sun
And the small leaves waited,
Every one.
"There's a wind in the west
That will blow here soon,
And you'll whirl on your stems
In a dance at noon.
Look, little leaf!
Listen, little brother . . .!"
I heard one leaf
Talking to another.

—Martha Banning Thomas, in *Books* of the New York *Herald-Tribune*

I ONCE asked the editor of a publication why he did not attempt to extend his circulation by sampling, and he told me he could get better results by describing his magazine than by showing it.

"In an advertisement," said the man, "I can make an ordinary article appear so significant that thousands will rush to read it. If I laid the manuscript on their desks, they would merely give it a glance and pass on to something else. They would say it looked like any one of a hundred other articles. They would be half right."

Did you ever notice how the description of the contents of next month's issue of a magazine always gives promise of a better number than the one you have in your hand?

The idea I am trying to get around to is that most of us have a little blue sky for sale. Those of us who don't sell blue sky lack the selling instinct. The ability to glorify a product, to see through the clouds and up to the blue sky is what makes an advertising man or a salesman.

—William Feather

HERBERT HOOVER

From the Bust by Suzanne Silvercruys Farnam

This bronze bust of the Republican nominee for the Presidency was unveiled at the dedication of the Library of Louvain University, Belgium, July 4, 1928. Mr. Hoover is said to have obtained contributions aggregating $292,000 toward the restoration of this famous building. The sculptor, a resident of New Haven, Connecticut, is the daughter of Justice Frantz Silvercruys, president of the Belgian Supreme Court.

(*See* Herbert Hoover. *Page 219*).

The Creation

To James Weldon Johnson the Harmon Foundation has awarded a prize of $400 and a gold medal for his God's Trombones: Seven Negro Sermons in Verse, *as "the most distinguished literary achievement of American Negroes in 1927."*

Of the accompanying poem, the author says that he got the idea for it while listening to a Kansas City Negro minister who had "started in to preach a formal sermon from a formal text. The congregation sat apathetic and dozing. He sensed that he was losing his audience. Suddenly he closed the Bible, stepped out from behind the pulpit and began to preach.

"He started intoning the old folk-sermon that begins with the creation of the world and ends with Judgment Day. . . .The change in the congregation was instantaneous. An electric current ran through the crowd. He strode the pulpit up and down in what was actually a very rhythmic dance, and he brought into play the full gamut of his wonderful voice, a voice—what shall I say?—not of an organ or a trumpet, but rather of a trombone. . .He intoned, he moaned, he pleaded—he blared, he crashed, he thundered. I sat fascinated; the emotional effect upon me was irresistible. Before he had finished I took a slip of paper and somewhat surreptitiously jotted down some ideas for The Creation."

AND God stepped out on space,
And he looked around and said:
I'm lonely—
I'll make me a world.

And far as the eye of God could see
Darkness covered everything,
Blacker than a hundred midnights
Down in a cypress swamp.

Then God smiled,
And the light broke,
And the darkness rolled up on one side,
And the light stood shining on the other,
And God said: That's good!

Then God reached out and took the light in his hands,
And God rolled the light around in his hands
Until he made the sun;
And he set that sun a-blazing in the heavens.
And the light that was left from making the sun
God gathered it up in a shining ball
And flung it against the darkness,
Spangling the night with the moon and stars.
Then down between
The darkness and the light
He hurled the world;
And God said: That's good!

Then God himself stepped down—
And the sun was on his right hand,
And the moon was on his left;
And the stars were clustered about his head,
And the earth was under his feet.
And God walked, and where he trod
His footsteps hollowed the valleys out
And bulged the mountains up.

Then he stopped and looked and saw
That the earth was hot and barren.
So God stepped over to the edge of the world
And he spat out the seven seas—
He batted his eyes, and the lightnings flashed—
He clapped his hands, and the thunders rolled—
And the waters above the earth came down,
The cooling waters came down.

Then the green grass sprouted,
And the little red flowers blossomed,
The pine tree pointed his finger to the sky,
And the oak spread out his arms,
The lakes cuddled down in the hollow of the ground,
And the rivers ran down to the sea;
And God smiled again,
And the rainbow appeared,
And curled itself around his shoulder.

Then God raised his arm and he waved
his hand
Over the sea and over the land,
And he said: Bring forth! Bring forth!
And quicker than God could drop his
hand,
Fishes and fowls
And beasts and birds
Swam the rivers and the seas,
Roamed the forests and the woods,
And split the air with their wings.
And God said: That's good!

Then God walked around,
And God looked around
On all that he had made
He looked at his sun,
And he looked at his moon,
And he looked at his little stars;
He looked on his world
With all its living things,
And God said: I'm lonely still.

Then God sat down—
On the side of a hill where he could
think;
By a deep, wide river he sat down;
With his head in his hands,
God thought and thought,
Till he thought: I'll make me a man!

Up from the bed of the river
God scooped the clay;
And by the bank of the river
He kneeled him down;
And there the great God Almighty
Who lit the sun and fixed it in the sky,
Who flung the stars to the most far corner
of the night,
Who rounded the earth in the middle of
his hand;
This Great God,
Like a mammy bending over her baby,
Kneeled down in the dust
Toiling over a lump of clay
Till he shaped it in his own image;
Then into it he blew the breath of life,
And man became a living soul.
Amen. Amen.—From James Weldon Johnson's *God's Trombones*, by permission of the Viking Press

WILD GEESE

I hold to my heart when the geese are flying—
A wavering wedge on the high, bright blue—
I tighten my lips to keep from crying:
"Beautiful birds, let me go with you!"

And at night when they honk—and their wings are
weaving
A pattern across a full gold moon—
I hold to a heart that would be leaving
If it were freed to fly too soon.

I hold to my heart that would be going—
A comrade to wild birds of the air,
As wayward as they—and never knowing
Where it is going—and never care—

I hold to my heart—for here lies duty—
And here is the path where my feet must stay—
But O, that quivering line of beauty
Beating its beautiful, bright-winged way!

—Grace Noll Crowell, prize poem of the Poetry Society of Texas Year Book

A 100% American Ballad-Maker

ON the banks of the Wabash in Terre Haute, Indiana, on April 2, 1857, my brother Paul was born. My first recollection of him is as a man of twenty-five—I was but ten. He had come back to the town in which we were then living solely to find his mother and help her. Six or seven years before he had left without any explanation as to where he was going, tired of or irritated by the routine of a home which, for any genuine opportunity it afforded him, might as well never have existed.

It was run dominantly by my father in the interest of certain religious and moral theories with which this guitar-picking, piano-playing, song-singing boy had little sympathy. Placed in a school which was to turn him out a priest, he had decamped, and now, after this length of time, was here in this small town, with fur coat and silk hat, a smart cane—a gentleman of the theatrical profession. He had joined a minstrel show somewhere and had become an end-man. He had suspected that his mother was not as fortunate in this world's goods as she might be and so had returned. . . .

When I first came to New York he was easily the foremost popular song-writer of the day. The firm of which he was a part had a floor or two in an old residence turned office building, as so many were and are in New York, in Twentieth Street very close to Broadway. And here, during the summer months {1894-7} when the various theatrical road-companies had returned for the closed season, he was to be found aiding his concern in the reception and care of possible applicants for songs and attracting by his personality such virtuosi of the vaudeville and musical comedy stage as were likely to make the instrumental publications of his firm a success. Its songs, as well as his, were everywhere. He had in turn a suite at the Gilsey House, the Marlborough, the Normandie—always on Broadway. The limelight district was his home. He rose in the morning to the clang of the cars and the honk of the automobiles outside; he retired at night as a gang of repair men under flaring torches might be repairing a track, or the milk trucks were rumbling to and from the ferries. He was in his way a public favorite, a shining light in the theater managers' offices, hotel bars and lobbies and wherever those passing celebrities of the sporting, theatrical, newspaper and other worlds are wont to gather. . . .

> HIS was a gay and tender temperament at once kindly and lovable, imbedded in a most unsophisticated and illusioned, and yet energetic and constructive, period of our national life. The popularity of his—and other songs like his. The accuracy with which they set forth the moods, the reactions and the aspirations of the exceedingly humble, intellectually and emotionally. *The Convict and the Bird, The Pardon Came Too Late, I Believe It for My Mother Told Me So.* Consider the titles alone. And then reflect that they sold into hundreds of thousands, and when our national population was so much smaller. What other than an innocent-minded and deeply illusioned and unsophisticated democracy could this indicate?
>
> —Theodore Dreiser

I recall being with him when he composed two of his famous successes: *Just Tell Them That You Saw Me* and *On the Banks of the Wabash.* The first of these songs followed an actual encounter with a girl whose life had seemingly, if not actually, gone to wreck on the shore of love. He came into the office of his publishing house one gray November Sunday afternoon and, going into a small room in which was a piano, he began

improvising, repeating over and over a certain strain which was evidently in his mind. A little while later he came out and said: "Listen to this, will you, Thee?"

He played and sang the first verse and chorus. In the middle of the latter, so moved was he by the sentiment of it, his voice broke and he had to stop. Tears stood in his eyes and he wiped them away. Later—the following Spring—I was literally astonished to see how, after those various methods usually employed by popular music publishers to make a song "go" — advertising it in the theatrical papers, getting various vaudeville singers to sing it, and so forth—it suddenly began to sell, thousands upon thousands of copies being wrapped up in great bundles and shipped to various parts of the country. Letters and telegrams from all parts of the country began to pour in—"Forward express today . . . copies of Dresser's *Tell Them That You Saw Me.*" Comedians on the stage, newspaper paragraphers, his bank teller or his tailor, even staid business men wishing to appear "up-to-date" used the title of the song as a parting salute. The hand-organs, the bands and the theater orchestras everywhere were using it. It was wonderful, the enormous furore that it seemed to create.

And it was the same with *On the Banks of the Wabash,* possibly an even greater success, which has now been adopted by Paul's native State as its state song. In an almost unintentional way I had a hand in that, and it has always cheered me to think I had, although I never had the least talent for musical composition or song versification. It was one of those delightful summer Sunday mornings {1896} and we had gone over to the office to do a little work.

"What do you suppose would make a good song these days?" he asked in an idle, meditative mood, sitting at the piano and thrumming while I at a nearby table was examining some magazines. "Why don't you give me an idea once in a while?"

"Why don't you write something about a State or a river?" I retorted. "Look at *My Old Kentucky Home, Dixie, Old Black Joe* — why don't you do something like that? Take Indiana, what's the matter with it — the Wabash River? It's as good as any other river, and you were 'raised' beside it."

I smile now when I recall the apparent zest with which he at once seized on this. "That's not a bad idea," he agreed. "Why don't you write the words and let me put the music to them? We'll do it together."

"But I can't," I replied. "I don't know how to do these things. You write it. I'll help, maybe."

After a little urging, however, I took a piece of paper and scribbled in the most tentative manner the first verse and chorus of that song almost as it was published. I think one or two lines were too long or didn't rhyme, and eventually he hammered them into shape. He

HERE IS THE SPOT

(*Done for a lover, and a season*)

Blue with violets, fresh with laughter,
And softly shaded and sweetly scented,
Hidden away from roof and rafter,
Here is the spot our love frequented. . .
Here is the spot where we met and parted.
Kissed, turned casual. What comes after?

Nothing can now remain, I think,
Of the secret meetings, the hidden wonder,
Only the wild rose still is pink
And the old oak, riven apart with thunder,
Moves in the self-same way its limbs
And gathers its moss in crack and chink.

And here, in summer, when buds are turned
Deep and fragrant, and when the varnished
Fruit of the thorn apple tree has burned
Red, blood-red, like a dream long banished,
Pitiful, wistful, two ghosts come seeking
Love that faded and joy that vanished.

—Dorothy Dow, in *College Humor*

read it, insisted that it was fine and that I should do a second verse, something with a story in it—a girl, perhaps—a task which I solemnly rejected.

Some time later, disagreeing with him —my fault, I am sure—I left. Time passed and I heard nothing. One Spring night, however, the following year, as I was lying in bed trying to sleep, I heard a quartette of boys in the distance. At first I could not make out the words, but the melody attracted my attention. It was plaintive and compelling. I listened, attracted, satisfied that it was a new popular success that had "caught on." As they drew near my window I heard the words, *On the Banks of the Wabash*, most mellifluously harmonized.

I jumped up. A part of the words were mine—my careless, indifferent gift to him. But made by his melody and labor into something so much more appealing than I could ever have imagined. It was Paul's song—my very successful and admirable brother. He had another "hit" then. And they were already singing it in the street. In three months more it was everywhere—in the papers, on the stage, on the street-organs, played by orchestras, bands, whistled and sung every place. . . .

Personally the temperament of my brother was a compound of agile geniality, unmarred by thought of a serious character. He was, as I say, warm and genuinely tender and with a taste for simple beauty which at times was most impressive — simple, middle-class romance, middle-class humor, middle-class tenderness. And out of this middle-class milieu, which he so accurately reflected, his songs were born. Invariably I found him ebullient and radiant. Easily cast down at times by the most trivial matters, at others, and for the most part, he was so spirited and bubbly and emotional and sentimental that your fiercest or most gloomy intellectual rages or moods could scarcely withstand his smile. And I believe this spirit, which he was able to infuse into his songs, is the very essence of their wide and enduring appeal. This tenderness or sympathy of his, a very human appreciation of the weaknesses and errors as well as the toils and tribulations of most of us, was by far his most outstanding and engaging quality. . . .

Personally, I still think of him as on Broadway between Twenty-ninth and Forty-second Streets, the Spring and Summer time at hand, the doors of the grills and bars of the hotels open, the rout of actors and actresses ambling to and fro, his own delicious presence dressed in his best, his "funny" stories, his songs being ground out by the hand-organs, his friends extending their hands, clapping him on the shoulder, cackling over the latest idle yarn.—From Theodore Dreiser's introduction to *The Songs of Paul Dresser,* by permission of Boni & Liveright

THE really happy man never laughs —or seldom—though he may smile. He does not need to laugh, for laughter, like weeping, is a relief of mental tension—and the happy are not overstrung.

It is only the "superior" or discontented man who really laughs and perhaps that is why laughter, like tears, is ugly—being made up of grimaces and contortions, the mask of a hard or selfish mind. . . .

Laughter is a kind of behavior, exceedingly curious were it not so commonplace, which begins in a puckering of features and ends in jelly-like convulsions of the whole body. . . . But smiles are beautiful, as marks of sympathy and understanding.—Professor Francis Arthur Powell Aveling, Reader in Psychology at the University of London

LIFE is just a bundle of potentialities. It can't seem the same to the youth and to the octogenarian, nor the same to the rich and the poor. Life is a raw material. As an artist mixes his colors with his skill, a musician his playing with his ideals, and an engineer his stone and steel with his designs, so we must mix our divine ideals with our lives.

—Dr. Cornelius Woelfkin

MARY TODD LINCOLN

"THE only real human picture of life in the White House that has ever come my way," says Ida M. Tarbell of the biography of the wife of Abraham Lincoln, from which the accompanying passages are taken. Mary Todd Lincoln is perhaps the most undeservedly defamed woman in American history; and this study, based on a careful investigation of the facts, is frankly in defense of her memory.

By nature extravagant, fond of admiration, headstrong, passionate, and not always wise, Mary Lincoln emerges as a figure with boundless determination, shrewd insight; an idealist, a woman whose life centered around her children and the husband whom she adored, for whose career she sacrificed greatly, for whose triumph she was in many ways responsible.

I AM firmly convinced that without the influence and inspiration of Mary Todd Lincoln, the world never would have known Abraham Lincoln, for he never would have reached the White House without her. . . .

Mary had a gift for friendship with men of the mental type, a gift few women possess. She had not been in Springfield a year before she had established several such friendships. The most solid of these was with Douglas and with Lincoln. Long before they knew it themselves she recognized that both young men were seriously in love with her.

Her brother-in-law, Ninian Edwards, and her sister Elizabeth watched with not unanxious interest. Mary was a flirt but one never could tell—! Douglas, whose brilliant future was obvious, was entirely eligible as a suitor. Lincoln, no! A likable fellow but socially an outsider. When Edwards protested against Lincoln's constant presence in the parlor, Elizabeth insisted that Mary's sense of humor and her social ambitions would protect her from Lincoln.

"Why, Mary made fun of him, yesterday," she said, "for the benefit of the Sewing Circle. She had us all in convulsions showing how he led her through the Virginia reel. And she can tell a story with every one of Abe's grimaces. One doesn't do that with a man one loves."

"Mary does," retorted Edwards grimly. "Mary would poke fun at the twelve Apostles."

"And wash their feet afterward, with tears!" explained Elizabeth.

"Yes, but that doesn't do away with the hurt to the heart. I wish she could control that tongue of hers. Just because she's so lovable, makes it all the worse." He sighed and picked up his hat, then came back to say, "You warn Mary that Abe Lincoln as a friend is delightful but that as a suitor, he won't do."

Dutifully, Elizabeth issued the warning the first time she was alone with her sister. Mary tossed her chestnut curls with a laugh.

"The man I'm going to marry, dear Elizabeth, will one day be President of the United States!"

That evening Elizabeth reported to her husband that Mary was planning to marry Stephen Douglas.

In the two years that followed their meeting Mary Todd and Abraham Lincoln grew to know each other well. . . .

He was careless and absent-minded about his engagements with her. He ambled into the parlor late one winter evening, his Euclid under his arm, to find Mary standing before the grate, in her best party dress, cheeks scarlet, eyes snapping. He recognized the danger signals and threw up both hands.

"Jings, Miss Todd, I forgot all about the cotillion! I got into an argument down at the office about— Well, come along! I won't waste any more time."

Mary looked at the unpolished boots pulled up over the jaded jean pantaloons, at the threadbare, spotted round-about coat, lacking all but one button, at the rusty black stock, half tied, at the unkempt black hair.

"You are not a gentleman," she said in a low voice of fury, "or you neither would forget an engagement with a lady or come into her presence looking like a horse drover."

"No," replied Lincoln gently, "I

reckon I never was meant to be either a gentleman or a lady's man. And I don't like that knowledge any better than you do."

She was staring up at him, a new insult forming on her lips when the tragic humility and pride in his beautiful gray eyes pierced through her anger. She gasped as she realized the enormity of what she had said and springing forward, she seized one of his great rough hands in hers and bowed her head upon it.

"Oh, my dear! my dear!" she groaned, "I am not worthy to tie your shoe latchet!"

The Euclid dropped to the floor and Mary was lifted into his mighty embrace and folded to the breast that through life and through death was to be her home.

Mary's various relations did not take the engagement well and did not hesitate to say so. It should have been a quick marriage—let the world go hang! But Lincoln was heavily in debt and was only beginning to build his law practice. He dared not undertake the duties of a husband and father until he was better established. So it was a long and stormy engagement. . . .

Gradually as the months slipped by, he began to think that however much he loved a woman, he was by nature unfitted to make her happy. He grew depressed, spent long hours in his office staring into space. He would listen to Mary's stormy reproaches and repentances with tear-dimmed eyes. He resented her constant going with Stephen Douglas and they quarreled about it. And after nearly a year, on the first of January, 1841, he said to her in a heavy sigh:

"You're right, Mary. I'm not fit for anything but the barnyard. So I'm giving you back your freedom," and he walked out of the house and out of her life for many months. . . .

In the fall of 1842 Lincoln returned to Springfield and settled down to work, dejectedly enough. One evening, he went to call at the home of Simeon Francis, editor of the Sangamon *Journal,* who was a great friend of both Lincoln and Mary. The two men were talking in the parlor when the outer door slammed and Mary appeared, blinking in the lamplight. She gasped and turned to go but Lincoln made one great stride and seized her by both hands. . . .

"Mary," Lincoln went on, huskily, "I am the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on earth."

She looked up into the gray eyes that were so inexpressibly dear to her and although her lips quivered she could not prevent a dimple from appearing at the corner of her mouth as she said, "Misery loves company."

But for once Lincoln would not smile. "I've reached the point where I realize I'll never be anything but a husk of a man without you." . . .

Mary threw her pride to the winds. "I shall go widowed all my life, Abr'am, without you!"

Lincoln turned her face up to his. "Then we're going to be married before our friends or your relatives know what's

IT is an astounding thing to contemplate, the fact that Lincoln could grow to the god-like proportions he has attained in people's minds and so little be said about his wife.

To be sure there exists a very decided popular opinion today about Mrs. Lincoln. Ask the first American you meet "What kind of a woman was Lincoln's wife?" and the chances are ninety-nine out of a hundred that he'll reply that she was a shrew, a curse to her husband, a vulgar fool, insane. But one can't build an authentic characterization on gossip although, at first, it looked as if there was little else to be found about Mary Todd Lincoln.

—Honore Willsie Morrow

happening. I reckon I've learned my lesson."

A few days later, Lincoln met Ninian Edwards on the street and informed him that he and Mary were going to be married that evening in the Episcopal Church.

Edwards, who was over six feet tall, drew himself up to utter a retort that should once and for all put the quietus on Lincoln. But the look he caught in the gaunt face above his own caused a sudden change in his words. What came forth, though grudgingly, was:

"No, Mary is my ward and must be married from my house." . . . And there they were united on a rainy Nov. 4, 1842.

After his marriage, Lincoln spent less and less time sitting around the sawdust spittoons in the stores of Springfield, arguing and swapping yarns. Mary was educating him. He spent more and more time in study and in general reading. However scantily the larder might be supplied, Mary saw to it that in the parlor there were always good books and she made her husband read these books aloud to her and discuss them with her. She read French and German poetry and philosophy and a French journal to him, regularly, translating as she read in her vivid, eager voice. No one could read or tell a story more expressively than Mary Lincoln. . . .

Both of them having such pronounced characteristics, it took a long time for them to make the marriage adjustment. But they climbed the final hill top to understanding when they had been married about seven years. Lincoln had been backsliding in the matter of spending his evenings at home. He was running for Congress and that gave him an excuse for many a long evening in his office with Herndon, his partner, swapping yarns in the old bachelor manner. After all, a spoiled boy, a sickly baby, a peppery wife, take the savor out of the most orderly home, at times.

Mary was hurt and worried. She didn't like Herndon. With her uncanny skill at sizing up men, she had seen his dangerous weaknesses from the moment of their meeting in 1840. He drank too much, used drugs, was lax with women. He had a strong hold on her husband's affection and admiration. She had a right to worry. And the more she fussed, the more Lincoln stayed away from home. . . .

> MARY Todd Lincoln had the reputation, I gathered, of having a bitter tongue. Did she say such dreadful things that people thought it best to leave her story untold? For a long time I thought that this was the reason for the mystery. Then I observed an interesting fact. The wives of none of the great men of that period were written about. They were just wives and that was all, in the eyes of the biographer.
>
> —Honore Willsie Morrow

Just before Willie's birth, a crisis came in Lincoln's career. He came home one day and said that he'd been offered the job of territorial Governor of Oregon and that he wanted to accept it.

To his astonishment, Mary shook her head, vehemently. "No! They are merely trying to hide you on the Pacific coast, Abr'am, because they fear you on the Atlantic."

"Nonsense!" protested Lincoln. "I've no more reputation than a yellow dog in the East. I'd like to go out into that wonderful new country. I think we'd do well. Perhaps we could get out of debt."

"You are meant for better things, Abr'am. The Almighty had a reason for giving you your wonderful brain and your unassailable balance. Some day He'll show you that reason, unmistakably, and you must be free to follow."

And although different committees of politicians waited on her, urging her to change her decision, Mary stood fast.

Abraham Lincoln, she told herself, was going into the White House, not into the woods of Oregon. . . .

When his friends suggested that he debate the slavery question with Stephen A. Douglas, Mary was enthusiastic. Money! She'd find it, somehow. The children! She'd manage, somehow. And she did. She wrote her cousin while the debates were going on that although she was sitting in the kitchen, one foot on the cradle rocker, one hand stirring the stew pot while the other held the pen, she wished her sister to realize that Mary Todd was married not only to one of the Lord's saints but to a saint who was also one of the intellectual marvels of the world. "And I know his intellect for I've helped to stock it with facts!"

He needed a manager for all the externals of life and Mary was that manager during all the years of preparation for the "far off, divine event."

The debates with Douglas launched him well on the road to the Presidency. During the summer of 1860 Mary entertained extensively. She took an extra "hired girl," used a Chicago caterer when necessary, made herself several party dresses with crinolines as enormous as those of any Broadway belle and kept open house for the well-known men and women who came from all parts of the United States to consult with her husband.

On election day Mary suffered more from nerves than did her husband. He spent the day in his crowded office. There were a good many callers at the Lincoln home in the afternoon but in the evening the house was deserted. Mary, with the boys, went downtown for a little while and looked in at the hall where her husband was surrounded by an enormous and noisy crowd of men and women shouting out the early returns and singing:

"Oh, ain't you glad you joined the Republican party!"

She felt that the boys ought to hear the acclaim their father was receiving. Her only regret was that Eddie had not lived to witness it. But she could not bear the excitement and shortly she returned with the children to the quiet house. The boys went to bed. Mary sat beside the lamp sewing and thinking. It was nearing dawn when her husband came in. His face was ghastly white in the lamplight.

"Mary," he said huskily, "God help us, they have elected me!" . . .

The Lincolns had been in the White House about a week when Mary, splendid in a purple grenadine, swept into young Stoddard's office. Stoddard was the third of Lincoln's secretaries and among other duties was to help Mary with the social work of the Administration. She tossed a letter before him.

"How can I have the author of that arrested," she cried. . . .

Young Stoddard flushed. "It's anonymous. You'll receive many such, Madam President. Don't read them!"

"Don't be a fool!" exclaimed Mary. "I must know what I have to meet, mustn't I?"

She seized the letter and coming upon her husband in the hall, insisted that he read it at once.

He took her into his room and scanned the letter with an arm around her shoulders. When he had finished, he said in a tone of firmness she seldom had heard from him:

"Mary, I forbid you ever to read such sewage again. We'll get a lot of that stuff. We will give it the deaf ear."

He threw the letter in the grate and left her. . . .

For a while it looked to Mary as if all the years of fighting for self-control were to be useless in the face of this type of torment. She could not stand under the lash of innuendo. But she got help from unexpected quarters.

Sumner was calling on Mary, one summer evening. Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, was one of the few noble personalities in Washington. . . .

He was the great anti-slavery leader in Congress and Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, so he was much at the White House.

Mary and Sumner met at the Inaugural Ball. They liked each other immediately. Sumner was Mary's type of man, intel-

lectual and of the polite world. In his turn, Sumner was astonished to find in Lincoln's wife a woman of exceptional intelligence and breadth of education. . . .

On this particular evening, Mary actually had brought a shout of laughter from the serious-eyed Sumner by her mimicry of Horace Greeley in his favorite act of lecturing her husband. But she did not allow him to laugh for she added, after the mock-Greeley had disappeared:

"He had the impertinence to warn Mr. Lincoln, also, against *my* intriguing with the South! Senator, do you know they say I am a spy, because I have half-brothers in the Rebel army?"

"I have heard so," admitted Sumner.

"But why am I treated so?" begged Mary. "I am as innocent as Taddie. Yet they insult me at my own dinner parties."

"You, too, are a victim of slavery," replied Sumner, sadly. "The ruling social set here prides itself on being Southern. Its members, male and female, hate this Administration, violently. They say you are a renegade Southerner—one of themselves gone over to the enemy side. You are of a slave-holding family, yet you ardently uphold the hands of the man who hates slavery. I tell you frankly, dear Mrs. Lincoln, they are bent on your social ruin." . . .

"I'll fight them, inch by inch," she cried.

"You can't fight malicious gossip, I've found," said Sumner. "Ignore it, Mrs. Lincoln. Give your mind to your husband's great problems."

"I'll try," replied Mary, but through set teeth.

And she did try. Heaven knows there were sufficient other troubles to occupy her mind. She was worried lest her husband's long-suffering nature make him too easy a prey for the unscrupulous both in and out of his Cabinet, soldiers as well as politicians. Her gift for sizing people up was invaluable to Lincoln, when he could force himself to act upon her estimates.

She warned him that he would never be President in anything but name until he had reduced Seward and Chase to their proper places, as subordinates. "Chase is an intriguer," she insisted, "and Seward is drunk with authority."

She told Lincoln, after her first interview with young General McClellan, "Your hero is a humbug. He is a coward and ambitious. He'll make himself dictator if you don't watch him."

Very early she lost patience with her husband's admiration for Horace Greeley. "What sort of a man is this," she demanded, "who screams invectives at you and at the South, then crawls under the bed and begs you to make peace with the South at any price?"

When Andrew Johnson was put forward as military Governor of Tennessee, she warned Lincoln, "He's a demagogue and if you place him in power, you and the country will one day rue it."

When Grant was at the beginning of his successes, she protested, "He'll win, Abr'am, he's a butcher. He loses two men to the enemies' one. He has no regard for human life."

It was an inevitable aspect of her bitter fate that the very qualities in her that helped to make her husband an immortal hero, fed the malignant tongues that ruined her fame. Her indomitable will and ambition would not allow her for a long time to give up the social struggle. She planned the social side of the White House life with her usual skill but she got nowhere. It was said and generally believed that she was a coarse parvenu, without social training, utterly unbalanced by her sudden elevation to grandeur. She was called low, coarse, gaudy, loud and a snob. She was threatened with assassination. Anonymous letters warned her that her boys would be kidnaped as well as her husband. . . .

That he was unhappily married is the very *sine qua non* of the acceptable picture of Lincoln, I suppose, simply because a tragic hero is so much bigger to the mind's eye than a happy one. A niece of the Lincolns who lived in the house with them for months on end says emphatically that this was a happy marriage; that Abraham and Mary loved each other devotedly. "Lincoln was slow, lazy and

hard to get going, not a family man in the homely sense. His wife was quick, energetic, unquenchably ambitious, with a witty tongue that could cut like a two-edged sword. She was quick to speak, quick to repent."

I have met many people who knew her. They all give this description of her. Nearly all of them had experienced the warmth and generosity of her heart. She was in a continual state of urging Lincoln on, of fussing over him and at him. He needed every bit of it. But it is easy to see how this combination gave birth to the legend of his unhappiness.—From Honore Willsie Morrow's *Mary Todd Lincoln,* by permission of William Morrow & Company

DEMOCRACY SINCE THE WAR

FASHION weaves her spell over the world of talk and thought as over the world of dress, and just now the reigning mode is to disparage democracy. Men's minds were so long dulled by the older and cruder fashion of trumpeting hollow rhetorical laudations of democracy that the younger generations grew first cool, then sceptical, and finally bored, and craved some fresher, more exotic and more stimulating tune; and, as is always the case in a horse-trading world, the demand which sprang up has been richly and obligingly met with a supply in all respects adequate and agreeable to the newest taste.

The critics of democracy, given their cue, have had no trouble in picking up themes aplenty to harp on; for the great impartial world of fact bears on its surface without need for deep exploration about as many short and easy arguments for snap judgments on one side of any question as on the other. Throwing stones at fly-blown idols always attracts an admiring crowd; and when the stones can be gathered gratis and by the handful from every newspaper headline the idol breakers multiply and are not overscrupulous to weigh the stones they throw.

When it was modish to praise democracy we were invited to gape in admiration at its obvious accomplishments and close our eyes to its failings; now the command is simply reversed and we are told to focus our glasses on its equally obvious shortcomings and shut our eyes to its solid merits. . . .

Much of the supposed discontent with democracy is not discontent with democracy at all; it is discontent with weak and corrupt government. The conditions of the modern world are producing more and more situations where the action of government must be prompt, decisive, courageous. If democracy or any other type of government is to succeed it must be organized to meet these emergencies. The weakness of democratic governments in Europe, outside of Great Britain, has been often attributed to the absence of the two-party system and the existence of numerous small parties whose constantly forming and reforming alliances result in the constant making and breaking of shortlived Cabinets.

That the evil is not always as grave as is sometimes represented is proved by the recent history of France, where in the face of the financial crisis of two years ago a majority of the Chambers rallied to the firm leadership of Poincare. But in any event, the two-party system is rather a result than a cause. Where government is organized to promote localism and blockade responsible initiative, whether two parties exist in name or not, governmental action will inevitably wait upon the will of warring minorities and government will be weak; and weak government, whether monarchic or oligarchic or democratic, will in times of great decisions bring discredit upon monarchy or oligarchy or democracy. —Dr. John Dickinson, Professor of Politics at Princeton University, in the New York *World*

What Can a Man Believe?

BRUCE BARTON, himself a business man, received a letter from a business man, who said: "I should like to see a book written which will answer these questions on religion—What few simple things, if any, can a business man believe? If there is to be a 'faith of the future' what kind of a faith will it be?" Here is his answer to them.

THERE are many people now living who, if they were to make a written inventory of their earliest religious impressions would probably produce a record something like this:

The earth is a testing ground suspended midway between Heaven and Hell. It was thrown together rather impulsively by God in six days. He is an old man with white whiskers, and very vain, since He insists that the principal duty of men and women is to render Him unceasing praise. He placed in the Garden of Eden a most attractive tree as a deliberate temptation to Adam and Eve, and, having all knowledge, He was well aware that they would succumb. When they did, He turned them out of the Garden, sentenced them to labor, pain and sorrow, and condemned their descendants forever. Some generations later, when the human race showed no evidences of perfection, He lost His temper again, repented that He had ever created it, and destroyed practically all life, animal and human, by a world-wide flood. Only Noah and his family were saved, and we are their descendants.

Since the flood the race has been neither better nor worse than before, and practically all of its members were damned until a little over nineteen hundred years ago. At that time Jesus, His only Son, persuaded God to let Him come to earth and die for the human race. By this sacrifice God permitted His wrath to be appeased toward whatever small fraction of humanity should thereafter believe in Jesus and confess His name.

Sunday is God's day, and there must be no pleasure of any sort from morning to night. Religion consists of going to church on Sunday, saying one's prayers at night, and abstaining from wine, women, song and profanity. Hell is a place of eternal torment somewhere under the earth. Heaven is a city beyond the skies, where the streets are paved with gold, and the sole occupation of the inhabitants is playing on harps and telling God how kind and wonderful He is. Many are called but few are chosen and, while one may hope for salvation through a rigid stifling of pleasure and a continuous observance of religious rites, still the chances are against success, and death is a moment of horrible fear. . . .

Overdrawn as this statement may be in parts, it will call up corroborative

WHAT are some of the lessons which the church could learn from business?

1. In one important respect the church can learn honesty from business.

2. It sounds almost shocking, yet it is true, that in some respects the church does not have as much faith as business.

3. Stated in another way, business is endlessly flexible and adaptable; the church is too often rigid and unadaptable. I speak now particularly of the Protestant Church; the Roman Catholic Church has shown a deeper knowledge of human nature and more capacity for giving the people what the people really need.

4. Business checks up on itself frequently to be sure that it still is headed for its original goals. Is there not need for a similar check-up on the part of the church?

—Bruce Barton

memories in the minds of many middle-aged readers. The rigid creed with which they started life began to crumble under the influence of high school and college. Astronomy assaulted it. They learned with some dismay that our world is not the center of the universe, supremely important, but merely one tiny speck in a vast collection of worlds. Is it then the only world inhabited by intelligent beings? Would God build so great a universe and let so much go to waste—a hotel of a million rooms in which only one was tenanted? It does not sound reasonable. But if there are other worlds, inhabited by beings like ourselves or better, must not these inhabitants also be children of God? And, if so, had Jesus descended upon these other worlds to die, repeating indefinitely the tragic drama of His earthly experience chronicled in the New Testament?

Biology and history delivered other blows. They showed no record of Adam and Eve, beings created perfect and fallen by sin to a lower plane. On the contrary, they pictured a slow, painful struggle upward, a "survival of the fittest"—progress achieved by bitter epochs of selection but resulting always in something better. If their records were true; if there had been no fall through Adam, then what became of the frightful wrath of the Creator and the appeasing atonement of the Son?

The process of disillusionment was bewildering. Millions of earnest, sincere people were shaken, and knew not what to believe. . . .

Medicine has constantly progressed by rejecting the old truth for the new; science rejects and moves forward; business refuses to regard precedent as binding or even, in many instances, instructive. To many modern-minded folk, accustomed to almost daily revisions of their thinking in every other department of life, it seemed that religion alone was unprogressive, still clinging stubbornly to the "faith once delivered to the saints." From this old fixed faith their progressive intelligence turned away, and great groups of them assumed that there was nothing to be set up in its place. So it happened that religion, which if it be true should be as natural a part of human experience as eating or talking or moving, dropped out of the daily thinking of many upright and kindly people. . . .

It may almost be said that to talk about religion is no longer good form. That snobbish lady, Convention, whose nod is stronger than a constitutional amendment, has pronounced the subject old-fashioned. Even some preachers go about as if their success depended on having men forget that they are preachers. They organize clubs, attend ball games, and are good fellows generally, but their entrance into a group of men brings no consciousness that a prophet has entered, in whom are the words of eternal life. A great conspiracy of silence! Yet secretly, furtively, deep down, there is hardly a thinking man who does not cling to some remnant of belief; even an Ingersoll at his brother's grave cries out: "From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word.

THE ROCK GARDEN

I shall not plant these flowers upon your grave.
There, in undreaming sleep, you would not know
If, softly, into petaled loveliness,
The multicolored buds of them should grow.

Instead, I'll use their quaint simplicity
To stitch our little garden's rocky hem.
Here I shall plant this scilla, Wedgwood blue,
Pink saxifrage, gold Stars of Bethlehem.
Here I shall put frail-chaliced crocuses,
And jonquils to be harbingers of spring.
Here I shall plant these pansies, kitten-faced,
And all the simple flowers the neighbors bring.
Then, early at some April eventide,
When near gray rocks the blossom-colors shine—

(Continued on next page)

but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

. . . The present situation is cowardly and absurd. Either faith is something or it is nothing. If it be nothing; if, because of the newer revelations of science, there be left no foundation for belief which an intelligent man can accept and build on, then the quicker we admit that fact and have done with it the greater our self-respect. . . .

If, however, there be a real solid basis, however simple, for religious faith, then we add greatly to our own courage and that of our comrades if we examine it, accept it, and treat it as a frank and normal part of human experience. The middle ground of half-ashamed silence is unworthy. . . .

I know that my intelligence {and by *me* I mean, of course, mankind} is the highest and most powerful thing in the natural universe. Nature is subject to it, for I can harness the winds and the water-falls, remove mountains and cause rivers to turn back on their courses. All animals are subject to it, for I can outthink and outplan them. They have a wide range of emotions; they fear, hate, love, sorrow, perhaps they dream. But I alone stand erect, looking back as well as forward, capitalizing experience, predicating the future on my memory of the past, seeing for myself, in imagination, a more favorable set of circumstances and proceeding by my own will to make my dreams come true. . . .

Because I have intelligence, there must be Intelligence behind the universe. Let us venture to repeat that. Because I have intelligence there must be Intelligence behind the universe. Why? Because otherwise the universe has created something greater than itself, for it has created me; and the assumption that the lesser can produce the greater, that something can come out of nothing, does violence to my common sense. I can not conceive or accept it. In other words because I am, I believe God is. . . .

The statement that "no astronomer can be an atheist" is an argument and not a proof, yet I find it convincing in those months which I spend in the country where one can look up and see the stars. In the city where I make my own stars by touching a button, where I control heat and cold by the turn of a valve and order my existence by the touch of a toe on the throttle of a car or a scratch on the bottom of a check —in the city and the winter the stars in the heavens do not speak so loudly.

I fall back then upon my own self-knowledge. I say: Since no one can prove either that there is a God or that there is not, each one of us has a right to accept the alternative which does least violence to his own reason. To my finite mind God is inconceivable, but a universe which just happened is *more* inconceivable. A Divine Intelligence is beyond my meager comprehension, and as for the Divine Plan, I do not see what it is; but I know that men and women are intelligent, and to believe that an unintelligent universe has produced something greater than itself; that molecules of matter, combining through the ages, have evolved into the mind that wrote Shakespeare's sonnets, or fashioned the statues of Phidias, or com-

Timidly sure and gayly delicate—
You will return and place your hand in mine.
You will return and be so pleased to note
Grape hyacinths—such perfect, tiny things
That where they are one looks for fairy forms
And listens for the whir of wee, thin wings.
Then you will marvel that this rocky place
Has, after barren years, begun to bloom,
And you will say it is another proof
Of Life arisen from a stone-sealed tomb!

I shall not put these flowers upon your grave,
There, where you lie asleep, you would not see.
But there, in this small garden that you loved,
You will be walking every day with me!

—Violet Alleyn Storey, in *Good Housekeeping*

posed Mozart's Minuet, or led Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross rather than compromise—this to me is absurdity. I can not accept it. It is far easier, far more reasonable to believe that all intelligence is somehow a part of a Great Intelligence; that because I think, God thinks, because I plan, He plans.

Since, then, there is a God, what kind of a God is He?

My answer is that He must be at least as good as I am, for He created me, and my intelligence is a tiny fragment of His own. And I know in my heart that I am much better than most of the mental images which men have created in the past and labeled "gods." . . .

There must, it seems to me, be some sort of life beyond the grave. I believe this, not because I particularly crave it; sometimes, indeed, when I am thoroughly tired out, it seems as if an eternity of rest would be more desirable than an eternity of life. But when I am at the top of my game, then it is that I have the craving to go on—and so do you. So does everybody. And to my way of thinking immortality of some sort is a necessary complement to the existence and nature of God. . . .

I can not picture Heaven. My former ideas are all unsatisfying, and I have no new ideas to fill their place. I have ceased to try to picture it. But there must be some place hereafter where life goes on, where injustices are righted and inequalities evened up, where those who have been thwarted and disappointed and cheated are given a fairer field and a better chance. This world as we know it can not be the whole answer, for it does not square with intelligence. And Intelligence is God. . . .

The old-time "conflict between science and religion" is dead. As a matter of fact, there never was any conflict between science and religion, only between science and theology. Theology is to religion what botany is to flowers. One may love roses and know nothing of botany; one may have faith and know nothing of creeds. Modern religion is scientific in its attitude of eager searching, in its prayer: "Oh, God, give us more and more truth, for we know that Thy revelation of Thyself was not completed and closed in the distant past but continues and will always continue." And modern science is religious in its frank confession that beyond its farthest reaches there is the vast Unknowable, and its humble confession that each day's knowledge needs revising in the light of each new sun. . . .

The ablest men in all the walks of modern life are men of faith. Most of them have much more faith than they themselves realize. Ask them if they are religious, and they may hesitate to answer yes. Seek to talk to them about religion, and they may draw into their shells. . . . Yet hardly one of them would deny the simple, common-sense argument set down in this chapter.

They are great human beings, these modern business men. So determined to stand straight that they lean over backward; so eager to state no more than the truth that they often stop at much less. There was one of their sort in the life of Jesus, a captain in the Roman army, a successful administrator and a rich man. He sent to Jesus and asked for the healing of his servant. The disciples and other Jewish friends in Capernaum carried the message apologetically. They said in effect: "This man is a pagan, Lord. He is a kind and generous man, a contributor to our churches and we wish you would do something for him if you can. But, of course, he is lacking in faith."

That was the man's own estimate of himself, as well. He would have called himself a good citizen, a supporter of all worthy causes, but religious? No. Yet of that man Jesus said: "I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel."

The men who are building great businesses are the men who maybe feel uncomfortable if religion is brought into the talk. Yet their whole lives are tremendous experiments in faith, and deep down inside them are voices that will not be stilled.—From Bruce Barton's *What Can a Man Believe?* by permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Company through the author.

Fifteen Best Short Stories of the World

Since 1915 the author of this article has compiled and edited an annual selection of Best Short Stories of contemporary authorship that has established him internationally as a judge of fiction and a critic of authority. Here he lays aside all barriers of time and language and chooses the fifteen short stories which he believes rank above all others ever written. His reasons are illuminating.

It is, of course, impossible to select with any certainty the fifteen finest short stories in the world for the simple reason that we have no such perspective of time in the history of the short story as we have in the history of the epic, the lyric, or the drama. The tradition of the short story has no age; furthermore, it has not yet achieved a settled classical form. . . .

Such being the case, there would seem to be four methods of setting about our provisional choice. We may choose the stories we like best personally; we may choose the stories which have the most satisfying literary form; or again those which have the most significant substance grounded in experience and perception; or finally we may choose the stories which unite all three of these qualities so far as we are able to distinguish them. For the sake of my own honesty I have adopted this last method of choice. . .

Each of them, to use Edwin Arlington Robinson's fine phrase, is a "man against the sky." It seems to me, therefore, that we shall be well advised if we choose those stories in which man plays out his part in the drama of life against an eternal sky, whose presence as a protagonist in the play the author has successfully perceived and conveyed to his readers. The fifteen stories I have chosen are, therefore, fifteen balances between the nobility of man and the nobility of the eternal powers.

HERE, to be seen at a glance, are listed what the distinguished critic, Edward J. O'Brien, regards as the fifteen best short stories ever written:

1. *Benito Cereno* by Herman Melville
2. *Ethan Brand* by Nathaniel Hawthorne
3. *The Tell-Tale Heart* by Edgar Allan Poe
4. *The Turn of the Screw* by Henry James
5. *The Three Strangers* by Thomas Hardy
6. *Youth* by Joseph Conrad
7. *El Ombu* by W. H. Hudson
8. *The Phantom 'Rickshaw* by Rudyard Kipling
9. *The Fly* by Katherine Mansfield
10. *An Episode of the Reign of Terror* by Honore de Balzac
11. *Mateo Falcone* by Prosper Merimee
12. *A Simple Heart* by Gustave Flaubert
13. *Two Friends* by Guy de Maupassant
14. *The Black Monk* by Anton Chekhov
15. *Lazarus* by Leonid Andreyev

1. *Benito Cereno* {1856} by Herman Melville. I regard this as the noblest short story in American literature. The balance of forces is complete, the atmosphere one of epic significance, the light cast upon the hero intense to the highest degree, the realization of the human soul profound, and the telling of the story orchestrated like a great symphony. Although it is the greatest short story in American literature, it has been practically inaccessible and is known to very few people.

2. *Ethan Brand* {1852} by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Apart from this story, it would be difficult to choose from Hawthorne's best work, but here we have Hawthorne at his moment of greatest perception after he had lived near Melville for a season in the Berkshires and had perceived one of the greatest and noblest tragedies in life acted before his eyes. Melville had finished *Moby Dick* and had found the great white whale than which there is no more terrible or impious discovery, if it has been made by will alone. The tragedy of this discovery, of man becoming Lucifer and seeing God for a moment, is one of the

greatest and noblest tragedies possible to human experience and it struck Melville dumb. I think it has never been pointed out before that Hawthorne saw Melville's soul naked as it cast itself into everlasting fire. That final act is the story of Ethan Brand, and Hawthorne, whose heart was full of pity for everlasting evil, has chronicled it in a story of everlasting beauty.

3. *The Tell-Tale Heart* {1843} by Edgar Allan Poe. I suppose I shall be accused of heresy if I suggest that most of Poe's short stories seem to me meretricious. They are superb *tours de force*, in which the author flees from reality by means of rationalization, and constructs a mechanical universe according to his own pattern to replace the real universe which he has forsworn. He is hagridden by the furies and flees even from the acceptance of their existence. In *The Tell-Tale Heart* he has confronted them, however, as Orestes confronted the Furies, and made obeisance to truth which he hated, though that obeisance may have been against his will. . . . This story anticipates Dostoevsky, and we know that Dostoevsky anticipated our life. It has faultless integrity, spiritual intensity which is not melodramatic but profoundly tragic, and inevitable form.

4. *The Turn of the Screw* {1898} by Henry James. The whole life of Henry James was devoted to drawing distinctions, to the assertion of quality against quantity, of the individual against standardization. His struggle was largely nullified by fear. In *The Turn of the Screw* he has confronted that fear, looked it straight in the eyes and, in my belief, walked through it. As a story I dislike it intensely, but the measure of my dislike is heavily overbalanced by the author's fidelity to what he knew. Henry James was alone against the sky when he wrote this story, and he confronted his own darkest secret intrepidly and won a victory. The length of *The Turn of the Screw* does not bar it from being classified as a short story. Its theme, its action, and its atmosphere are single, and its structure is cut to the bone of significance.

5. *The Three Strangers* {1888} by Thomas Hardy. The rumbling of great forces in this story is low and muffled at first, but increases steadily and surely until they control the drama enacted before our eyes. This is a god's-eye view of human nature, steady, sure, and compassionate, with eyes alert to the faintest shadow of secret meaning, with Greek pity, and on the losing side. It has no fear, it is proud, it is hopeless. Around it the forces of nature move indifferent to man's doom, yet one feels that that doom may still be transcended, that it may lead to the act of faith which will triumphantly conquer its pride.

6. *Youth* {1902} by Joseph Conrad. There can be no doubt that our test of substance warrants our choice of this story from all others that Conrad ever wrote. Here we have the struggle of man in his simplicity, courage, and faith against fate as embodied in the forces of evil and the natural elements of earth, air, fire and water. Man accepts no challenge, nor does he perceive a challenge. In his simplicity he merely sees difficulties, and overcomes them so far as his soul is concerned, even in a losing fight. Seldom have the great natural forces been portrayed so truthfully. . . .

7. *El Ombu* {1902} by W. H. Hudson. I have chosen this story because of its perfect fusion of profound substance with incomparable form. No great story written in English has been told so quietly, almost secretly, as this. It is the story of a man and of a spiritual continent, with the skies of the Pampas as its background against which man rides on and rides alone. The rhythm of the story is the rhythm of wind and air, the melody of the story the melody of loyalty, suffering and death. . . .

8. *The Phantom 'Rickshaw* {1888} by Rudyard Kipling. This story is the reply of divine justice to all that Kipling's later imperialism represents. This reply has used Kipling's incomparable technique as a medium to affirm that everlasting law of justice which Kant finds comparable only with the movement of the everlasting heavens. The phantom in the 'rickshaw is more real and living even than Mulvaney, more

sure, more restrained in its certainty, more living than the dead man who walks about believing that he is still alive. For that phantom is the only living part of that man, the undying part, the eternal remorse that follows a spiritual refusal. Compared with that phantom the man is dust, and British India is dust, and the question which that phantom silently asks is yet unanswered.

9. *The Fly* {1923} by Katherine Mansfield. This story is as inevitable as the passage of time from hour to hour, from day to day, from year to year. It is an unhappy story, if you like, an untrue story, but it has a cry in it which has never been stilled from age to age, though that cry may be and should be transcended. The author sees with that terrible innocence of eye which children have, but here it is an old innocence deepened by suffering and by rebellion. Nothing escapes it, nothing is added to it, very little is said about it; but the total impression recorded is an eternal one.

10. *An Episode of the Reign of Terror* {1846} by Honore de Balzac. I have found it difficult to select Balzac's finest story, and I shall quarrel with no one who makes another choice. For our purpose, however, this tale appears to lack that slight element of overemphasis which was Balzac's chief weakness as a story teller. It contains nearly all the primal emotions of man in conflict with mystery, injustice and suffering. The chief actors in the story are not men but forces, and these forces are never mentioned, scarcely hinted at; but they are the most important forces in the world. . . .

11. *Mateo Falcone* {1829} by Prosper Merimee. This most primitive story is pagan, too, if you like, with all the pagan virtues—hot, stark, staring justice under a hot, stark, staring sky. The story is told with a reticence which is like the electric stillness of air before a great storm. It has the relentlessness of the Old Testament, the breathless heat which aroused panic in the Greeks, the stern unalterable justice of Roman law, and the quick flaming passion of the modern Corsican.

12. *A Simple Heart* {1877} by Gustave Flaubert. This story shares with *El Ombu* that quality of stillness which is identical with the greatest and deepest awareness. No form could apparently be simpler or less obtrusive than the form of this story; yet no simplicity is more piercing to the heart. No subject could apparently offer less inspiration to the artist than this poor old servant, seemingly so passive, so stupid, and so dull. . . .This story is the greatest act of faith made by any story teller I know, and the form of it is as faultless as its substance. . . .

13. *Two Friends* {1882} by Guy de Maupassant. The pre-eminence of Guy de Maupassant as a short story writer is that of intelligence only, and it is hard, therefore, to find a story of his which completely answers the qualifications I have set down. In *Two Friends* is something of the same quality that I find in *A Simple Heart.* There is the same innocent dumbness, the same spiritual inviolability, the same inevitable irony, and in the death of these two friends we feel that they live far more intensely and completely than they have ever lived before. The technical form of the story is, of course, superb, the economy without bareness, the drama achieved without forcing the note anywhere, the overtones heard when the drama is over.

14. *The Black Monk* {1894} by Anton Chekhov. There are several other stories by Chekhov which nearly qualify for inclusion in this list—notably *The Darling* and *The Bet*—but *The Black Monk* achieves something more complete, nothing less than a synthesis of the spiritual life of our time as reflected in any great modern artist, Dostoevsky if you like, or Emily Bronte. . . .Here all temptations are encountered, all sins committed, all hope for the time abandoned; but life makes its final affirmation from the brink of the grave.

15. *Lazarus* {1906} by Leonid Andreyev. If *The Black Monk* shows us life making its final answer from the brink of the grave, *Lazarus* perhaps goes a step further and suggests to us the answer life

may bring back from the other side of the grave. This answer which has no words but glows in the eyes of Lazarus, confronts emperors, governments, philosophers, and towers and overthrows them by a great unspoken question, nay more, by what is sensed as the ultimate test of reality. Worldly wisdom is what is sensed as the ultimate test of reality. Worldly wisdom is declared bankrupt, pleasure a vain toy, life a trial only, and death the ultimate testimony. In that testimony life finds either its hope or its despair. The eyes of Lazarus burn all pomp and vanity away, and their flame turns inward to consume the soul, to consume it with love or with the fires of hell as the case may be. Andreyev gives us no answer to the question roused by the eyes of Lazarus. That answer is in our own hearts, and there only shall we find it.—Edward J. O'Brien, in *The Forum*

WILL ROGERS READS A MAGAZINE

Say did a fashion Magazine ever fall into your hands? I don't mean a woman's fashion one, Lord we have all spent half our life looking at "Laungerie" ads. But what I mean did a men's fashion Magazine ever drop across your trail? Well my wife dug one up somewhere, and she has got a pretty good sense of humor, and I heard her giggling at this thing, and asked what it was, and I am telling you that it was a great big prosperous Magazine.

It tells about how the men of Palm Beach that are "well dressed" change five times a day. "Green is the color that has made its appearance in men's jackets, Lovatt's blue, green, gray greens, lapels are of a stuby character, as made by English tailors, small patterned neckwear in foulard continues." So watch your jackets. Lack of a pea green jacket has held many a good man back. Now don't by any chance throw away your old foulard ties, they are going to get some mileage out of them. You take a good small pattern tie on a smooth neck, and it ought to do from two to five hundred cocktails without showing wear. Of course, on a rough neck it will gradually wear itself frayed at the edges.

Have you given any thought much to your bathrobe? There is a thing that you must decide on. They have "bright colored terry robes and elaborate designs and solid color contrasted trimmings." Those are mostly worn by men that buy on margins. I have become so discouraged over the selection of my bathrobe that sometimes I think I will just get out of the tub and get right into my clothes, like I have been doing, and not monkey with one of the things.

There is a new cocoanut straw hat that is being worn by just a few of the very smartly dressed men of Palm Beach and Nassau. It's got a high "puggaree" band and a "careless" curl to the brim. Maybe it will help you get your Ford order through quicker if you only had a touch of "puggaree" to your old lid.

Now, boneheads like you and I can't imagine sane people taking all this junk serious, but they do. Why if a tie has one more dot in it than the one worn by Tony Biddle, their day is spoiled. Talk about women being vain and always primping, why, say, men will make a sucker out of any woman when it comes to thinking he is about the grapes.—Will Rogers, in the New York *Herald Tribune*

"AT least a million hot ball fans in this country, admirers of yours, believe in the Bible and Shakespeare as the two greatest books ever written, and some of them would like to know if there are any special parts of these books that are favorites of yours."

"A ball player don't have time to read," Ruth replied, "and it isn't good for the eyes. A ball player lasts only as long as his legs and eyes. He can't take any chances on his eyes. . . .If somebody reads a book to me I get more out of it. I memorize nearly all of it; when I read it myself I forget it."—George Herman ["Babe"] Ruth, the baseball player, interviewed by Carl Sandburg

The Plight of the Churches

STATISTICS published by Dr. W. R. Patterson of the General Council of the Presbyterian church revealed that 11,394 congregations of three of the most influential Protestant denominations—Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist—did not have a single convert during the past year. A New York City Pastor here examines seven of the favorite alibis of non-churchgoers.

THE seven flagrant excuses for not going to church are the death plague to church attendance now ravaging among the Protestants in America.

The first alibi is:

"I work so hard all week that when Sunday comes I sleep late and hang around home, reading the newspaper."

The second one is:

"I can be a Christian without going to church on Sunday. Deeds are what counts. No, you will never get me to attend church regularly. If I should die tonight I am ready to face my Maker."

The third excuse is:

"Church and Sunday school are all right for children, but I had enough of both of them when I was young."

The fourth is:

"I worship God through communion with nature on the Sabbath."

Does he?

The fifth alibi is:

"I can worship God on the golf course just as well as in the church."

Does he?

The sixth one is:

"I always hear one or two church services every Sunday over the radio. We have our church at home. I don't see any need why I should go to church."

And the last of the alibis is:

"I was cheated out of $10 by a deacon once. Since that is the kind of people running the church I won't have anything more to do with them."

These seven deadly objections to participation in service of divine worship are the reasons that millions of Protestants give when approached about attendance upon church services.

Underneath all of these reasons for absence from church is the failure to recognize that active participation in divine worship makes a unique contribution to the life of an individual, which can not be derived in any other use of Sunday.

Sleeping late Sunday morning does give physical and mental rest, provided the previous night has not been dissipated, but not soul rest.

In an intelligent man's plan to secure recuperation for his whole personality, the buoyancy which comes through rest at worship must be estimated highly. The wear and drag of week-day activities upon the soul of man are tremendous. Often the importance of one's work shrinks into nothingness. Confidence in human nature is diluted.

The vision of the supremacy of God's value in human society grows dimmer and almost fades away.

Saturday night brings people to the frazzled edges of their spiritual lives. Their souls need overhauling. Worship affords that opportunity to investigate the road maps of life to see if they are on the right road. Worship gives a chance to search out the worth while interests.

Worship clears away the fog and shows clearly that this is God's universe, and that God does live and communicate with His children.

Honest worship of God does give an individual spiritual rest, which is almost always never obtained anywhere else except in attendance upon church.

Follow all the ways of the seven deadly excuses. None of them will bring one the spiritual satisfaction which may be derived from divine worship. . . .

So many persons believe that worship consists in going to church service and allowing themselves to be exposed to the music, sermon and prayers. If the exposure does not take, it is the fault of the church, and not their own overcrowded minds.

They consider that their responsibility is fulfilled when they bring themselves to the church service.

People have to prepare themselves for worship in order to secure the unique spiritual value from it. They have to cultivate the mood of worship. The only value of music and prayer and sermon is stimulation of this mood. The chief responsibility for actual participation in the service of worship rests upon the individual. . . .

The time to begin is now to recover the lost art of worship. If people do actually acquire the skill, they will attend church service, because the soul finds rest when it rests in God.—Rev. C. Everett Wagner, West Side Methodist Episcopal Church, New York City

THE STREET OF STARS

BROADWAY has been described in many manners. It exists as a physical fact, as a symbol of a certain sort of national yearning for expression, as a standard of comparison in morals, and as a way of thinking.

As a physical fact, it is a crooked and somewhat narrow street trailing from the lowest tip of Manhattan Island to the city limits of Yonkers and beyond; and so it is, with the disputed exception of Halsted street, Chicago, the longest metropolitan thoroughfare in the world. . . .

Like any other "community," Broadway for most of its denizens is a place to make a living and to get ahead in life by the methods best suited to the talents God gave them. To the lonely and aspiring hoofer, the fannie-falling comedian, the ukelele player with the special technique and the singer with something peculiar about his voice, trouping the one-night stands in the southern swamps and western prairies, Broadway is the Big Apple, the Main Stem, the goal of all ambition, the pot of gold at the end of a drab and somewhat colorless rainbow. To those who have fought and struggled their way to Broadway and have played for a brief while before its glittering lights and to Broadway's applause—and have lost, or slipped out of, popular favor—it is a tragedy of hopes.

It is a place where actresses and chorus girls, good actors and ham actors, talented people and untalented people are out of work for long stretches at a time, where poverty stalks in tarnished tinsel, and where competition is perhaps crueller and more cut-throat in its methods than in any other place in the world.

It is a hard and destructive community even for those who "click" or make good on it; for those who play on Broadway are neurotic, restless and easily bored. They want novelty and they are quickly fed up with repetition. And that goes for the buyer for a village general store who gets on to New York once or twice a year for a combined business trip and unholy spree, as well as for night-club promoters, gamblers, gunmen, bootleggers, rich spendthrifts, and other regular patrons of New York's night-life.

What you accomplished last season doesn't matter. "What have you got now?" is the incessant query. Yesterday's favorites, so far as Broadway cares a whoop, are tomorrow's also-rans. There is nothing so dead on Broadway as a waning star. As far as Broadway is concerned, a star that is no longer in the ascendant is already extinct.

This recorder has observed Broadway for fourteen years. He has no ax to grind. Broadway's been pretty good to him, too. But the sentiments to which he subscribes are best summed up in the banal song with the refrain:

"A painted smile, a hard luck tale,
A helping hand . . .
They're all for sale
On Broadway!"

—Walter Winchell in *The Bookman*

RELIGIOUS education interferes with instead of assisting the normal development of sex. Instead of helping the child to assimilate his sex problems on a basis of hygiene and intelligence, the Church interprets all his experiences in terms of degeneracy and sin.—Dr. V. H. Podstata, psychiatrical specialist of the University of California

Women and the Marriage Market

FEMALE companionship is the one thing, next to food, that men will have at any price. Women get on most handily without men; men can hardly turn a wheel without women. Women may like men, may want them, but do not need them. Men may dislike women, may not want them, but do need them. There are some exceptions on both sides, but very few, and I should say from my own observation, about equally divided.

I have seen some half-dozen men in my life who seem independent of women's companionship, and about as many women who could not get along indefinitely and very comfortably without men. John Adams, in his vigorous commonsense way, built his whole political philosophy on the generalization that "the first want of man is his dinner, and the second want, his girl." This is a truth of as wide application, probably, as any outside the realm of mathematics. I quite believe that if it were not for women we should soon have not even a semblance of anything which we now call civilized living. How this came to be so is a matter for the researches and speculations of the learned; the business of the unlearned is with the fact alone.

But in applying this truth, observation discounts the universal assumption that this interest in female companionship is always primarily biological. Often it is, but quite as often—I personally believe far oftener—it is not. The general run of the learned, and the whole crop of fictioneers, seem to assume that man is led to woman primarily by a raw animal interest, and that what accrues from it collaterally, if anything, is lagnappe. I believe that if Mr. Sherwood Anderson, say, or Mr. James Branch Cabell, really examined the matter, he might be surprised to find how often it is the other way around. It stands to reason for, after all, the means of satisfying a purely biological interest in womankind is of extremely easy access. Even when this interest degenerates into a kind of collector's mania, as in the classical instance of Captain Macheath in the *Beggar's Opera*—

> I sipped each flower,
> I changed every hour,

—almost any moderately personable male individual can roll up quite a catalogue of achievement in the course of fifteen or twenty years of steady application. But those whose actual demands on womankind are primarily of this order are not found as often as our literature, both popular and scientific, would indicate.

The second fundamental fact to be remarked is that man, requiring female companionship more than anything in the world except food, and having to deal for it with beings who do not nearly so much require his companionship—who can, in fact, get on quite well without it—must deal for it on such terms as he can get. This throws woman at once into the role of a *merchant*, which is precisely what she now primarily is in her

NOT TOO RETICENT NOW!

There are things in her I've never found before.
The things were there—it took me long to find them.
There were moods I longed to sing out more and more,
But I left them where my reticence could mind them.
Few are the clouds I feel when I am near her—
The darkest things in me are growing clearer;
But somehow though I say I've found them now,
How shall I breathe them, bare them, swear them—how?

It's taken ten long years for me to find
I never loved the earth until she came.
It's taken eight full years for my slow mind
To learn my birth began with her new name.
But damned if I'll need many minutes more
To shout what I have always felt before!

—Alfred Kreymborg, in *Harper's Magazine*

relations with men, both by birth of a long heredity, and by exactly the same order of social training that has made such marvellous merchants of the Quakers, Jews and Armenians. She has certain goods, certain lines of trade, any of which is susceptible of high specialization, and she can make her own terms for them in whatever market may be open to her.

The moment this is understood a number of rather obscure matters become clear. The proverbially formal attitude of women toward one another where men are concerned—to put it as gently as possible—the very special character of their criticisms and judgments on one another are the outcome of a primary and strictly competitive commercial relationship. . . .

Other qualities that are put down by common consent as characteristic of the sex, their possessiveness, their inflexible obstinacy tempered only with guile, their inability to take any but a personal estimate of anything, their unhandiness with abstractions, their skill at compromise, are all characteristic of the born and bred trader. Even "woman's intuition," of which so much is made in poetry and drama, does not come out particularly in real life except in matters which bear directly or indirectly on her trade. It is a secondary intuition, bred of special experience, and exactly corresponds to that developed by similarly special experience in the Jew and the Armenian.

What is known under the grandiose name of "sex antagonism," upon which so many top-lofty structures of speculation have been built, is of an obviously commercial character. Certain matters of etiquette and deportment, certain reticences, dissimulations, affectations, and the like, are but so many modes of merchandising, by no means peculiar to women, but peculiar to merchants with goods to sell. . . .

Even the baser characteristics usually ascribed to women. . . . become understandable in this view; and not only so, but when they are fairly considered their baseness largely evaporates. At least, if women are blameworthy on these scores, they are no more so than our most honored merchants who employ a like procedure. These characteristics prove nothing about women's affectional nature. Arguments about the affectional life of women in relation to men become for the most part absurd when you parallel them with arguments about the affectional life of merchants in relation to customers. A merchant is often personally fond of a customer, but in that case the customer stands before him in two distinct categories. With respect to the one, the sky may be the limit; while with respect to the other, the iron law of *caveat emptor* may be relentlessly pressed. This is a common phenomenon of business. . . .

The standard terms laid down for the enjoyment of woman's conpanionship have regularly been, and still usually are, marriage. This arrangement is comparable to an exclusive long-time contract for regular deliveries. In her first fundamental need woman is like man; she needs bread, and she contracts to get it in perpetuity by regularly exchanging some commodity that man, in obedience to his second fundamental need, finds desirable. This is the gist of the agreement; its subordinate terms usually are modified to the advantage of one or the other party according to the "higgling of the market," whereby either the

> WOMEN do about all the reading and play-going that is done in America; at least they are responsible for most of the play-going, since men mostly "go along" under their influence. They keep up most of our music, they maintain most of our painting and sculpture, they are the mainstay of our churches, our educational, cultural, and social institutions, they are the arbiters of taste and style for both sexes and in all particulars. —Henry C. Beers

merchant or customer proves himself the more astute. But the basic understanding on the customer's part is one of exclusive contractual title to whatever it is that he bargains for.

It has been remarked that man is much more conservative than woman with reference to marriage. This is bound to be true, because he is dealing contractually—and can only so deal—with a person who has a natural monopoly, limited, indeed, but for immediate purposes quite effective, of what he most needs. In similar circumstances throughout the whole realm of commerce the customer's attitude corresponds precisely to his; and any fanciful differentiation in his case on the ground of sex is nonsense. . . .

It takes very little imagination to show that the recent modifications of all this—modifications just now so much complained of—are by no means irregular, but are, on the contrary, so much in order that they should surprise no one. They follow straight out of the great shift in actual economic control. . . .

Women are able, in their present circumstances, to re-appraise their merchandise more nearly to what common sense and the plain natural truth of things suggest as a normal scale of values. It may be doubted that they ever regarded sex companionship as a staple, or as worth anything like its current rate. They merely accepted the conditions of the market, as an African trader accepts those of a market which runs more to tin mirrors than it does to more substantial utilities. . . .

All this time, too, I repeat—for it is worth repeating—women must have been conscious that they had far more valuable goods in stock than those which they were pushing on the market, and they must have felt a resentment, perhaps larvated in most cases but none the less nagging, at the subordination of their best goods in the scale of conventional values. . . .

Now, the change which women, aided by circumstances, have engineered throughout all this has tended to bring down in both sexes the estimate of purely sexual companionship. . . .

This deflation, then, no doubt works havoc with my contemporaries' institutionalism, quite as they say it does; but it may turn out to be a very good thing, notwithstanding, and its outcome may reveal my contemporaries' dread of it as immensely exaggerated. They say that this revaluation gives a letter-of-marque for unbridled sexual license, and so it really does—there is no doubt of that—if one wishes so to use it. But their assumptions beyond this point seem questionable. They do not, apparently, realize that this revaluation affects the estimate of both sexes alike. A Dutch naval officer of about my own age said to me the other day that "the young girls and boys think nothing of starting off together on their bicycles for a week at a time, no one knows where, and no one knows what they do." Well, in America—I have no right to an opinion about Holland, though I should like to venture one that it is quite the same there—I dare say they mostly do nothing that he would find too reprehensible. This officer, I think, was assuming that mere propinquity carries the same risks as it did in our day of rather careful segregation, whereas it seems really to carry none. Female nakedness, even, is apparently no longer provocative; women notoriously dress—and undress—to suit their own comfort and convenience, and no male of the species under thirty years of age appears to notice what they do. . . .

The general spread of information about birth-control is another thing that is sometimes taken as an index of wantonness, but here again there may be a misapprehension. The fear of pregnancy was one of the chief circumstances that built up artificially in both sexes an enormous exaggeration of the importance of sexual companionship; and it would seem that the dissipation of this fear should be a great factor in the deflation process that I have referred to—in the reduction of sexual companionship to what every analogy would suggest as its normal level of significance. I have great doubt that its general tendency—its resultant line—lies in any other direction.

In France, the old order of restraint and segregation still largely prevails. Late one afternoon not long ago in a Paris cafe, I observed some students sitting with what seemed to be borderline girls, youngsters not exactly in the professional class, but probably not averse to profiting by eligible chance acquaintance. No doubt there could have been sexual companionship somewhere in the group, and possibly there was; but there was no evidence of it in their discourse, and no evidence of any obsession with such matters. They were content to chatter freely in great good fellowship; and I was so impressed by the number of intellectual interests covered by the conversation that I made a point of coming back the next day to do some more eavesdropping. The particular feature that I noticed was one of manner. These boys treated the girls precisely as our boys at home, in their more serious moments, treat our flappers; their frank, interested, and agreeable manner carried no hint of sex-differentiation. They could not treat girls of their own social station like that; and the tone of the conversation proved how much better off these girls were in being able thus freely to show their customers the best line of goods that they had in stock, untroubled by *arriere-pensee* or by conventional restraint and reserve. . . .

Women at large would cordially agree, I think, that marriage is as good an arrangement as has yet been devised for a companionship contemplating certain definite desires and purposes; and those are still common enough to insure for a long time—much longer than we need yet worry about—the safety of the institution. But many of them appear to feel the need of social arrangements that would accommodate other modes of companionship on terms more convenient to both merchant and customer. Suppose, for example, a man living in one of our small cities or towns desired a companionship like that of Joubert with Mme. de Beaumont, and there are thousands who would give their eyeteeth for it, and whose social value would be enhanced by it many-fold. The woman might be ready to trade, she might be carrying a stock as valuable as Mme. de Beaumont's, and willing to close it out on Mme. de Beaumont's terms; but without serious inconvenience she could trade only on terms of marriage, terms which would be in that case purely nominal, and any idea of investing them with a serious meaning would at once show them to be preposterously inappropriate and impracticable. This state of things is increasingly felt by many women to be onerous; and the mere liability to a casual and gratuitous implication of sexual companionship in the premises is increasingly felt to be immaterial. A sexual companionship might grow up fortuitously in such a case, or it might not; with Joubert and Mme. de Beaumont, as with many others, there is every reason to believe it did not. But whether it did, or whether it did not, they ask, what of it?

My own impression is that the current "laxity" is tending definitely, and without the least impairment of wedlock's true and proper values, to the establishment of just such social arrangements. . . . Moreover, this tendency seems to me irresistible. It must never be forgotten —and my contemporaries above all should weigh the fact well—that woman is, and as far as we can see will always be in her primary basic relations with men, a *merchant,* a merchant with a limited natural monopoly of certain goods which men will get on the best terms they can make, but which they will have at any price. In a situation like this any artificial interference with the course of trade has always worked disastrously when it has worked at all, and has always cost more, directly or indirectly, than it brought in. The most that it has ever done is to put a premium on skilful circumvention, and this is the most that it is doing now.

The prevailing "laxity," I believe, in short, is the outward and visible sign of a demand for social acknowledgment of the individual woman's competence to regulate such matters pertaining to her trade as she has already the economic power to regulate.

Many women when courted, say, for marriage, home-making and motherhood are now economically able to reply, "Well, I am not specializing in that line at the moment, and I hardly think I have anything in stock that would suit you. I am developing other activities, to which marriage, housekeeping, and motherhood would be a great embarrassment. If a customer comes along who is interested in my staple lines I shall make appropriate terms with him. Then if any other mode of companionship comes to seem collaterally desirable we will manage it under conditions less likely to disturb the main course of trade."

These women, whatever their actual procedure, appear to be questioning why such an arrangement, which is already within their economic power to make, should not also be freely adjudged within their social competence. As long as the question remains in their minds an open one, as long as it meets only with an answer which they consider irrelevant and peremptory, so long will they use their economic power in their own way. . . . —Henry C. Beers, in *Harper's Magazine*

WHY WOMEN FAIL

THE great weakness of women {who seek careers} is that they have never been trained to work like men. I mean trained so from infancy. Men are brought up in the tradition that men must work. They get it in their youth in gang activities and later in sports. They learn from boyhood that they must support their families and that to do so they must establish technique for work—habits of work—and that they must endure fatigue to harden their muscles; they must learn to do everything well enough to compete. They are trained in their infancy in habits of manipulation—women are not. . . .

I have never believed that there were any insuperable difficulties which keep women from succeeding. They have strength enough to paint, yet there has never been a great woman painter. They have strength enough to play the violin and yet there has never been a great woman violinist. They have endurance and strength enough to become great scientists and yet one can count on fewer than the fingers of one hand the women scientists who have achieved real greatness. During the past thirty years thousands of women have taken the degree of Ph. D. and yet scarcely a dozen have come to the front.

Not being trained from infancy to the tradition of incessant manipulative work they drop out of the race as soon as they get comfortable. Marriage is usually the shady spot that causes them to lie down and rest. And when they fail in that, as 80 per cent do, restlessness again sets in, but now it is too late to go back and take up the threads of the old career. Most women who had aspirations for a career have tried to eat their cake and have it too. A career is a jealous all-consuming taskmaster.

Marriage as such should be no barrier to a career. Apartment hotels, which can be found in every town where a woman could have a career, have freed married women without children almost completely. The having of children is almost an insuperable barrier to a career. The rearing of children and the running of a home is a profession second to none in its demands for technique.

The behavioristic moral—and we must have morals—is: Women do not like to work {neither do men}. There is no natural "instinct" to work. Biologically speaking, the hungry animal reaches up and pulls down a banana, reaches out and grasps his female {or vice versa}; his hunger adjusted, he rests and sleeps. Work habits are the result of civilization and competition. If you want your children to have careers, be they boys or girls, teach them from infancy habits or manipulation, skilful technique, endurance. Work must become "first nature" —"second nature" is not enough. And along with it teach them {or have them taught if you are a Puritan} what to expect in the realm of sex.—John B. Watson, in *The Nation*

NANTUCKET WHALERS

I

THIS is the breed that followed the tails
Of clumsy, crowding, challenging whales,
Choosing infinite toil instead
Of indolent lives the Blackbeards led,
Spurning such foul wealth as might be
In opium or "black ivory,"
Questing instead of Pieces of Eight,
Or ropes of pearl or Portugal plate,
Blubber for their Golden Fleece—
Barrels sloshing with whales' grease.

These are the men sagacious whales
Lured away from wives and daughters
Down to brassy, palm-fringed waters,
Spouting beyond their clouding sails,
Lifting a frolicking fluke or nose
To the masthead's roar of "There she blows!"
Playing a perilous hide-and-seek
By Patagonia, Mozambique,
Leading them on through eternities,
Plotting with typhoons, ice-choked seas,
Bladed reefs, insidious shoal,
To cheat them of their hard-wrung toll.

II

This is the isle of the new Ulysses
Who dropped his sails in coral rings,
Fearless of blow-guns, war-clubs, krisses,
Who wandered home from the world's abysses
And made no boast of his voyagings,
Leaving laconic logs to tell
That his ship was saved by a miracle
From the bull sperm carrying in his hide
As token of triumphant wars—
A dozen irons, a score of scars
From hounding whalemen long defied;
How he drew them into a milling school
And drenched them in a blood whirlpool;
How he crushed mate Obed in his jaws
And drowned Saul, clawing at his back,
And turning, took the ship for mark
And hurled his bulk against the bark,
Making the stalwart timbers shake
Like red froth in the creature's wake—
How yet the master, as he swayed,
Hurled unerringly his blade
And saw his rallying sailors drag
The Killer, spouting a crimson flag.

III

This is the isle where women mated
And gave their men to the deep and waited,
Bearing their babes alone
And by the bleak hearthstone
Battling the awful dread
Interminable absence bred:
This is the isle whose roofs are towers
Where women watched eternal hours
For the lovely and incredible sight
Of a yearned-for ship in its homing flight.

IV

Such were the old Nantucketers
And men of Bedford and Vineyard Haven—
Would that their spirits were our spurs
Whose decks were never trod by craven:
Who dared the unknown, took the chance
And rose the kings of circumstance—
Yet reverent beneath the span
Of heaven's infinite caravan,
Or as they brooded on the scroll
Jehovah spread from pole to pole.

Such were the circumnavigators
Who deemed themselves but mere harpooners
Nor dreamed that their malodorous schooners
Were the galleons of creators:
Captains who with but whales for quarry
Yet made the barren sea-maps starry
With dazzling islands lost to man
Since first the sundering currents ran;
Who lived supremely and who went
Leaving their moorland eloquent
Of men who found in their sea goal
Riches propitious for the soul—
Such fortitude and grace
As grudging ocean yields a conquering race.

—Daniel Henderson. Awarded first prize for poems adjudged during 1927 by *The Poetry Society of America.*

Old-Fashioned Marriage Still in Fashion

As a fact, social environment in America today is better adapted to the old ideals of marriage than ever before. The spread of education, the economic advancement of the average home, the widening of the domestic horizon, woman's release from domestic drudgery, our presumably better understanding of childhood, are to be counted as credits, not as debits. . . .

No family can flourish without idealism, mutual concessions and a large amount of Spartan self-discipline. Now, people have avowedly revolted against discipline. They decry it as Puritanism. And the campaign for easier conditions of marriage is nothing more or less than an attempt to free sex from discipline and responsibility as other activities have already been freed.

I recall the recent case of a young manand a girl who appeared before me in a paternity case. They sought to justify their liaison by an appeal to the "modern" philosophy which holds that youth is entitled to sex indulgence without responsibilities.

"Why," said the young man, "a fellow can't afford to get married these days and set up a home in the old-fashioned way!"

But when I questioned him, I discovered that his idea of a home was very far from old-fashioned. The sort of home he couldn't afford was an expensive apartment; his ideals of domestic life included a fine radio set, a car, fur coats, and high living generally. All highly desirable. But the point is that, in the old-fashioned way, young people used to get married and live modestly, building up gradually to the enjoyment of such luxuries. Nowadays they've got to have them all at once.

As a matter of fact, with living costs increased some 75 per cent. since 1913, and average wages up something like 100 per cent., there's certainly no financial barrier to marriage. And yet the marriage reformers keep telling our young people that a domestic establishment is too expensive and that, therefore, they are entitled to devise some new semi-married state. . . .

The personal maladjustments that are the bane of many marriages crop out after romance has been lost in the fixed routine of common duties. . . .Only 4½ per cent. of all divorces are sought in the first year of marriage. Divorces jump 66 per cent. in the second year. Forty per cent. of all divorces are granted in the third to seventh years. In other words, not until children have come and begun to demand parental self-sacrifice does matrimony become irksome.

But remember another point also. The presence of children is one of the best guaranties of success in marriage for those who are willing to face the responsibility. Reconciliations "for the sake of the children" are frequently seen in a

THE CHILD'S BILL OF RIGHTS

THE ideal to which we should strive is that there shall be no child in America:

That has not been born under proper conditions.

That does not live in hygienic surroundings.

That ever suffers from undernourishment.

That does not have prompt and efficient medical attention and inspection.

That does not receive primary instruction in the elements of hygiene and good health.

That has not the complete birthright of a sound mind in a sound body.

That has not the encouragement to express in fullest measure the spirit within, which is the final endowment of every human being.

—Herbert Hoover, in *The Woman's Home Companion,* May, 1928

court like mine. They reveal old-fashioned marriage functioning at its best. What is to be gained by throwing to the winds old-fashioned marital ties that bring out such fineness in human beings and by substituting a free-and-easy arrangement which will utterly fail to put young couples to the test of compatibility under the stress of mutual responsibility?. . . . .

In this country marriages were 8.7 a thousand of population in 1890; they were 10.2 a thousand in 1906; they averaged 10.52 a thousand for 1922–5.

Thirty-eight per cent. of the inhabitants of the United States were married in 1910, according to the census figures for that year. This proportion had increased to more than 40 per cent. in 1926. Despite a prevailing opinion to the contrary, our people are continuing to marry in normal numbers. The figure of a 25 per cent. fall in marriage licenses can reflect nothing but a local or temporary fluctuation.

As for the increase of divorce, while it is rapid, it still strikes at only a very small minority of American homes. Out of something over 24,000,000 married couples in this country, 180,686 secured divorces in 1926.

This much-dreaded phenomenon of the decaying American home is something that everybody talks about as though it were a fact somewhere, but always remote from our own circle of friends. Looking about us in our own neighborhood, we see happy, prospering families, such as we knew in our youth. We do see broken homes here and there, but very much in the minority. — Judge George C. Appell, in the Baltimore *Sun*

JUDGE LINDSEY ON COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE

COMPANIONATE Marriage has been defined in our book of that title as "legal marriage with legalized birth control, and with the right to divorce by mutual consent for childless couples, usually without payment of alimony." If the reader will study that and remember that my program is *not anything that is not contained in that definition,* he can form his own conclusions. . . .

Companionate Marriage is a program which proposes to legalize, stabilize, and direct certain of the customs, privileges, and practices of modern marriage; practices which are already in widespread use, but which have no legalized status or direction.

The first of these is birth control.

The second is divorce by mutual consent for persons who, having no dependent children, cannot remain married by mutual consent; such divorce to be granted only after a court of domestic relations has failed in a humane and scientific effort to reconcile the couple. {Note that this would not be easy divorce, and that divorce could not under this provision be obtained offhand.}

The third concerns alimony, which would not be the arbitrary right of the wife, as at present, but would be allowed when, in the judgment of the Court, circumstances justified it. By the same token, the property rights of childless couples would be determined with reference to the economic status of the parties in each case.

The fourth feature of the program would be for the State to undertake the education of youth and married couples in the laws of love, sex and life, to equip them for the duties of marriage and parenthood.

Finally, Companionate Marriage is not a marriage which would remain "sterile by contract;" and it does not provide that the husband and wife necessarily remain economically independent of each other. All such matters would be determined by individual couples according to their own wish. Companionate Marriage would merely give them the legal right to decide such matters without interference. We already have a bootleg Companionate. I want to legalize it and put it under the supervision and control of society.—Judge Ben B. Lindsey, in *The Outlook*

THE ROMANTIC REVOLUTION IN AMERICA

HERE are some representative passages from "a genuine history of ideas," which was awarded the Pulitzer Prize of $2,000 for "the best book of the year upon the history of the United States." Its author is professor of English at the University of Washington in Seattle, and was little known in the literary world before he published the two prize-winning volumes, The Colonial Mind *and* The Romantic Revolution in America, *which combine under the title* Main Currents in American Thought. *The New York* Times *calls it "an astounding gallery of American figures that has been brought within the compass of a single work."*

JOHN MARSHALL

THE reputation of John Marshall has taken on immense proportions with the later triumph of his principles. There is abundant reason for the veneration in which he has come to be held by present-day disciples of Hamilton. More than any other man he saved the future for Federalism. During the critical years of the Jeffersonian and Jacksonian assaults upon the outworks of nationalism, he held the inner keep of the law, and prepared for the larger victories that came long after he was in his grave. His strategic judicial decisions served as a causeway over which passed the eighteenth-century doctrine of the sovereignty of the law, to unite with the new philosophy of capitalistic exploitation. The turbid waters of frontier leveling and states-rights democracy washed fiercely about him, but he went on quietly with his self-appointed work. He was one man who would not bow his neck to the majority yoke, would not worship the democratic Baal. . . .

That John Marshall should have come out of Virginia is perhaps the most ironical fact in the political history of the Old Dominion. . . .He belongs rather to Boston than to Richmond. His intense prejudices were primarily property prejudices. He was the Fisher Ames of the South, embodying every principle of the dogmatic tie-wig school of New England Federalists. Profoundly influenced by Hamilton and Robert Morris, he seems to have found the Boston group more congenial in temper and outlook.

The explanation of his strong property-consciousness is to be discovered both in his material ambitions and his professional interests. He was a business man rather than a planter. He was heavily involved in land speculation and held stock in numerous corporations launched to exploit the resources of the state. Robert Morris, whose daughter married Marshall's younger brother, was his financial adviser and advanced money with which to purchase the Fairfax estate, an investment that cost the buyers the very considerable sum of fourteen thousand pounds and numerous lawsuits. He was a director in banks and a legal adviser in important cases involving property rights. His financial interests overran state boundaries and his political principles followed easily in their train, washing away all local and sectional loyalties.

Like his kinsman Jefferson, Marshall was bred on the Virginia frontier, and to the end of his life he retained the easy and careless democracy of dress and manners that marked his early environment. In his deportment he was far removed from the prim respectability of

> OUR fathers wrote like gentlemen, but unfortunately too often they believed that in preparing a biography a gentleman was under obligation to speak well of the dead. No blemishes were to be recognized, no disagreeable truths to find a place in their immaculate pages. In consequence scarcely a single commentary of the times is to be trusted. —Vernon Louis Parrington

the Boston Federalists. A friendly, likable man, fond of pitching horseshoes and sitting in a game of cards, he was outwardly a genial member of the crude little Richmond world where politics and law and speculation engrossed the common attention. An easy-going nature, he was wholly wanting in intellectual interests. Strangely ill-read in the law, he was even more ignorant of history and economics and political theory. His mind took an early set, and hardened into rigidity during the reactionary years that lay between Shays's Rebellion and the rise of Napoleon. Of social and humanitarian interests he was utterly devoid. One might as well look for the sap of idealism in a last year's stump as in John Marshall. French romantic philosophy he regarded as the mother of all vicious leveling. There is no indication that he had ever heard of the Physiocratic school of economics, or had looked into the writings of Rousseau or Godwin or Paine. The blind sides of his mind were many; his intellectual contacts were few; yet what he saw and understood he grasped firmly. The narrowness of his outlook intensified the rigidity with which he held to his fixed opinions; and his extraordinary courage coupled with a dominant personality clothed his strategic position as Chief Justice with fateful influence on the later institutional development of America.

Although Marshall's later fame is the fame of a lawyer, he was in reality a politician whom fate in the person of John Adams placed on the Supreme Court bench at a critical moment, where his political opinions translated themselves into the organic law of the land, and shaped the Constitution to special and particular ends. Masterful, tenacious, manipulating his fellow judges like putty, he was a judicial sovereign who for thirty-five years molded the plastic constitution to such forms as pleased him, and when he died the work was so thoroughly done that later generations have not been able to undo it. . . .

The two fixed conceptions which dominated Marshall throughout his long career on the bench were the sovereignty of the Federal state and the sanctity of private property; and these found their justification in the virulence of his hatred of democracy. No man in America was less democratic in his political convictions. Underneath the free and easy exterior of the Chief Justice was as stalwart a reactionary as ever sat on the Supreme Court bench. He was utterly indifferent to popular views, and he calmly overturned the electoral verdicts of his fellow Americans with the deliberateness of a born autocrat. Not only were his important decisions political opinions, but they were Federalist opinions. America had made a definite choice between the Federalist and Republican theories of government.

THE passing of personal journalism is not a great calamity. If it has cost us some picturesque characters, and if we are being served with a less trenchant style of editorial, there are compensating advantages.

In a great democracy such as ours the outstanding need of the hour is greater information and greater tolerance. Sincere efforts at enlightenment and education by the press are more important than self-appointed leadership.

The public has no desire to see this country governed by its newspapers any more than it desires to see it governed by partisan political bosses. The frequently heard statement that the entire American press is losing its influence, is the veriest bunk. No newspaper in this country has lost any influence in the past generation that it deserved to keep.

—Roy W. Howard, newspaper proprietor, in *The North American Review*

It had repudiated the rule of "gentlemen of principle and property" and set up a very different rule. But to this mandate of the supposedly sovereign people Marshall declined to yield. Defeated at the polls, no longer in control of the executive and legislative branches of the government, Federalism found itself reintrenched in the prejudices of John Marshall. He boldly threw down the gage to the majority will, and when the long fierce struggle was over, he had effectively written into the fundamental law of the land the major tenets of the repudiated philosophy. . . .

The so-called Jeffersonian assault on the judiciary, of which so much has been made by the orthodox historians, and which came near to wrecking the system, was not primarily an attack upon the courts but upon political judges who used their places to serve party ends. It is a dangerous thing for the bench to twist the law to partisan or class purposes, yet to this very thing John Marshall was notoriously given.

As a judicial statesman, then, rather than a lawyer, Marshall is to be judged, and to such a business the political historian is more competent than the legalist. His important decisions fall into two main groups: those like Marbury *vs.* Madison that assert the supremacy of the judiciary over the legislature—that is, the power of the Supreme Court to nullify an act of Congress; and those like the Yazoo Fraud case and the Dartmouth College case, that assert the irrevocable nature of contracts. . . .

Even more partisanly Federalist were the decisions touching the nature of contract. These reached to the heart of the bitter opposition of the commercial and financial interests to the legislative acts of populistic majorities. Suffering heavily from the postwar confusions, those majorities had struck blindly at the profiteers whose well-feathered nests were securely protected by the law. The revolt was natural and human; a rough sense of social justice lay behind it; but because it struck at the most prosperous and capable members of society, who held the professional classes in retainer and dominated the agencies of publicity, it aroused an extraordinarily vindictive opposition. . . .

The bitter hostility which Marshall's decisions aroused in his native commonwealth reveals how far the Virginia of Jefferson had traveled from the Federalism of the commercial North. . . . As Marshall grew old he drew farther away from his fellow Virginians. In his last years he was perhaps the most reactionary man in the whole of America.

"Should Jackson be elected," he wrote in 1828, "I shall look upon the government as virtually dissolved" {Beveridge, Vol. IV, p. 463}. His last hatreds he divided between Old Hickory and the rising democratic movement. He bitterly resisted the spread of manhood suffrage; he would make no change even in the antiquated judicial system of Virginia; he would have no overturning of anything established.

A stubborn autocrat he remained to the end, and there was a certain ironic fitness in his last encounter with the executive power. The autocratic lawyer met his match in the autocratic soldier who grimly remarked, "John Marshall has made his decision, now let him enforce it."

THE GRAPES OF WRATH

Speaking of wine
There is a little-known story of Marshal Foch.
When the German envoys arrived
To ask for armistice
They were given their lunch
Apart, by themselves.
And by the Marshal's express commana
They were served a very rare vintage.
And you might take care, said Foch,
That they observe the label.

It was of the year 1870.

—Christopher Morley, in the *Saturday Review of Literature*

THE PIONEER WOMAN
From the Sculpture by Bryant Baker

This was chosen first by popular acclaim among twelve models submitted by American sculptors for a $300,000 monument, commemorating the loyalty, courage and fidelity of the pioneer women of America. It will be erected near Ponca City, Oklahoma, in the Cherokee Strip, the last land allotted to homesteaders by the Federal Government. "The woman is not yet seared and marked by heartbreaking toil," says the sculptor, of his idealization. "She is a type of the survivors, of whom we should sing the song of victory to the future generations, rather than bemoan the few who were lost."

LINCOLN AS AN ORATOR

THE slow unfolding of Lincoln's mind is sufficiently revealed in the changing quality of his speeches. He was rarely eloquent—never after the ornate fashion of the time; and the bits of Hebraic poetry that have come to be associated with his name are singularly few and belong to the last years of his life. His usual style was plain homespun, clear and convincing, but bare of imagery and lacking distinction of phrase. The thought seems to break into speech hesitatingly, in the way of a man visibly seeking to adapt his words to his meaning. Matter he judged to be of greater significance than manner. Few men who have risen to enduring eloquence have been so little indebted to rhetoric. Very likely his plainness of style was the result of deliberate restraint, in keeping with the simplicity of his nature. When he let himself go he discovered a well of poetry in his heart. When he chose he could even play the rhetorician. In those rare moments when he put caution behind him his words fell into a stately rhythm that suggests the orator. Witness such a passage as this from his speech at Springfield, June 27, 1857:

"In those days our Declaration of Independence was held sacred by all, and thought to include all; but now, to aid in making the bondage of the negro universal and eternal, it is assailed and sneered at and construed, and hawked at and torn, till, if its framers could rise from their graves, they could not at all recognize it. All the powers of earth seem rapidly combining against him. Mammon is after him, ambition follows, philosophy follows, and the theology of the day is fast joining the cry. They have him in his prison-house; they have searched his person, and left no prying instrument with him. One after another they have closed the heavy iron doors upon him; and now they have him, as it were, bolted in with a lock of a hundred keys, which can never be unlocked without the concurrence of every key—the keys in the hands of a hundred different men, and they scattered to a hundred different and distant places; and they stand musing as to what invention, in all the dominions of mind and matter, can be produced to make the impossibility of his escape more complete than it is."

But he did not often let himself go. As one reads his speeches one feels that an English diffidence held him back—this and the strong prose of his environment. Like a true Anglo-Saxon he was reluctant to speak out, afraid to let his emotions seize upon his speech. Only at the last did that diffidence yield to complete unconsciousness. The Gettysburg speech and the Second Inaugural are marked by the sincerity and self-

THE heart-breaking hesitation of Lincoln, the troublesome doubts and perplexed questionings, reveal as nothing else could the simple integrity of his nature. He must go forward, but he must carry the people with him, the North as a whole, the border states if possible, even the rebellious South if charity might suffice. Though in arms, they were Americans, and their hearts must be brought to willing allegiance; how otherwise could a democratic people emerge from the bitterness of civil war? He was not made for a dictator, and blood and iron he accounted poor cement to mend the sundered democracies. He trusted the better impulses of men to prevail in the end, because with Jefferson he believed in the essential justice of the plain people. In this faith he exemplified his democracy. Not a great political thinker, he was a great leader because he never forgot that he was one with those he led.

—Vernon Louis Parrington

effacement that ennobled the words of John Brown in the Virginia court-room —it is the eloquence which rises from the heart when life has been felt in its tragic reality, an eloquence that Webster could not rise to. Such words come only to those who have been purified by fire; they are the distillation of bitter experience. But the mass of his speeches are in quite another manner—that of the simple, everyday world that bred him. He had none of the itch of publicity that afflicts the second-rate mind. Webster was a magnificent poseur; Everett repeated the same academic oration a hundred times; but Lincoln was too modest to pose and too honest to turn parrot and speak by rote. He was a man who loved to talk with his neighbors in homely metaphor, and it was then that his thought clothed itself in whimsical humor. He did not wear his heart on his sleeve, but like Mark Twain he let it slip out in a witticism.

Even more than Washington has Lincoln suffered at the hands of the myth makers. Of late years he has come to be looked upon too often as the invaluable asset of the political party that he honored in its founding, and too rarely as the embodiment of the kindly, liberal soul of our native democracy in the simpler days of a fluid economics and an unsophisticated equalitarianism. With his instinctive kindliness, his abiding faith in the good will of men, his dislike of coercion, his readiness to compromise, he may seem old-fashioned to a generation that has grown intolerant—but that is a reflection on our own times rather than on Lincoln. The real Lincoln can grow old-fashioned no more than Jefferson. As he went back in a day of sordid imperialisms to the earlier liberalism of the great Virginian, seeking to rescue the idealism of the Declaration of Independence from the desecration of the market place where it was openly flouted, so in a day of vaster imperialisms and greater complexity we may take counsel of his humanitarianism, his open-mindedness, his trust in tolerance and good will, his democratic faith that held firm in spite of disappointment. The market place is mighty now as it was then, and liberalism finds as few friends there; but when did its gods become immortal?

MARGARET FULLER: REBEL

THE fame of Margaret Fuller has waned greatly since her vivid personality was blotted out in the prime of her intellectual development. Misunderstood in her own time, caricatured by unfriendly critics, and with significant facts of her life suppressed by her friends out of a chivalrous sense of loyalty, the real woman has been lost in a Margaret Fuller myth, and later generations have come to underestimate her powers and undervalue her work. Yet no other woman of her generation in America is so well worth recalling. She was the completest embodiment of the inchoate rebellions and grandiose aspirations of the age of transcendental ferment; for to the many grievances charged against the times by other New England liberals, she added the special grievance of the stupid inhibitions laid upon women. Transcendental radical and critic, like Emerson and Thoreau and Parker, she was feminist also; and to the difficult business of freeing her mind from the Cambridge orthodoxies, she added the greater difficulty of freeing her sex.

The written record that Margaret Fuller left is quite inadequate to explain her contemporary reputation. In no sense an artist, scarcely a competent craftsman, she wrote nothing that bears the mark of high distinction either in thought or style. Impatient of organization and inadequately disciplined, she threw off her work impulsively, not pausing to shape it to enduring form. Yet she was vastly talked about, and common report makes her out to have been an extraordinary woman who creatively influenced those with whom she came in contact. Like Alcott, her power lay in brilliant talk. Her quick mind seems to have been an electric current that stimulated other minds to activity, and created a vortex of speculation wher-

ever she passed. Hungry for ideas, intellectually and emotionally vibrant, she caught her inspirations from obscure impulses of a nature thwarted and inhibited from normal unfolding; and in her sensitive oscillations she was often drawn away from polar principles to which she would later swing back. There was quite evidently a fundamental unrest within her, a conflict of impulses, that issued in dissatisfaction; and this contradiction was aggravated by intense emotions, which both quickened her mind and distorted it.

A product of Cambridge bookishness, Margaret Fuller was both a wonder and a riddle to a generation that made little account of the psychology of sex. She was commonly looked upon as an intellectual monstrosity, the most fearful of Yankee bluestockings, and a later Bostonian has gone so far as to suggest that she was "an unsexed version of Plato's Socrates" {Wendell, *Literary History of America*, p. 300}. But to present-day psychology her character is an extraordinarily suggestive document, and a recent critic has read her seeming contradictions like an open book.

Before Miss Anthony's penetrating analysis the Margaret Fuller myth vanishes, and a very real, natural, and unfortunate woman takes its place. She came of vigorous stock, independent, outspoken, opinionated. Her grandfather was a clergyman who was unfrocked by his church for being lukewarm in the Revolutionary War. Her father, Timothy Fuller, and her four uncles,worked their way through Harvard. In Timothy Fuller there was a large measure of Puritan grimness and severity that locked the door on the passions of his heart, that none might know of them; yet there seems to have been a volcano in the man who held off the world so brusquely. The rebel was strong in him. The Fullers were not of Brahmin stock and had no wish to please their social superiors. While a Harvard undergraduate, Timothy Fuller turned Jeffersonian republican and lost his place as first honor man by joining in an undergraduate protest against certain hated regulations. As a lawyer and politician he repudiated respectable Federalism, and although he was representative in Congress for four terms and enjoyed certain other offices, his non-conformity in the end cost him dear. No doubt he had counted on that, for he was stubborn oak that might break but would not bend. The tragedy of Margaret Fuller's life seems to have been sketched before in the life of Timothy Fuller.

To an extraordinary degree the daughter was the child of the father, in ideas and sympathies as well as blood. Like him she was a rebel, but for the daughter to turn rebel involved greater hazards than for the father. Her sex was a heavy handicap, for the experience of Fanny Wright and Lucretia Mott had revealed that American chivalry had definite bounds; it did not shield the woman who ventured beyond the pale. Yet considering her blood and training, how could she help thus venturing into freer fields without? From her earliest years her father treated her as a comrade and gave her the training of a boy. In her studies he dealt with her as James Mill dealt with his brilliant son. Perhaps it was a mistake to force her into the rigid groove of classical learning when she should have been playing with her dolls. From it she got very unusual acquisitions, but overstimulation broke her health, and isolation turned her mind in upon itself and made her the victim of somnambulism and freaks of imagination. The result was the development, on one side of her nature, of a female counterpart of Cotton Mather — precocious, domineering, moody, visionary, given to long hours of greedy reading, gorging herself on books and well-nigh ruining her intellectual digestion as well as her health.

Against this unfortunate overstimulation her vigorous nature struggled for years, and never quite successfully. Her emotions were forever embroiling her intellect. To conceive of her as sexless is curiously to miss the point of her emotionalism. She was rather the victim of sex. Her ardent friendships with other women, her flashes of mystical experience, her fondness for children, her love

of luxury and creature comforts, her eager love affair with James Nathan who unchivalrously found safety in flight, her friendship with Mazzini and her more intimate friendship with Count Ossoli, that ended in an unconventional marriage after her situation rendered it necessary—such reactions can be explained on no other hypothesis. Her ardent nature was the victim of disastrous frustrations, rendered the more acute by premature development. If she had married early, as Harriet Beecher did, and her excessive energy had been turned into domestic channels, her life must have been less tragic, whatever the effect might have been on her intellectual development. . . .Margaret Fuller was the first since Mary Wollstonecraft, fifty years before, to understake a reasoned defense of the claims of woman to emancipation from man-made custom. It was a somewhat shocking book to fling at respectable Boston bluestockings—male as well as female—for not only did she discuss equality of economic opportunity and equality of political rights for women, but she went further and spoke frankly about sex equality, marriage, prostitution, physical passions—pretty much everything that was taboo in Boston society. It was a bold thing to do, needing more courage even than to engage in a Fourieristic onslaught upon the conventions of private property. Only a first-class rebel would have had the temerity to offer such morsels to wagging tongues. . . .

The rebel pays a heavy price for his rebellions, as Margaret learned to her cost. She suffered much in her daily life, but it was her art that suffered most. She was evidently a far richer nature than her printed works reveal. Intense in her extravagant demands upon life, a radical humanitarian in all her sympathies and instincts, generous in response to whatever was fine and high, living unduly an inner life as became a daughter of Puritanism—Margaret Fuller was too vivid a personality, too complete an embodiment of the rich ferment of the forties, to be carelessly forgotten. The deeper failure of her career—its vague aspirations and inadequate accomplishment—was a failure that may be justly charged against the narrow world that bred her. Perhaps no sharper criticism could be leveled at New England than that it could do no better with such material, lent it by the gods.—From Professor Vernon Louis Parrington's *The Romantic Revolution In America*, by permission of Harcourt, Brace & Company

FAIR WEATHER

This level reach of blue is not my sea;
Here are sweet waters, pretty in the sun,
Whose quiet ripples meet obediently
A marked and measured line, one after one.
This is no sea of mine, that humbly laves
Untroubled sands, spread glittering and warm.
I have a need of wilder, crueler waves;
They sicken of the calm, who knew the storm.

So let a love beat over me again,
Loosing its million desperate breakers wide:
Sudden and terrible to rise and wane;
Roaring the heavens apart; a reckless tide
That casts upon the heart, as it recedes,
Splinters and spars and dripping, salty weeds.

—Dorothy Parker, in *Sunset Gun*, by permission of Boni & Liveright

Secrets of Good Writing

MARGUERITE WILKINSON, poet and critic, was drowned early in 1928 while swimming off Coney Island, N. Y. Following a loss of contact with the inspiration that had produced her verse, Mrs. Wilkinson decided that her difficulties were due to a lack of physical courage and immediately started out to prove to herself that her morale would stand up under continued exposure to danger. Each day, in the middle of winter, she took an icy plunge in the ocean and, in addition, took a period of instruction daily in aviation. Her teachers characterized her as a fearless flier and it was while she was studying with them, exhibiting the utmost courage and daring, that she wrote the following Prayer for Aviators.

ALMIGHTY Father, who hast taught us in times past to pray for all who travel by land or by water, hear our prayer now, we beseech Thee, for those who fly in the air. Through wind and cloud and sunshine and dark storm, go with them. In the regions of the round rainbow be their light. In times of gladness show them the glory which Thy heavens declare. In times of stress and danger be their guide. When they cry out to Thee, help them. And as their bodies are uplifted on bright wings, so lift their spirits up to Thy great love through Him that is exalted over all, our Savior Jesus Christ.

—*Prayer for Aviators,* by Marguerite Wilkinson, in *Poetry.*

IF you want to write real books you have to want to live real life first. There are no greater books in the world than the simple studies of humble lives: *Daddy Goriot* and *Adam Bede*, those breath-taking stories of peasants that all the great Russians give us, Dickens' clerks and prison debtors, Zola's washerwomen and shopkeepers. Even Shakespeare brought the kings and queens to the level of common folk, and that is why we love them.

So my first requisite for the woman writer would be the desire to write, and second the requisite would be a conscious cultivation of something in her heart and mind worth giving to a waiting world.

Patience—and humility. Humility, to hear that there are flaws in her work, and patience, to commence again.

Then, third, a writer ought to read good books. It doesn't matter whose. Any great stylist will do; let her go into a second-hand book-store tomorrow afternoon, and when she comes to some fat volume of which she has heard all her life, let her buy it on the chance that it has some message for her.

The bookshelves are full of books you ought to read: Shakespeare alone could create a world of writers. Any one of a thousand will do to start with, and will lift your spirit into a new world of fine expression that cannot but inspire your own work.

Desire, character and style. And for a fourth requisite, work. . . .Pick out a quiet spot in your house, or in your room. My own workroom, wherever I am, is my bedroom; I have breakfast there, and mail and newspapers and housekeeping and telephone and all the distractions of the day are kept at bay until one o'clock. That means four long, tranquil hours of work, and as your work must eventually be the most important thing in your life to you, if it is possible, begin that routine now.

But when I began it wasn't possible, and my first workshop was a kitchen table, covered with green felt, and placed in a small angle back of an upright piano. In those days one hour was all the time I could spare during the day, and that hour depended on a baby's nap, but all through the other hours I was thinking about those sixty minutes. . . .

You must work to succeed in this or any other profession. You mustn't merely write one sketch, and fall deeply in love with it, and determine not to write any more until you can sell this. . . .

Think what you would like to write. Well, a good short story. And how to begin it? Well, let's see how certain classic short stories, like Kipling's, or Cobb's or Tarkington's begin. Not to copy, no, but to get an idea. Incidentally, the first phrase and the last phrase, in any story, are all-important.

Then look at a calendar. Say that this is May, 1928. Remind yourself that if you are beginning to taste success in May 1930 you will be doing well. Do some little work, however small—even a few lines, or a few words, on every separate one of the 700 days between now and then. Seven hundred lessons! Seven hundred hours in which your mind is shaping, choosing, considering the characters and situation and plot of your stories.

The result will take care of itself. From fitful beginnings, from hours when you sit at your desk half-ashamed, half-amused at the absurdity of all this, you will develop into a workmanlike consciousness that it really IS leading you somewhere, that you have a different feeling about story values, a different estimation of characters in magazine serials and short stories.

That hour of work, from being the blankest and apparently most useless period of the day, will become the time to which you look forward with a strange delight. You will find yourself quite naturally watching the progress of the other new writers, reading about them, studying their photographs in the newspapers.

> THE cities are full of brilliant, restless women who have scornfully cut all home ties, who have pushed everything human out of their lives, so that they may "become writers." And after the first flash of success there is a lesser flash and then a mere gleam, and so the unsupported flame dies away, because there is no more fuel with which to feed it.
>
> —Kathleen Norris, distinguished novelist

And then will come the exquisite hour when you KNOW your spirit has grown to meet your dream. Some story—perhaps the twentieth, perhaps the fortieth, will suddenly stand erect and shapely in your mind, and you will know how to handle it, will know, far before the editor does, that he is going to want it.

Meanwhile, try your stuff tirelessly, on newspapers, and on the humbler magazines. It isn't going to be one bit too good for them, you gain nothing by hoarding it. There will always be just one more story back in your brain, there will always be a better plot waiting. Be generous with your public, and your public will respond generously. . . .

Your own instinct for words and plots is going to be your form of self-expression some day, and you must depend upon that in the end. Good reading, a deal of thinking, and hard work are the only indispensable qualifications.

One of today's most successful novelists was a farmer's wife on a mid-western wheat ranch, twelve years ago, cooking for husband, three children, and occasional hands. Another woman, just beginning to place stories, is a Chicago school-teacher who has been conduing short-story classes for twenty years.

The other day I read, in proof, a splendid "first" story—the phrase only means "first really good story"—by a little trained nurse in a California tuberculosis hospital. There seems to be no physical handicap or chance of environment that can hold a real writer down, and there is no luck, no influence, no money that will keep a writer going when she is written out.—Kathleen Norris, in the New York *American*.

CHALIAPIN—ARTIST OF THE PEOPLE

SOME forty-five years ago a shoeless little boy sang on Sundays in the archbishop's choir of the old Greek Catholic church in Kazan, the Tartar capital, far in the eastern depths of Russia. His naive, blue-gray eyes, set wide apart, wandered from the handwritten notes to observe with awe the "rich" people in the pews. This was Feodor Ivanovitch in the raw. This skinny, tousled youngster had but two objects in life: to get enough to eat and to avoid thrashings. His father was a muzhik, the living type of the Russian peasant, big, moody, embittered by the hopelessness of Russian poverty, yet not quite drained of humor and kindliness. The child's mother was a patient, affectionate drudge, great in common sense and sympathy. A bare, stuffy room in a wooden hovel was his home and his life was made up of starvation and sordid labor.

Fedya went to work when he was six. He grappled with loads of birchwood planks that nearly crippled his little shoulders, helped to cobble shoes as an apprentice, and copied into court records divorce complaints and the bickerings of peasants. He worked only when he couldn't avoid it. He was not lazy, for today he works harder than three average men, but he liked to be in the open air, to be at liberty. He liked to lie on his back in the meadows and sing. His father permitted singing, as Fedya's assistance in the choir brought the family six roubles a month, about three dollars, yet he looked forward to the day when the boy would settle down and become a yard porter. But Fedya discovered the world of the theater: he lived that he might see plays and hear operas; sometimes he risked withholding bits of his salary to buy himself theater tickets and extra bread, and occasionally he would treat a friend, because he had to express his excitement to someone.

When he was fifteen, the incredible opportunity came. Fedya, always loitering around the Kazan theater, was noticed by the stage manager, who offered him a role—that of a policeman. Wild with joy, the boy learned the part backwards and forwards, and feigned illness to escape his clerking in order to rehearse. Feodor Chaliapin made his world debut—and as he opened his lips to pronounce the first words, stage-fright struck him dumb.

Down came the curtain, out shot Fedya, on his back, with clothes and curses following through the window. . . . Today he is the greatest of all singing actors . . . and makes not less than a quarter of a million dollars a year.

Chaliapin says frankly what most artists conceal. When sentimental laymen ask him about the romance in his work he says, "I would sing in a ditch if I were engaged to do it." His vastly complex professional life is about as romantic to him as a streetcar conductor's job. His diet is strictly prescribed; he must keep regular hours and fear a cold like the plague. He must rehearse constantly, though he has known his roles for years, and he must receive congratulation as if

EVENING

There is only a star in the sky;
On the wandering waters the breeze
Dies away in the ghost of a sigh.

Over meadow and marsh comes the cheep
Of the frog: and adream in the trees
Are the wren and the robin asleep.

Now rises the moon like a frail
Floating bubble just over the hill,
At the far, keening call of the quail.

All the dark, brooding forest is still,
Save the aspen so shyly astir,
Or the hidden and hesitant rill.

Then the moon slowly wanes, and the gray
Shadows deepen in maple and fir;
And the rivulet dreams on its way.

—William Griffith, music by Jessie Moore Wise

it were a surprise. He must travel when he wants to rest, be separated from his family for long stretches, and often be alone on holidays; must sing at the stated hour, no matter how disinclined, and each time he must sustain a mighty reputation. Yet he does all these things, being a big, hearty, vital, life-loving man, with a tremendous appetite, a permeating sense of humor, and a need to be singing and acting. . . .

Everything that Chaliapin knows he has absorbed from life. He went through his early 'teens begging for small parts in cabarets or fifth-rate open-air travelling companies. There were some days when he got a solid meal; at Tiflis once he was on the point of shooting himself rather than starve, when an old friend, turning up at that very moment, saved the world its greatest basso cantante with a bowl of macaroni. In spite of his troubles the young Chaliapin grew tall and broad-shouldered, with a splendid natural grace of movement, overflowing good spirits, a zest for life, and a love of people. Naive and sympathetic, with sunny good looks and the power to tell stories with humor and individual color, Feodor was always liked, often loved, and frequently cheated out of his salary. When his opera company was bankrupt he sang by night, and by day worked as railroad porter, streetcleaner, or stevedore on the Volga.

He never saw the inside of a true music conservatory. When the Tiflis music professor, Usatoff, discovered Chaliapin, it was not merely the richness, warmth, and range of voice that made him take the wonderful vagabond in hand and educate him socially as well as give him free singing lessons. The really marvellous thing about Chaliapin, apparent even then, is his instinctive power of making his face and all his body do as much as does his voice in transfiguring him, in making over his simple Russian self into the tragic majesty of Boris Godunoff, the lank, dry intellectuality of Salieri, the inhumanity of Mefistofele, the prankishness of Don Basilio. Usatoff could not teach him this, but he could teach him to eat soup with dignity, and from Usatoff's wife Chaliapin received a present of shirts, so that he need not wash out his one shirt nightly and dry it out patiently over the gas lamp.

Chaliapin's Maecenas fortunately did not come until the young singer had made a place for himself with the Imperial Opera of Moscow. There he constantly tried to bring new technique to interpretations which tradition governed, but he merely became unpopular with the management. Then Mamontoff, a wealthy lumber dealer and art patron, saw him act. Mamontoff had a private opera company of his own {the conductor, by the way, was Sergei Rachmaninoff}. He offered to pay the large fine required to release Chaliapin from his Imperial Opera contract, and Chaliapin agreed, stipulating that Mamontoff deduct the amount in installments from his salary. {"I didn't want any man's foot on my neck," he explains.} The tactful patron consented, but raised his salary. After his debut as Mefistofele in *Faust* Mamontoff rushed backstage, kissed both Chaliapin's grease-painted cheeks, and with tears of excitement informed him that from then on that opera company and the theater belonged to him, to produce whatever operas he liked, sing what roles he liked, act them any way he liked. Chaliapin was then twenty-two.

What he did with his opportunities may be guessed from the fact that when Mamontoff's death broke up the company, the Imperial Opera was glad to buy back the basso for sixty thousand roubles {thirty thousand dollars} a year, instead of the twenty-four hundred roubles he had formerly received. His popularity in Russia grew until they called him "the second Czar." He became a power in putting forward the operas of the native composers and every important capital in Europe sent for him. Everywhere his tingling, buoyant personality won affection, and his commanding genius roused storms of excitement.

Two world-events brought Chaliapin to New York in 1921: one was the Russian Revolution which deprived him of his fortune and his estates in Tiflis, Ka-

zan, Moscow and Leningrad, and the other was the death of Caruso, which made Giulio Gatti-Casazza offer the basso an engagement. Although Chaliapin had sung in New York in the season of 1907–8, his free interpretations of traditional roles had not caught the popular imagination, and he had sailed away to Paris, swearing never to return—in Paris the great actors, dancers, and singers closed their theaters to hear him each time he sang. In 1921, by promising to sing in London at a benefit for starving Russians, he obtained the permission of the Soviet Government to leave his homeland. After he sang *Boris Godunoff* for the first time in America that December, one had to fight for the chance to make a speculator independent every time Chaliapin performed. Now a New York season without him would be a season without salt.

Those who venture to ask Chaliapin about his politics show themselves his door. He has offended Emperor and Proletariat impartially. In 1905, on the eve of the abortive revolution, he fell into disfavor with royalty for singing laboring songs and prison ditties in a Moscow restaurant, and only the request of the Shah of Persia, then in Russia, to hear him in opera, brought the Czar once more to the royal box. When the revolution of 1917 swept Russian royalty into the rubbish heap, Chaliapin, long a radical and an intimate of Maxim Gorki, accepted an appointment as one of the chief artistic directors of Soviet Russia, and, in accordance with Soviet principles, his property was confiscated and his life's savings diverted to the national treasury. He continued to sing, for a fee of rations for himself and his large family, but when acute illness kept him from performing, the rations were cut. "No work, no food." Later, the Government withdrew his title, "Artist of the People," when he gave two hundred and fifty dollars for the refugee Russian children in Paris.

After he left Russia in 1921, he returned in 1922, got his family, and left again. He has not gone back. Russia wants him; bellowing having failed the Soviets now try cooing. They promise to restore his estates and the honorary title, and to give him a salary of three hundred and seventy-five dollars a month. They have even agreed to forget that the large tax they levied on his earnings abroad was paid by him with a check on his nationalized fortune in the Moscow Merchants' Bank. . . . It is evident that they never took a good look at Feodor Ivanovitch's chin.—Sulamith Ish-Kishor, in *The New Yorker*

THE man who strives to educate himself—and no one else can educate him—must win a certain victory over his own nature. He must learn to smile at his dear idols, analyze his every prejudice, scrap if necessary his fondest and most consoling belief, question his presuppositions, and take his chances with the truth. The greater the need of education, the stronger the resistance to it. . . . No one who is merely a creature of his own times is really educated. There is conceivable a world in which—great as are the historical accidents that separate them—a Socrates, or a Plato, or a Cicero, or an Erasmus, a Voltaire, a Goethe, a Huxley would be at home. Much as they differ, there is yet something which the educated have in common, a quality of spirit, something that may not be defined, but that right-minded people recognize. . . . It is the meaning of a liberal education.—Everett Dean Martin, in *The Meaning of a Liberal Education.*

WE settle things by a majority vote, and the psychological effect of doing that is to create the impression that the majority is probably right. Of course, on any fine issue the majority is sure to be wrong. Think of taking a majority vote on the best music. Jazz would win over Chopin. Or on the best novel. Many cheap scribblers would win over Tolstoy. And any day a prizefight will get a bigger crowd, larger gate receipts and wider newspaper publicity than any new revelation of goodness, truth or beauty could hope to achieve in a century. . . .—Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick

How a Champion Golfer is Made

ROBERT T. {BOBBY} JONES, Jr., who holds the British open golf title and is former American open champion, here recites the mental and physical qualifications necessary to an A1 golf player. It is an interesting recital.

"At the age of twenty-five," observes Grantland Rice, in his introduction to the book from which these passages are taken, "Bobby Jones has for a dozen years been meeting and beating champions—an unparalleled record in the history of the sport. He has won almost every championship known to golf, through a vivid personal experience few competitors ever get to know at the age of sixty."

I WISH I could say here that a strange thrill shot through my skinny little bosom when I swung at a golf ball for the first time; but it wouldn't be truthful. I do not remember the first time I hit a golf ball, or hit at one; and as I recall it the game did not make much of an impression on me, except that I used to get mad enough to dance in the road when a wild shot went under a little bridge covered with briers across the ditch which was not the second hole. I liked baseball much better, and played golf, or what we called golf, because of a dearth of boys in the neighborhood with whom to play baseball. . . .

Of the Summer of 1908 I ought to record a sensation, because in that year Stewart Maiden came from Carnoustie, Scotland, to be professional of the East Lake golf course of the Atlanta {Georgia} Athletic Club. That was the very luckiest thing that ever happened to me in golf, which is saying a lot, since my entire career, if it may be called a career, has been lucky.

There were times, during what one writer called my seven lean years, when I fancied most of the luck was bad luck; but I was wrong. Some people can learn only by having education drubbed into them; and I want to say right now that I never learned anything from a match that I won. Not until the seven lean years were over, at any rate. . . .

I just watched him {Stewart Maiden}. I never was conscious of studying his play, or of trying to play like him. I liked golf pretty well; he was the best player at the club; and I liked watching him perform. He paid little or no attention to me, and after tagging along four or five holes I would leave the match and go back to our house—we had moved into a cottage inside the club property, right by the thirteenth green of the old course—and get a cap full of old balls and my mashie and putter and go out to the thirteenth green and pitch them all on and putt them all out, over and over again. It was pretty good practise, I suppose. I liked to pitch the ball, and as I recall it I could get it close to the pin with a fair consistency. . . . .

Lately I have caught myself thinking about those long, sunny afternoons, pitching balls at the pin on the old thirteenth green, and I've wished I could get the ball up there as accurately now from proportionate distances. The short pitch is the weakest spot in my game, these last few years. Maybe I've got

HAPPINESS rests in achievement only for mediocre men. The first-rate man, on the other hand, finds little happiness in achievement because, at the moment of accomplishment, he is beset by doubts as to its genuine worth. He is tortured by the thought of its dubiousness and by the struggle that lies ever ahead of him in his effort to do really fine work. The mediocre man alone gets any happiness out of achievement, for he is ass enough to be able to persuade himself that what he has achieved is signally and finally worth-while.

—George Jean Nathan, in *The American Mercury.*

away from Stewart Maiden's method that was so clearly before me in those days when I had so little else to think about.

I don't know about that, either. I don't remember any glimmering thought of form, in golf, or any consciousness of a method in playing a shot. I seemed merely to hit the ball, which possibly is the best way of playing golf; certainly it is the easiest on the mind. Besides, I was interested in other things—tennis and fishing, mainly, now that I had access to a regular lake and the club's tennis-courts. Golf still was incidental; I played at it as I played at anything else that came along and seemed attractive.

> IF I have any genius at all, it must be a genius for play! I love to play—I love fishing and hunting and trapshooting and ping-pong and chess and pool and billiards and driving a motor-car, and at times I love golf, when I can get the shots going somewhere near right. It seems I love almost any pursuit except work. —Robert T. {Bobby} Jones, Jr.

Now, I suppose that all the time I was watching Stewart play golf the imitative faculty which seems inherent in most children was at work, and that I began hitting the ball as he did, so far as my limitations would permit. Dad says I was a natural mimic in those days, and I remember he used to amuse a veranda full of people at times by inspiring me to get out on the lawn and imitate the swing of this player or that one—usually some one in the gathering. . . .

Now and then, when I'm playing behind some slow match, and watching the members lining up a three-footer from both ends, and picking up gravel along the supposed path of the putt, I think of George Duncan's suggestion as to putting:

"The best system," says George, "is to go up to the ball and knock it into the hole!"

And Alex Smith, who was always a good putter, never fooled around over a putt.

"Miss 'em quick!" was Alex's motto. And he didn't miss so many, at that. Also he never bothered about picking up little impediments along the path of the putt. That's a good point to observe.

"Won't those things throw the ball off the line?" he was asked.

"Just as likely to throw it on the line!" rejoined Alex.

I never have believed in hanging over a shot, and until the last two years I was as prompt on the putting green as with any other shot. They say now that I am studying my putts more carefully. That is not all of the truth. I do study them a bit more; until I can see the "line," I won't putt, now. In the old days I didn't like the idea of slowing up the round, and if I couldn't see the line, I'd putt anyway. . . .

Seeing the line is a curious thing, and I am free to confess I do not well understand it. I suppose it's one of the psychological phases of golf. In some rounds, when I am scoring well, the line of every putt is as plain to me as if some one had drawn it in whitewash, and I can see just how much to "borrow" from a slope, and exactly where the door to the cup is. Other days the line is dim and I have to look for it carefully.

But most of the time I take on the green to-day is not looking for the line or cleaning off the path of the putt. At Merion, in 1924, when I first won the United States amateur championship, eight years after I started in the fixture on the same course, I found that I was walking rapidly up to a green and putting promptly, while my breathing still was hurried and irregular. . . . I always walk fast between shots, and up to the last two years they have said that George Duncan and I were the fastest players in the world.

To-day I don't take a great deal of time, I think. But at Merion I resolved never to make a putt in an important round while my breathing was hurried. So I'd look over the line of the putt, and

maybe even sit down to consider it, apparently. But my object was to get my breathing and heart tranquilized. It's a small thing. But championship golf is perhaps the closest business in the world, and it's the small things, down to the single blade of grass which turns your ball off from the cup, that make up the margin between first-class players. . . .

Years ago I discovered that the best preparation for a big tournament, for me, was as much rest as I could acquire, in the twenty-four hours before the opening gun. In my younger days I liked to play a lot of golf, right up to the day the competition began. Often I'd play thirty-six holes the day before it started. Now I try always to schedule the little preliminary practise season, of three or four days, so that the last day I can rest. In bed, often, with a book. I remember the day before the national amateur championship at Flossmoor, I stayed in bed and read Papini's *Life of Christ,* a book with an odd fascination to me. If I can avoid it, I never touch a golf club the day before a big competition opens, and I prefer to play only eighteen holes a day the two days preceding.

The fair success of this plan induces the opinion, then, that the strain of championship golf is mostly mental; I'm certain the mere physical strain would not burn one up as has been my experience in so many tournaments. Could any one make me believe that six days of just golf, thirty-six holes a day, would have stripped eighteen pounds off me, as that six days at Oakmont, in 1919, did? At Worcester, in the open championship and play-off of 1925, I lost twelve pounds in three days, and I wasn't much overweight when I went there. Perhaps these physical symptoms help to explain the furious toll exacted from the spirit, under the stress of tournament competition. I know that tournament golf takes a lot out of me; the photographs, before and after, sometimes are rather shocking in contrast.

Now, my career to this writing, which includes the year 1926, is divided with so extraordinary a balance as regards tournament golf and championships that it would seem there must be a good opportunity to offer something in the way of a solution of the difference between a good golfer and a good tournament golfer. In the seven years between 1916 and 1922, inclusive, I played in eleven national championships, and did not win one. In the four years including 1923 and 1926, I played in ten national championships, winning five and finishing second three times.

Something, then, seems to have happened to fatten the run of what one fanciful writer termed my seven lean years. There has been a change in my tournament attitude; of that I am sure. But I can not say surely when it came about, or how. Certainly I did not go to Inwood in 1923 for the national open with any fresh confidence. I had been beaten until I was expecting it. Also, I was not well, and I was playing wretchedly.

Yet I won that championship, after tying with Bobby Cruickshank; and I think that perhaps it was in that tournament my attitude began changing. I saw Jock Hutchison leading after the first round and the second, collapsing midway of the third round. I saw Bobby Cruickshank, going to the fourteenth tee of the final round in a dazzling burst of golf—he went through seven holes, beginning with No. 6, in twenty-three strokes—break down even as I had broken down in my own finishing round, and tie me by shooting a wonderful birdie 3 at the seventy-second hole. And I managed to beat him in the play-off.

So I suppose I began to understand that the other fellows all had their troubles, too; that I didn't have to go out and shoot four perfect rounds to win a major open championship, or even one perfect round, if I could just keep four decent rounds sticking together. I suppose I began instinctively to understand that the tournament strain bears down on everybody—to understand that one lost stroke did not necessarily have to be redeemed at once; perhaps it was not ruinous; perhaps the other fellows were losing a stroke, too.—From Robert T. {Bobby} Jones' *Down the Fairway,* by permission of Minton, Balch & Co.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF MONEY

TODAY in Wall Street or the Baghdad Bazaar—now as when Judas betrayed Jesus for silver and Marco Polo found Chinese making banknotes of mulberry bark—men dream and talk of money. They talk more about it than of any other one thing. . . .

"Money," it has been said, "is what the other man takes for the things you want." Man has used money, in some form, since the dawn of civilization. Fishhooks and slave girls, beads, hawks and hounds, all have served as a medium of exchange. Early Virginians bought wives with tobacco. Once, it is said, Mexican Indians used cacao beans, until aboriginal crooks began making clay counterfeits, baked and varnished to look like the real. . . .

Cowrie, the lowly shell money of the antipodes, has through the ages been the most widely circulated rival of the metal disk; but its day of dominance has departed. Only isolated communities still cling to it as money.

Yet cowrie can boast that more people have used it than have clinked the metal disks in all their varieties. It has served a greater number of human beings as a medium of exchange than any other money devised by man. . . .

There have been many unique moneys in different countries. Nails were once so precious that they were used as money in Scotland and in New England in pre-Revolution days. And while the mark was skidding to zero after the World War, postmasters in remote parts of Germany used shoe nails for small-change purposes—they had a fixed utility value.

Bars of crystal salt are money in many parts of Ethiopia. This medium of exchange, however, suffers deterioration in a strange way. It has become a nice courtesy, when meeting a friend, to proffer a coin to be licked. So does the money lose weight through friendly hospitality, and it is to be hoped that the salt acts as a germicide!. . . .

Some time before the Christian era a way had been found of extracting a metal from the earth of the island of Cyprus, handily set in the eastern Mediterranean. The Romans later twisted the name of this island in such a way that the modern word "copper" was derived from it.

Copper pots began to appeal, and, like cattle, were universally prized. Merchants would exchange whatever they had in their stalls for copper pots, and the demand for them was more nearly universal than for any other object. The copper pot was, therefore, money.

Then into this region came one imbued with an idea of importance. Instead of presenting pots for use in facilitating barter, he would tender the copper of which they were made. He would offer it in a convenient form, made up into a strip which he called *obolus.* No definite idea of its size survives, but it was said that six made a handful. The obolus marked a great advance toward the use of coin.

The scene shifted to the West. Italy, as it awoke from barbarism, adopted a unit of copper as a measure of value. It called the unit *as*, a Roman pound of 12 *unciae*, or ounces, and it came into general use. . . .

As the centuries passed in the Mediterranean area, copper became plentiful and

THE well-known economist, Dr. Alfred Pearce Dennis, has thus summarized the meaning of money in its broadest aspects:

It is the conception of faith and credit which lies back of all exchanges based on tokens, whether cowrie shells, wampum, greenbacks, gold, copper, or silver, that gives these tokens value. Almost any symbol or token is useful as a medium of exchange so long as it receives general support in the popular consciousness. The value, therefore, of what we call money is measured by the yardstick of faith.

—William Atherton Du Puy

its purchasing power much decreased.

Rome was getting much of the earth of Cyprus. Thus it developed that an average householder of ancient Rome, going to market to buy for a feast day, would need to pack a donkey to bear the weight of the copper for his shopping.

The metal came to be too bulky in proportion to its value. Yet it held its place until another metal appeared that better served money purposes. That metal was silver. The map of the civilized world was expanding. Spain had begun to produce. As copper grew too plentiful, silver, which had been too scarce, began to appear in sufficient quantities for general employment as money. Two centuries before Caesar it had won its place as the fittest of metals for such use.

Silver ruled the money world for 2,000 years. Maps were made and remade under its influence.

Civilization moved westward and Charlemagne established an empire of the French in the eighth century on a silver standard. He formally decreed that the pound of silver should be the basic measure of value, and a continent accepted his edict. . . .

The world was short of actual money from Caesar to Columbus. Then there appeared in the interior of medieval Europe an individual who was to write a chapter of money history that has come down strangely into modern times, and to give a new nation of the West a currency unit that was to have a profound effect. This man made the first dollar, and gave it a name which, though the etymology is not apparent at a glance, becomes upon examination the lineal ancestor of the word "dollar."

The Count of Schlick, for such was his title, dwelt in St. Joachimsthal {Joachim's Dale}, a mining region of Bohemia. The patron saint of the community was St. Joachim.

Here the Count of Schlick, in 1516, appropriated a silver mine. . . . and considered what to do with it. He must have been a man of perception, for he seemed to realize that he dwelt in a money-hungry world, and that his silver would serve best if made into coin.

At any rate, he devised a new one all his own. On its face appeared a reproduction of St. Joachim, and it was named after that personage and the community which gave it birth—Joachimsthalers. It was the first dollar.

Now note the evolution of the word "dollar" from this, its polysyllabic ancestor. When the Joachimsthaler found its way into medieval Germany it was warmly welcomed. A practical people, however, soon tired of the length of its name, and by a judicious dropping of syllables it became the "thaler." The word in that form still survives in Germany.

When the thaler passed into the Netherlands its pronunciation was somewhat changed. There it was called the "daler." Then it crossed to England, where, by use of the broad "a," daler became "dollar. . . ."

The story of how the dollar came to America is no less interesting. In the two hundred years that followed its birth there were many money denominations in different parts of Europe that were similar to it in size and value. These were called by different names in various localities, but to the English all were dollars.

IN THE FINE LAND OF NOWHERE

In the fine land of Nowhere,
On the far side of There,
We shall be very happy,
We shall have no care;
You will be the blossom;
I shall be the bough;
In the great time coming
After Now.

While you are crying,
Listen to my song;
My own heart is breaking,
But I shall be strong:
I shall be strong for thinking
Of the fine days and fair,
When we are done with being
Anywhere.

(Continued on next page)

There were, for instance, the Spanish pieces of eight, so-called because of the prominence of the figure 8 on the coins {meaning eight *reales*}, and chiefly familiar by that name today because of the prominent role they play in pirate history. They grew to have a mighty influence in the three centuries after Columbus, and were the dominant money in the Western world.

The procurement of precious metal in order that the supply of them might increase was the chief aim of the Spaniards in trans-Atlantic operations. Their country's activities were based on a search for gold and silver which were found in abundance, particularly in Peru and Mexico. Spaniards developed silver mines in Mexico that turned out to be the richest the world has ever known.

While you are grieving,
Listen to my tune;
I shall be the heavens,
You will be the moon;
You will be the breezes;
I shall be the air,
When we are done with weeping
Everywhere.

Sorrow shall not know us,
Though we be her tears;
Time shall not trouble us,
Though we be as her years;
For we shall be the silence
That sits behind the door,
In the long time coming
Evermore.

—From Samuel Hoffenstein's *Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing* (Boni & Liveright).

As a result of this quest for precious metals, Spain extended her sway over two-thirds of the Western Hemisphere. It was her search for the money metals that unrolled the larger part of the map of the two Americas. . . .

England obtained little of the silver of the West. She herself was tragically short of currency and had none to spare her Colonies. . . .

Soon it came to pass that there was more Spanish coin in the Colonies than English money. It proved a convenient currency, and values could be computed in it more readily than in English money.

So, when the United States came to set up its own money, it adopted the Spanish rather than the English system as its basis.

The piece of eight, the Spanish *peso*, became the central unit in the new currency. But it was called neither a peso nor a piece of eight. Recourse was had to the old English word that had come circuitously out of a little Bohemian community. It was called a "dollar." . . .

Silver reigned as the money metal from 200 years before Caesar until the latter half of the nineteenth century. . . .

Then, in 1848, an event occurred which changed the money course of the world. James Marshall, building a sawmill in Eldorado County, California, picked up a lump of gold in its tailrace. This started the gold rush to the Pacific coast. Three years later gold was discovered in Australia, and in South Africa in 1885. Thus different geographical areas contributed to the increase of the gold supply and the yellow metal began to be more plentiful. . . .

Today money as metallic disks forms but a fractional part in exchange among civilized peoples. Checks, notes, bills of exchange, perform exactly the same function as money in the exchange of commodities. India is one of the poorest countries in the world from the standpoint of per capita wealth, with a pitiful circulation of silver rupees. Yet India has a store of gold amounting to two and one-half billion dollars, or considerably more than half the gold held in the United States. The bulk of the gold in India is hoarded and not put to productive uses.—William Atherton Du Puy, in *The National Geographic Magazine*

In the present state of medical knowledge a pronouncement of the sentence of "incurable" on a patient places a serious responsibility on the physician and implies a greater knowledge than he possesses.—Dr. Ernst P. Boas

WOMEN OF THE JURY

MOST jurors, women just like men, are drawn from the middle class. Most are busy, earnest, hopeful, home-loving, moderately well educated and fairly well adjusted mentally, and are living without virulent complexes. The women usually are wives and mothers, with children old enough to be in school, club women, school teachers, sales women engaged in respectable, frequently humble but busy means of making a livelihood.

Such women are eminently fit for jury service.

Human nature runs about the same in both sexes. . . .

Unfitness is an individual peculiarity, not a matter of sex. It arises from prejudices essentially personal. The law expects them, and has provided amply for their avoidance in a generous right of peremptory challenges of talesmen. . . .

Women, from the necessities of their life and training, feel much more keenly on the subject of the eternal triangle than men. Most lawyers, in trying such a case, would scrutinize carefully the women who file into the jury box, and perhaps use more challenges on them than on the men. But the possibility of encountering greater prejudice from women in such cases is no argument against their general use on juries, for such cases form but a small percentage of those on which juries serve. In the State of Massachusetts only five percent of the total number of cases tried in a given year were criminal ones; and an infinitesimal portion involved the eternal triangle! The percentage in most States is about the same.

Equally great prejudice and a wide diversity of opinion may be obtained from men on a question which touches them deeply. For example, bias occurs as frequently among men on labor questions as it does among women on questions of sex. I recall particularly a discussion with five men concerning the guilt of members of a group of labor unions who conspired by extreme measures in a "sympathetic" strike to compel closed shop conditions. One man of the reactionary type, wealthy, a large employer, who had long fought labor unions in his own industry, said: "That crowd is the menace of America. They ought to be put away for life."

Across the table a noted psychiatrist looked up quickly, with the comment: "Why, those men ought to be examined; they are not criminals—they are mentally sick from imagined wrongs."

Then a journalist, having had a close-up of life at points of great strain, on the bleeding fronts during the war and in the frosty tents of striking coal miners during peace, observed: "It is the employers of such men who should be condemned. If you had seen the suffering of their wives and families as I have, you would know that the crime is with the economically dominant class."

A smug army officer, who spent much of his time in patriotic lectures, answered: "The dominant class provides by ample charities for their suffering families and furnishes the work for which such immigrants should be grateful. Those men are tools of Moscow and should be pun-

ODE TO A BABY CARRIAGE

Small Chariot—propelled by Small-Girl power
Around the shade-and-sun besprinkled park,
With heavenly patience, hour after hour,
When chance her soul is longing for a lark—
With prescient diffidence I gaze within
At calm, round eyes, snub nose and pudgy chin.

A baffling load you bear—'tis mostly wraps
And puffs and pillows 'round that small pink core
Which intermittently awakes from naps,
And sends the charioteer a call for more
Of zippy action, a far brisker gait—
It seems his pressing business cannot wait.

(Continued on next page)

ished summarily, as we punished the unpatriotic in war time."

And then an old jurist, sitting quietly at the end of the desk, spoke softly, saying: "I fancy we do not yet know just where the borderline of guilt and innocence lies in such cases. The future may tell us, but most of us close these questions by voicing our prejudices. It is the purpose of the law to find truth, and apply justice; but it is doubtful if in this case a really detached point of view can be achieved."

Thus we have five men, and five different judgments. The case was decided by the judge without a jury. He found for the union men, and a higher court sustained him; but when brought before the Supreme Court of the United States, his decision was reversed, and the labor unions were condemned. Even in that high tribunal, four separate opinions were written expressing four separate views, and the majority opinion was followed by strong dissents from two justices. Yet men solely—not women—were dealing with that case.

In some districts of the United States the notion prevails that woman is fundamentally incapable of judging fairly. There she is being avoided instead of tried out on juries. These are States where she is needed most. New York is such a place. It seems incredible that fear of her persists in spite of the continued decadence of the jury system. It amounts to saying that any kind of man is a better juror than the best woman, for as a matter of fact, in many districts we are only getting the least responsible type of men on juries.

The deterioration of juries is a dangerous civic symptom. The ancient right of trial by jury lies at the very foundation of our nation and its liberties. Time was when jury service was a mark of leadership and distinction in the community. Now, those called rush to the judge with excuses or seek the district political leader in an effort to secure influence for their exemption.

Nominally, every citizen is liable to serve; but actually, in most districts, over half of those called find a way to escape. States vary, but in most of them the laws have been too generous in providing for exemptions. . . .

In the police courts I have seen the advent of the gentler sex rout professional jurors, and I have heard those scavengers of justice complain to their ward politicians that women didn't ask to be excused enough, and therefore no vacancies appeared in the lists of venire, so that they could no longer pick up a living by hanging around the hall of justice. . . .

I am not claiming for woman any superiority, per se, over man as a juror. The good results which follow her into the jury box come from other causes. What I do insist is that she is not inherently unfit, and that when unfitness is encountered in her, it arises, like it does in men, from particular prejudices peculiar to the individual, and disqualifying only in cases where that prejudice would have an opportunity to be exercised. When she is believed to harbor prejudice, it can be avoided by challenging her, as for generations past prejudice has been handled when encountered in other talesmen.—Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney General of the United States, in *McCall's Magazine*

Or is it hers? *That snug cocoon contains*
Presidentess, or President? To think!
Leader of Legions? Queen of Song—or Brains?
Wizard of Science? What a canny wink!
Behind that bland and unretreating gaze
What secret is withheld for future days?

There be fine carriages, preserved in state—
The gilded gorgeousness of old, rich days,
Wherein once rode the proud, the fair, the great,
And good folk gape at them with awe-struck gaze;
But you—who knows?—may find them less than peers;
My *awe for* you—*you bear the unguessed years!*

—Minnie Leona Upton, in the New York *Herald-Tribune*

The Making of A Pioneer Suffragette

I BECAME a feminist when I was six years old. I had not yet discovered that I had been born amid a self-governing people and that the instrument employed for the process was a vote. In after years my observation that the United States discriminated against women in the distribution of votes and my enlistment in that cause for a lifetime was a mere incident in the bigger conviction that the affairs of the whole world were askew because the male possessed a dominating superiority and the female a surrendering inferiority complex. These phrases were not invented until a half century later, but an undefined sense of their meaning was the influence that set my small feet upon a trail from which, when grown larger, they were never permitted to stray. My conversion was painful but complete.

> I DID not choose my cause, the destiny of a hoopskirt set me on my way. For this I am grateful, for I give it as my firmest conviction that service to a just cause rewards the worker with more real happiness and satisfaction than any other venture of life.
>
> —Carrie Chapman Catt

The day is deeply impressed upon my memory. The warm sun was shining brilliantly through the windows of a little school house in Ripon, Wisconsin, where I was born. The sweet smell of a bouquet of lilacs on the teacher's desk filled the room and marked the date as Spring. . . .

We boys and girls were now taking another lesson in the multiplication table and were standing in a straight row with our little toes strictly lined on a crack in the floor, when suddenly, with a whirring clickety-clack, a little girl's hoopskirt settled in a ring around her tiny feet. Every boy snickered. The teacher, being a woman of discretion, gathered up the little girl, hoop-skirt and all, in her arms, and carried her off to the woodshed. Restored to convention, she brought her back and set her down with toes on the crack. Her little cheeks were burning, her eyes downcast, and tears were flowing down her face. Again every boy, good and bad, snickered and every little girl blushed.

Perhaps, instinctively, we knew that the big hoops our mothers were wearing were somewhat ridiculous and that our little ones could not be upheld by common sense. Whatever the cause, there was no girl in that school who did not know that our common sex was being maligned by the tea ing male, an most of us felt a spirit of resentment rising in our young bosoms. School over, I seized the hand of the child who had experienced the disaster and ran {no child walks} flauntingly before the boy of the most offensive snicker and made a face at him. I never forgot the hot indignation I felt nor the sense of triumph when I gave him the most terrible grimace I could invent. Thus I became a champion; I had defended my sex!

When I was seven my parents moved from Wisconsin to Iowa. After having built a house upon a farm we were removed there and I went to the country school. On my first day a naughty boy just my age appeared with a long striped snake in his hand. . . . The boy chased the little girls with it and tauntingly threatened to twist it around their necks. When the bell rang we girls bounded through the door as one animate ball, no one willing to wait for another to pass. I sank into my seat thoroughly frightened and with my heart beating furiously.

That night, my brother, three years older than I and imitative as children are, found a snake and, following the example of the bad boy, chased me with it. He also made the same unpleasant remark about throwing it around my neck. I began to reflect that life would be one long horrid torment in Iowa, since snakes were plentiful and boys had so

small a sense of the proprieties. I began to reason that if a boy can catch a snake and it doesn't hurt him, I can catch a snake and it will not hurt me. I suspected that a boy would find a cold clammy snake around his neck quite as uncomfortable as would a girl. So I planned for defense, and summoning all the grit I could muster to my aid, I sought the pasture, a tract of unbroken prairie. I did not go far before spying one of the striped enemies of woman wriggling its way through the long grass, and down upon his head my small foot went while I grasped its tail in my fingers and swung it at arm's length as I had seen the boys do. I did not like the feeling of it, but I observed that his snakeship was helpless when held in that fashion and my confidence increased. I was soon chasing my brother like a wild Indian and threatening to throw it around his neck. My suspicions proved correct; boys did not enjoy the anticipation of a snake as a necklace and it took only one lesson to protect me from the teasing boys of that district forevermore. Looking backward, I realize that that foolish little episode, happening at an age parents consider too young for lasting impressions upon children, was the moment when character was born and self-reliance established.

These two silly events set me going in the direction from which I could never turn aside; yet of what value can their telling be to girls of this day? Hoop-skirts, let us hope, are gone forever and snakes only remain in rocky and swampy parts of our country. So, too, the influence, that I have always regarded as the most dominating upon my entire life, appears to have belonged strictly to my own generation. . . .

—Carrie Chapman Catt, in *The Christian Century*

These are awkward times, and we sympathize with the teashop waitress who approached a customer from behind and said, brightly: "Anything more, sir, I mean madam; I beg your pardon, sir."—*Life*

I SUPPOSE there is no one to refute the claim that may be made for John Dewey that he is the most considerable figure in philosophy that America has produced since William James. Not many people know that he also raises chickens and sells eggs on a large scale.

Nevertheless, he has given scientific thought to the habits and conduct of hens and has developed quite a number of customers. Orders are solicited and deliveries made.

Not long ago the man who takes the orders and delivers the eggs was ill and Professor Dewey took an order over the phone from a lady and delivered the eggs in person. He rang the front door-bell and a maid appeared and asked him what he wanted. He replied that he was Mr. Dewey and had brought the eggs the mistress of the house had ordered.

The mistress upstairs heard his reply and called down to the maid:

"If that is the man with the eggs, tell him to go around to the back door."

Hearing this, Professor Dewey backed away from the reproving look of the maid and went around to the back door. The mistress of the house appeared, asked him if he was sure the eggs were fresh, and upon getting his word that they were, paid him; and Professor Dewey went away.

Shortly after that the lady heard that a tea was being given with Professor Dewey as the guest of honor, and, being anxious to meet the famous philosopher, she pulled wires to get an invitation.

When she arrived all aflutter she asked to have the guest of honor pointed out to her. Over in the corner Professor Dewey sat hunched in a chair. He was pointed out to the lady.

"My word!" she said, "A philosopher! Of all things! He looks just like the man who delivers the eggs."—Burton Rascoe, in *The Bookman*

Mr. Coolidge says there is a job for everybody who wants one, but he should be careful to make it plain that this does not apply to political jobs.—*Southern Lumberman*

A Convert from Socialism

Rheta Childe Dorr is a journalist whose interest in sociology and politics has led to wide travel and sojourns in most countries of Europe. She was a war correspondent on the Eastern and Western Fronts.

In Russia she accompanied the famous Women's Battalion of Death to the front, witnessing the last Kerensky offensive. Since the War she has been studying reconstruction problems in Germany, Italy, Czechoslovakia and the Balkans.

EVERY normal person, I suppose, at one time in his life gets religion. That is a different thing from being converted, because conversion is, or ought to be, an intellectual as well as an emotional experience. I became a Socialist by getting religion. I got converted away from it by the logic of facts.

From a very small child, two glaring social injustices racked my soul, poverty and the subjection of women. . .

In order to get closer to working women and find out just how accidental they were, I went to live in a tenement house in the very center of the New York Ghetto, and there, while my chief occupation was the study of women in industry, my whole being blazed with wrath at the hideous poverty surrounding me. All suffered; men, women and children; and there seemed no way out. Most of the people worked in garment factories, and I saw them at their ill-paid toil. One August day I saw a presser, crazed with the heat, throw down his gas iron, run screaming through the crowded room, and plunge headlong into the street four stories below. . .I saw whole tenement populations stretched on the pavements at night, vainly trying to gain strength in sleep for another day's drudgery in the steaming workshops. I saw families evicted, their miserable furniture thrown into the street. I used to drop my tiny contribution into the extended plate, all the time wondering why. Why try to get another home as bad as the last? Why not find out how to get a better home? That was what I was trying to do. I used to go to the roof on summer nights and look down on open windows where sagging forms drooped over meager evening meals, and I asked them all silently: "Why do you endure it? You are many, they are the few."

A turn of fortune common in the journalistic life suddenly took me out of the Ghetto and sent me to Europe on a mission. In England I met H. G. Wells. I was worshipping H. G. Wells just then, because of the solution of the world's woes offered in his current novel, *In the Days of the Comet.* It seemed so plausible. Just a breath of perfectly pure air, one little gaseous element from space breathed into the minds of the people, enabling them to see that war was idiotic, poverty a crime, sex differences an absurd distortion of the truth. All that was necessary then was to go to work like a family and clean up the mess. Talking about the book with Mr. Wells, I told him that he alone had found the solution. Let people learn to understand. Surely if the rich understood that the masses went hungry, they themselves could never again enjoy luxury. They wouldn't be able to swallow their fine food. Not if they really understood. The thing was to teach them.

Mr. Wells beamed at me. "You probably don't know it," said he, "but you are a Socialist."

"Oh, am I?" I cried, and got religion on the spot.

THE SPINNER'S SONG

No time, no time, to sing my songs,
But time to spin my spinning!
No way, no way, to right the wrongs,
But ways enough for sinning.

No laugh to take, no laugh to give,
But tears and tears for crying;
No living worth the death to live,
But life enough for dying.

—From Kathleen Millay's *The Evergreen Tree* (Liveright)

I was made a member of the Fabian Society, tarrying in London long enough to attend several meetings. It was easy to remain saved in gatherings where Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Keir Hardie, Ramsay MacDonald and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence read papers and made speeches, while Bernard Shaw interpolated glittering epigrams and paradoxes from the floor. What a program for abolishing poverty they had! Woman suffrage, maternity benefits, unemployment insurance, old age pensions. Everything seemed covered, from the cradle to the grave. Gladly I promised to join the Socialist Party as soon as I reached home. "You will be surprised," said Edward Pease, secretary of the Fabian Society, "to find how many of your friends are quietly Socialists." And so it proved. . .

Two years later came the World War, and to my shocked dismay my Party, or an overwhelming majority, went over lock, stock and barrel, to militaristic Imperial Germany. . .The Socialists wanted Germany to win the war.

Still my faith in Socialism itself endured. It held out after five months in revolutionary Russia with the Socialist Kerensky demonstrating every day the futility of theories when opposed to facts. It began to evaporate in France where for some months I watched hard-boiled facts roll back the catastrophic German theory. But it needed three years of continuous residence in post-war Europe completely to convert me from Socialism.

One day in Prague I had a little light on the subject in the course of a long conversation with the President of Czechoslovakia, Thomas G. Masaryk. Sitting on the lawn of his palace, he explained why it had not been possible to realize the dream of a purely Socialist constitution for his country. It is only necessary to repeat his closing words:

"Any form of government is possible," said President Masaryk. "Socialism is possible, Communism is possible. But first you must provide a human race which sincerely desires an unselfish government and knows how to get it."—Rheta Childe Dorr, in *The North American Review*

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

THERE is a real fear and dislike of America on the part of some thoughtful people in England—a reasonable fear and dislike, I think, based on something far deeper, more subtle, and more important than a war of a hundred-and-fifty years ago, the precise terms of the debt settlement, or the abominable manners of many American tourists. It is the fear of the Americanization of Europe.

Mass production in America, the use of advertising to standardize the desires and taste of the public and so standardize production, the consequent reduction in production costs and the increase in wages, have all created a stupendous rise in the scale of American living from the purely material standpoint. . . .

The achievement of this result has brought about the surrender of certain values that the European still thinks of vital importance. What the cultured European desires above all else is to be an individual, to be able to express his own unique personality in work and play. The dreary sameness of American life throughout an entire and vast continent appals him. Of what use to travel three thousand miles from New York to San Francisco if for the most part one sees only the same sort of people, reads the same comic strips and syndicated news columns, talks the same "shop," and sees the same city architecture?

If Europe is sucked into the whirlpool, if her form of civilization gives way to the American, and if we are at last world-standardized to one bottle and one brick and one dress and one bath and one car and one book and one idea, it may be that we shall regret the day when every Englishman could pride himself on being singular and "a little mad."—James Truslow Adams, in *The Atlantic Monthly*

A Clinton, Mo., negro wrote a check for $3, and when it was returned marked "no funds" announced his intention of severing relations with the bank on the ground that if it didn't have $3 it couldn't amount to much.—Kansas City *Star*

LINCOLN'S ROMANTIC GRANDMOTHER

DR. BARTON is equally distinguished as a churchman, in the Congregational ministry, and as one of the most authoritative biographers of Abraham Lincoln. He here tells the story of Lucy Hanks, whose very existence has been vehemently denied, but whose contribution to the heredity and development of her immortal grandson cannot be ignored. It is a notable contribution to Lincoln literature.

WHEN Lucy Hanks was ten years old she learned that there had been a battle at Bunker Hill. Where Bunker Hill was, she had very little idea, but all the strangers who rode through North Farnham Parish brought news and rumors concerning it, or asked if any further tidings had been received about the battle. . . .

A little later she learned that Colonel George Washington had been chosen commander-in-chief of an army that was to fight the King and drive the British soldiers out of the colonies. She understood better about George Washington, for she had heard about him all her life. He was born only thirty-three years earlier than herself, on Bridges' Creek, near her own birthplace, which was on the Indian Town Branch in North Farnham Parish. . . .

Lucy Hanks was the eldest daughter in a large family of children. She had five brothers and three sisters. Her father was Joseph Hanks, who was born December 20, 1725. Her mother's name was Ann. . . .

While the Hankses in Lucy's day were, as Abraham Lincoln said, "a second or undistinguished family," they were a reputable family, and the people whom they married were of good average social standing. . . .

It was with difficulty that the most prosperous families in Virginia in that period educated their sons. Governor Berkeley had ample support when he publicly and officially thanked God that Virginia had no free schools and printing presses. The sons of such families as the Lees, and the older brothers of George Washington, were sent to England for their schooling. A majority of the young men whom Lucy Hanks knew could not sign their names, and few of her girl friends could read. The mother of George Washington could read and write a little, but not much, and she was exceptional. But Lucy Hanks could read and write, and she was the only member of her family who could do so. . . .

What impelled Lucy to undertake this task of learning to read and write? What made her desire to gain education above that of her family? Who was her teacher? How we wish we knew the answers to these questions! We do not know, and it is idle to conjecture. But in some way she felt a superiority to her environment, an inward urge toward self-improvement, and a determination to know more than most young women of her acquaintance knew. She learned to read, and she wrote, not the cramped hand of the nearly illiterate, but like most of the Hankses who could write at all, she wrote with freedom and a flourish.

The surrender of Cornwallis drew to Williamsburg and Yorktown great throngs of patriotic and curious people from all that section of Virginia. We do not know that Lucy Hanks went thither, but it is far from being impossible. It was a day's easy ride, and there were friends along the way. . . .

If Lucy Hanks was, indeed, among the many Virginia girls who at that time made the ride to the scene of the surrender, she might possibly have met in some local celebration a young soldier named Henry Sparrow. He was from Mecklenburg County, but his ancestors had lived near Tidewater, and he possibly had relatives near Yorktown. Henry and Lucy were not so far apart as to have made a meeting impossible or even improbable. They were later to exercise an important influence upon each other's lives. . . .

There still was such a thing as social distinction, both as between officers and privates, and between the first families and those of humbler lineage; but the war had been a leveler, and Lucy Hanks

may have attended balls in homes where she had previously been a stranger, and under the escort of young military men of some repute. While the Hankses were certainly not of the aristocrats, neither were they disreputable. Lucy was under no social ban in that winter of gaiety. She was sweet sixteen, plump, ruddy and vivacious, with a healthy and attractive flush in her dark cheek. We are not at liberty to suppose she lacked partners in the sports of that season.

Furthermore, there was at the close of the Revolution a period of uncensored living. They had no jazz, but they had the spirit that in a later generation was to express itself in jazz. The war would have produced this result even had there been no foreign influence; but the presence of so many French troops was not without its effect on the thought and conduct of the young Virginians who served with them. . . .

If we knew the whole story of that winter, we might have some light which we now lack on the development of the character of Lucy Hanks. Perhaps it was then that for the first time her beauty lifted her above her social rank and gave her new and dangerous companionships.

Perhaps then for the first time she heard the challenge of the dogmas and repressions of her childhood faith. Perhaps it was then that she heard pleasant flattery joined to seductive suggestion. There is no rumor of misconduct on her part so long as she lived in that part of Virginia, and no reason to believe that she was at this time other than a virtuous young woman; but that this was a period of peril for many girls in that neighborhood is beyond question. It may be that that winter, if we knew its whole story, contained a part of the explanation of some things that occurred afterward. Perhaps her parents were disturbed by her frequent parties, late hours and boisterous associates. Let us hope and believe that for her that winter was one of innocent gaiety, in which she emerged from girlhood into womanhood, happy and radiant, admired and popular, and unconscious of the perils that were thick about her. With the coming of spring a new experience was in store for her. . . .

The death of Lucy's grandmother, Catherine, widow of John Hanks, was the signal for a breaking up of the Hanks family. She died some time in January, 1779, and, her eldest son William being dead, Joseph, the second son, Lucy's father, became administrator of his mother's estate. . . .

It took a long time to settle the estate. The final papers were not presented and recorded until 1782. We have the inventory, and we know that each of her children received goods and chattels that made up a fairly good list. But before the final papers had been filed, Joseph Hanks had taken such portion of his mother's property as in equity he might possess, and made a preliminary journey up the Potomac River. This was some time in 1781, and the next spring he moved his family. . . .

We can conjecture with some degree of probable accuracy the route they traveled. It was hemmed in between the Rappahannock and the Potomac, and they had no occasion to cross either river, but in time they followed the Potomac. They moved northeasterly past the birthplace of George Washington at Bridges' Creek, and left Fredericksburg, where his mother was living, a few miles to the south. . . .

There is, of course, no record of the details of this journey, but it can not have been an easy one for the oldest daughter of the Hanks family. She had to share her mother's responsibility for the younger children, and the days were weary and the nights broken. Wild beasts were in the forest close at hand, and the horses and live stock were a daily care. She had left behind her all the memories of her ancestral home on the Indian Town Branch in North Farnham Parish. All her girlhood friends, both men and maidens, were there. The wilderness they penetrated had grown daily more mysterious and ominous. . . .

Their last day's march began and ended. The wild honeysuckle was abloom. The rhododendrons made the banks of smaller streams glorious with their wax-

like blossoms. Here and there the wild crab-apple scattered its fragrance and drew the bees from afar. Beside the rutted roadway where the wheels jolted over roots and boulders, bluets, cranebills, lady-slippers and wild violets grew in profusion. It was a scene of intoxicating beauty. . . .

The Hanks family established their home on Mike's Run of Patterson's Creek in the spring of 1782 and remained a little less than two years. They arrived in time for the enumeration of inhabitants which was made that year. The list was incorporated in 1790 into the first official census of the United States. The family of Joseph Hanks, as reported in 1782, consisted of eleven persons, all white. . . .

It is not likely, nor have we reason to suppose that any of the near neighbors made up to Lucy for the friends she had left behind. The valley was attractive, the holly berries were red and the mistletoe was white in winter, and spring brought the wild honeysuckle and the dogwood and the ivory flower and the blossoms on the tulip tree and the fateful red-bud. But no change of season brought to her compensation for her severed friendships in North Farnham Parish.

Then there came to her a friend, or one whom she counted to be such. He can hardly have been one of the nearer neighbors. Presumably he rode from the South Fork Valley through the gap which Mill Creek made when it sawed the mountain in twain. What business brought him to Patterson's Creek we do not know, but the distance was not great, nor was the ride a hard one. He was a young planter of good family, and he met Lucy, and then came again. We know not on what pretext he came and continued to come—whether the sale of seed grain or the purchase of tobacco gave him excuse or whether he came without any excuse at all—but he came.

We can not help wondering if he was interested in the fact that this attractive girl, nearly eighteen years of age, could read, whether he brought her books or otherwise encouraged her education. If so the case was not an isolated one; all the way from Eve to Heloise the woman has seen the fruit of the the tree of knowledge as something to be desired to make one wise, and the teacher has become the tempter.

Perhaps he told her stories of earlier days in that region, for he was quite possibly of the second generation that had inhabited the South Fork Valley.

Perhaps Lucy's lover told her the thrilling story of Jacob Kuykendall and Barbara Decker. They were married and lived for a brief and happy time together in the South Fork Valley, but he was carried away by Indians, and Barbara thought him dead. In due time came James Colvin who married her. When Jacob Kuykendall came back he found what Enoch Arden found on his return. His wife was married, and she had children by her marriage to James Colvin.

Jacob Kuykendall faced that situation like a brave man. There was no statute law that provided for just such a condition, nor did the English Common Law, as applied in the American colonies, provide means whereby one man might deed his wife to another; but Jacob Kuykendall entered upon the Deed Book of the County Court of Hampshire a quit-claim to his wife Barbara. In that strange document he certified that whereas his wife Barbara, formerly Barbara Decker had intermarried with James Colvin, he, the said Jacob Kuykendall, did freely acquit and discharge the said James and Barbara from all trouble and damage by reason of their intermarriage, and did consent that they might cohabit and dwell together as husband and wife without interference from him, the said Jacob Kuykendall.

Now, the face of Barbara had been before Jacob in all the years of his life in Canada among the Indians, and the lure of it and the hope of having it pressed against his bronzed cheek had brought him back to the South Fork of the Potomac. But he performed the act of a brave man, and gave her freely to the man she had married in good faith, and who had become the father of her children. Jacob Kuykendall went back with

the Indians. He married an Indian princess, so the story runs, and his blood flowed, and presumably still flows, in the veins of a race of blue-eyed Indians of great ability and phenomenal courage. For him is named a town in Wisconsin, Waukesha.

Those were the stories that Lucy Hanks heard in her brief sojourn on Mike's Run, and it is more than possible that she heard them from the man she thought of as her lover. . . .

When Lucy knew that she had been betrayed; that she had loved not wisely but too well; when the time came that the ugly truth could no longer be concealed, and her lover refused to stand by her, and left her to bear the burden and pain and disgrace alone, did she repent in sackcloth, or did she become stubborn and defiant? When the virtuous children of the stolid neighbors yelled their spiteful taunts at Lucy's younger brothers and sisters, and the children came home and upbraided her, did she bear it in meekness, or did she give back hot and unwise answers, and say that she hated this place, and that it served her parents right that she should thus have disgraced them for having brought her thither?

It is so easy to ask questions which it is impossible to answer. But one thing we know, and that is that the man who betrayed Lucy Hanks, and failed to make good the vows he made to her, however much of success he attained in life, and however much he profited socially and financially by any other possible marriage, lost his one chance of immortality. We might be able, if we knew who he was, to say of him with respect that he gave such and such fine qualities to the complex personality of his grandson Abraham Lincoln. Fine qualities Lucy's lover almost certainly had, and Lincoln was probably not in error in thinking that he inherited some of them; but the man who refused to give his name to the girl he betrayed obliterated that same name from all possibility of fame that otherwise would have opened to it.

There is no accurate record of the date of birth of Lucy Hanks's baby. It occurred in the winter, either at the end of 1783 or the very beginning of 1784. She was a little girl. Lucy named her Nancy. Her other name had to be Hanks, for her father did not claim her, and Lucy did not prosecute him, and thus cause his identity to become a matter of court record. . . .

—From William E. Barton's *The Women Lincoln Loved,* by permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Company

THE CIRCUS

Now pain, the circusmaster, strolls
Through the night hours and cracks his whip
The shapes of death his eye controls
Fawn, with a fanged leer, at his hip.

Last night I watched them crouch and leap
I heard them growl and stamp and yawn,
And waited for the clown called sleep
To stumble on the heels of dawn.

But still with brutish smells the air
Was thick, and heaving like a ship.
And once more pain stood idly there
And flicked his whip.

—Babette Deutsch, in *Books* of the New York *Herald Tribune*

A Slice of Raw Alaskan Life

SOAPY SMITH, all the story-tellers will relate, was the king of Alaska's bad men. Into his coffers the lesser bad men paid their toll and tribute. A self-appointed two-gun monarch, he ruled Skagway for a time, and held the road to the Klondike. Through henchmen he robbed and stole, and, when the spirit moved him, he gave generously to widows and children in distress and to broken men who came wandering back defeated. It was on July 8, 1898, that Frank Reid killed him—and he killed Frank Reid. Reid, the Government surveyor and organizer of Alaska's Law and Order League, became with that fatal encounter a national hero. Strictly, he was Skagway's, but now all Alaska claims him as its patriot and defender. A monument inscribed with eulogistic legend rises above his grave in the Skagway Cemetery.

But for Soapy Smith the monument is a skull, a great death's head twenty-five feet high and fifteen feet wide, overlooking the strait that separates Wrangell Island from the mainland. At the instance of the Arctic Brotherhood it was chiseled there on the face of the cliff and painted white by quarrymen last Fall.

Soapy Smith was in Alaska little more than a year, but he encompassed more in the way of crime and two-gun rule and high finance than most gang-leaders encompass in a lifetime.

It was from Montana that he went to Alaska in quest of fat dividends in the gold-rush. The boom was nearing its crest, and Skagway, which now contains only 500 inhabitants, was a thriving city of 15,000, with a large drifting population besides, when he made his entry from Wrangell. That was in the fall of '97. Almost overnight he became a power. . . .

There were two things Soapy Smith respected and feared. They were the Canadian Mounted Police and Frank R. Reid. He used to say that a country which had an organization like the mounted police was a bum country to live in. So he kept out of Canada. He was almost as respectful of Reid.

Reid was fifty-four and some sixteen years older than Soapy, but he was a hard frontiersman. He could shoot fast and accurately. He had come to Alaska as a Government surveyor and had laid out Skagway. His hobby was law enforcement. He believed the citizens should take the law into their own hands when the Government authorities couldn't enforce it.

Except on points of law and order, Reid and Soapy were friends. They always spoke on the street, and Reid was the only man who never called him Soapy. He always addressed Smith as Jeff. They used to drink together and sometimes dine together, but on questions of law and order they were in direct conflict. Each seemed to sense the fact that some day they would clash and fight out to the death.

There was something strangely prophetic about this. Standing at the bar, Soapy used to say: "Frank, there's only one man in Alaska who can get me. If I'm ever

ELSEWHERE in America eminent sculptors hew statuary out of mountain sides in honor of heroes and patriots; on the Alaskan coast off Wrangell Island the brow of a cliff is wrought into a ghastly skull to commemorate the misdeeds of a "bad man." The ships pass almost under its leering jaw. Fifteen rough, irregular teeth may be counted. And that great empty eye socket, gaping 250 feet above the water, is four feet across!

Such is the monument to "Soapy" Smith, worst and last of Alaska's "bad men." This account recalls the days of '98 when men battled the Arctic for its gold. It brings back the bold, bad days of Skagway.

—Guy Forshay

got, you'll be the man who will do it."

Reid's reply was laconic:

"I know it, Jeff."

Along about the first of July, 1898, conditions in Skagway had reached a crisis. Lawlessness was running rampant. Citizens hitherto submissive were beginning to speak openly of defiance. Then came the last straw.

Trudging over the trail from Dawson one day came Alexander Stewart. He had played against the Arctic and gathered up his winnings. With his poke, containing $3,000 of gold-dust, he was on his way to the outside. Into lawless Skagway trudged the tired prospector and parked his gold at Soapy Smith's saloon. There were no banks there at that time, and it was customary for returning miners to leave their pokes at hotels or in saloons for safekeeping.

That evening Stewart called for his poke. It was on July 2. Smith and his bartenders looked at him in feigned amazement. "Who the hell are you?" they asked. He tried to explain.

"We never saw you before. Get the hell out of here."

Stewart got out, but he went straight to Frank Reid. It was the third time such a thing had happened within a week. Reid's patience was exhausted. The next night he called a mass-meeting to organize a law and order league. . . .

Soapy Smith broke up the meeting. With his gunmen he invaded the hall, seized the gavel, and rapping sharply for attention, he addressed the gathering.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this meeting is adjourned."

It was. If anybody loitered or grumbled he was jabbed in the ribs with a revolver in the hands of a gunman and driven out. Reid submitted rather than precipitate a general fight.

On July 4 Reid tried another meeting late at night. It was broken up in the same way. Then he resorted to strategy.

Stretching out a mile and a quarter into the harbor in front of Skagway were four causeways leading to the steamship docks which formed a T at the end. Reid planned a meeting, to be held on one of these docks, which could be reached only by the causeway. It was set for the evening of July 8. He himself would guard the eighteen-foot approach, and if Smith attempted to force an entry, death would be the consequence.

> The most costly antique chair we have on hand at present is the electric.
>
> —Thomas L. Masson

On the appointed day, three men stood guard at the dock approach, admitting known citizens until about 7 P. M. Then Reid, armed with two 45-caliber Colt's revolvers, took his post and sent the other guards away against their protests. He expected a finish fight. Fifteen feet in front of the dock approach he stretched a surveyor's chain. It was the deadline.

During the day, Smith ignored the three subordinate guards. He held them in contempt. But when his informers reported that Reid had taken his position he went quickly into action. Gulping down six or eight drinks and arming himself with a cavalry carbine, he started for the dock, followed closely by his gang of some 200 armed men and followed at a greater distance by almost the entire population. Stephens saw him going, and trailed along to watch the fight.

On to his death went Soapy Smith, to his death and Reid's. When he was sixty feet from the dead-line, Reid shouted a challenge, warning him of what would happen if he crossed the chain. Soapy ignored the challenge. He was two paces from the line when Reid shouted a second warning. It was heard 100 yards away, but Smith faltered not a fraction of a second. Two paces, one pace—just as Smith's right foot crossed the chain, two shots were heard almost simultaneously. Two bullets from Reid's

revolvers struck him in the chest. He lurched backward at the impact and then recovered.

Sinking slowly forward on his knees, he brought the carbine up under his right armpit. He took no aim. His black flinty eyes were fastened on Reid. His right knee touched the ground. As his left knee came down he fired. The bullet caught Reid low in the abdomen. A soft-nosed bullet, it spread an inch and a half and tore an ugly wound. Both men fell.

It was found afterward that Reid's two bullets had pierced both of Smith's lungs, causing internal hemorrhage. Among all those followers, not one was there to go to his assistance. His gang scattered and fled. He died alone, beating the earth with his arms.

Reid was rushed to a hospital, unconscious. His room was flooded with arctic flowers and President McKinley sent him a message of encouragement. He lingered for three weeks; then one day his nurse went to take his temperature and found she had placed the thermometer between the lips of a dead man. His funeral was of unprecedented magnitude.

"He gave his life for the honor of Skagway," says the legend engraved upon his tomb.

Scarcely twenty feet separates his grave from that of Soapy Smith. Wrapped in a Mackinaw blanket, Smith was buried in a rough spruce box. A wooden slab was set up to mark the spot in the cemetery of murdered men, of murderers and men who died on Heartbreak Trail.

The shots which ended the life of Soapy Smith did more than rid the country of its worst bad man. They also sounded the death-knell of lawlessness in general. Members of his band were speedily rounded up. Forty or fifty were sent to Federal penitentiaries for long terms and the others were banished from Alaska. The desperate days were over. The great skull grinning from the limestone cliff is their monument. — Guy Forshay, in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

LYNCHINGS are less discreditable to society than legal executions. Indeed, of the two things, a mob lynching and a legal execution, I think the latter is the worse, since it is cold, deliberate, methodical, the calculated action of reason and will, and thus utterly diabolical.

For thousands of years the best spirits of every age have denounced and repudiated this horror.

Opponents of capital punishment include all the greatest and noblest names from Confucius, Buddha and Jesus to Channing, Abraham Lincoln, Victor Hugo and Leo Tolstoy. In the course of centuries of discussion every plea against the practice has been vindicated and established.

—John Haynes Holmes, pastor of the Community Church, New York City

WAR does not originate from time to time simply in a sudden and uncontrollable impulse on the part of one of the great national masses to go on and slaughter another.

Before a war is conceivable there must be an issue. And that issue, broadly speaking, is the outcome of a series of maneuvers, by which the masses concerned are brought into positions of opposition.

Obviously this maneuvring is not done by the masses themselves, but by little groups of men called Governments. They make the issue. They declare the war. The masses simply obey. Having placed this power in the hands of their Governments they find themselves at the critical moment substantially helpless.

The power to declare war is the one power which a self-governing people would logically reserve to themselves, since it puts in jeopardy their collective lives and property. And yet, strangely enough, it is the one power they do not possess.—Alanson Houghton, U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain

ALASKA

THE author of this article spent twenty years in Alaska, engaged in the work of road and trail construction under the direction of the War Department. He deplores the stories of exaggerated wealth of the territory. Also that "its population has dwindled and still is dwindling. There are reasons for these conditions, which I have tried to point out, with suggestions of remedial measures."

THE American people have been led to believe that the purchase of Alaska from Russia was a great business bargain. Writers who make this assertion are in the habit of quoting the original purchase price of $7,200,000, without mentioning the fact that the Government since that time has expended some $200,000,000 on the Territory, including about $70,000,000 upon a railroad as an aid to the development of its resources. An Alaskan enthusiast, speaking before a committee of Congress, declared the Territory to be the richest possession under the American flag and the cheapest piece of real estate ever purchased in the history of the world since a certain mythical transaction in Biblical times.

> AFTER sixty years of ownership, assertions about the Territory should be supported by a substantial showing of developed resources, wealth, and population. But the predicted inrushing of people following the construction of the railroad, the fast-growing cities, the population running into seven figures, have not come true. It is interesting to compare the Alaska purchase with other territories acquired by the United States at various periods of her growth, using for the purpose only the original cost of the purchase.
>
> —Colonel Wilds P. Richardson, U. S. A.

According to this speaker, Alaska "has paid for itself in actual wealth 672 times what it cost the taxpayers of the United States." Since Alaska has in fact yielded in the market value of its products something more than one and one-quarter billion dollars, a simple operation in arithmetic will disclose the value of such a statement. . . .

The total area of Alaska is approximately 586,400 square miles. Its population, estimated liberally, is 60,000, of whom about 30,000 are whites, and the other half natives who were in the Territory at the time of purchase, negotiated by William H. Seward, sixty years ago.

The Louisiana purchase amounted to something over $27,000,000, including the original $15,000,000, plus the payment of certain French spoliation claims with accrued interest. Its total area is more than one million square miles. From this area, about one and four-fifths times the area of Alaska and embracing most of the region west of the Mississippi to the Continental Divide, eleven great States with parts of two others have been carved. Their total population is approximately 21,000,000 and their estimated wealth more than $60,000,000,000. True, we have had Alaska only half as long as the Louisiana territory, but divide the present population and wealth of the latter by two or even three or four, and the results will compare all too favorably with the best that can be said for Alaska. In 1920 the little State of Iowa alone produced, in the value of her farm products, more than the total output of Alaska from all sources from the date of its purchase up to that time, while the State of Louisiana produced furs last year, according to statistics given to the public press, worth five times the value of the furs exported from Alaska in the same year. . . .

It is not my intention, by comparisons unfavorable to Alaska, to deny or obscure its real value. My purpose

is only to call attention to what I believe to be harmful propaganda. Alaska has actually been injured by exaggerated statements concerning its wealth and opportunities. . . .

Popular assertion has run hand in hand with its appropriate slogan, "Develop Alaska." Assertion and slogan both were born and have been nourished in the city of Seattle. We heard no such clamor from without in connection with Texas, California, or territories of the Middle West. Why so much about Alaska? A little analysis may suggest that "Develop Seattle" is the true inwardness and meaning of the phrase.

Alaska is considered by Seattle as her own particular protege and she wants the Territory developed. Money spent by the general Government toward this development or in large construction work there adds to the prosperity of Seattle. There is no crime in this, if the expenditures are made with judgment and in a way to bring substantial results. . . .

The Alaska Bureau of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce is active in gathering statistics and information concerning the Territory and distributing it throughout the United States. Most of the information so distributed is accurate and dependable and presented in a form to make the best argument in favor of the Territory. All this, of course, is entirely right and proper. But many persons, even of eminent ability, who devote their energies to the gathering of detailed facts and statistics are unable to draw sound conclusions therefrom. Comparative temperatures in different parts of the country, for example, do not in themselves always furnish a safe index of agricultural production or even comfort of living; and a comparison with other regions somewhat similarly situated may be misleading. The Scandinavian countries, for example, lying within practically the same parallels of latitude,—such as Norway, Sweden, and Finland,—have a combined population of more than 12,000,000 people, but this population has grown and these countries' resources have been developed, under pressure of necessity, through centuries, beginning far back in primitive history. . . .

Alaska, after all, is not in need of defense. Her people are not concerned with the question whether the purchase was the best bargain ever made by the United States, or the worst. They know that her resources are ample and varied and they are concerned in the effort to help develop these resources and to make homes and a living for their families.

The natural resources of Alaska are listed by the Alaska Bureau in the following order: fisheries, minerals, timber, furs, agriculture, reindeer, water power, scenery. I should change the order somewhat if it is intended to represent, which is possibly not the case, the ultimate relative value of these resources, and place scenery first.—Colonel Wilds P. Richardson, U. S. A., in *The Atlantic Monthly*

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THE Unites States never has and never will have on hand enough rubber to run the country for more than a year. Henry Ford, Harvey Firestone and I have been considering what this country would do in case of a war which cut off our rubber supply. Don't make any mistake about that war; it will come. We may run along for a good many years without it, but sooner or later the nations of Europe will combine against the United States. The first thing they will do will be to cut off our rubber supply.

We can't fight a war without rubber. All our transportation is on a rubber tire basis. To move goods to and from railroads and steamships we must have rubber. There are not enough horses and mules to haul the commerce of peace time, let alone war. Except on the farms, the supply of horses is diminishing all the time.

So the thing for us to do is to find a source of rubber, for war emergency purposes, so that we can produce it quickly right here at home. And that is what I am working on now.

—Thomas A. Edison, in *Popular Science Monthly*

Chauncey M. Depew at 94

THIS is part of a Thanksgiving message from the late Senator Chauncey M. Depew on beginning his ninety-fifth year. Despite his advanced age, this eminent statesman-executive played an active part almost to the day of his death in the direction of many great corporations, including the New York Central Railroad Company, of which he was chairman of the board of directors.

Mr. Depew knew with "reasonable intimacy" every President of the United States since Abraham Lincoln, whom he knew very well.

His philosophy of life, given here in part, was expressed in an authorized interview.

I HAVE strong faith in the efficacy of prayer. This includes faith not only in prayers to God but in our heart's desires, our thoughts, expressed or unexpressed, no matter how often each day or hour; these are all prayers. In wishing for something we must be sure that the wish which is in reality a prayer, is proper in the sight of God and that it comes from a pure heart.

Without any doubt there are trillions of desires, or wishes, or prayers, that should never be answered and, of course, are not answered. As we grow in pure and noble thoughts, which means a pure and unselfish heart, our prayers will be more in accord with the life we are living, and will be answered, and we will grow in faith.

> ONE of the great crimes which shorten life is indifference. As one loses interest in his church, in his political party, in his club, in his friends and acquaintances, he dries up and the grave claims one whom no one wants or laments. The two most fatal phrases and the most common are: "What's the use?" and "Why should I?"
>
> —Chauncey M. Depew

We neglect our souls. The soul is a very delicate, complicated thing and needs looking to very carefully. Our religious life gets slack and feeble, discolored and dusty. Our faith grows dim, the world clogs our spirit, if we are not close to God. Faith makes us cheerful. Those who look upon religion as something gloomy and irksome have the skeptic's view.

Death is a homecoming. We call passing from the mortal to the immortal life, death. What we call death is simply passing into unending existence beyond mortal life. We will have exemption from death or oblivion. I think of the dead as I do of the living, for my thoughts respecting these two states of being are essentially identical.

I contemplate death, then, as a glad awakening from this troubled sleep we call life; as an emancipation from a world which, beautiful though it be, is still a land of captivity; as a graduation from the lower grades into a more splendid equipment for a larger life of more divine service than is possible on earth—a life in which I shall in due time join my dear ones if I am counted worthy of their fellowship in the life eternal.

The anticipation of a life beyond the grave so belongs to our human mastery over the conditions of animal life that it seems to be an integral part of our human endowment. Life comes first, faith afterward. We had the stars of the constellation before we had astronomy; plants and flowers ahead of botany; religion ahead of theology; minerals before geology. The mortal life came to me first, the immortal life will follow it; but we must seek it and prepare for it.

We live in a time when riches and power have little weight in producing happiness, and, therefore, are of relatively little value, because men are too anxious for them and forget everything else in the mad scramble for riches. Probably the most restless and discontented men today are those who have

won success easily and found great riches most unsatisfying.

Full of worldly goods, but infelicitous, is the state of many a man whom the masses envy most. He seeks to shake off the plague of satisfied desires by running about the world, multiplying the diversions and excitements of his surroundings, straining his powers in frenzied labor that has no aim, nor can it further serve, unless to astound us; but in vain. The man who lives only in himself, for himself, with himself, will torment himself to the end. All is vanity to such a man.—Chauncey M. Depew, interview, in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*

APROPOS OF THE AMERICAN PASSION FOR STATISTICS

{From the daily press, gatherers of same}

BABIES born in 1928 will live 140 days longer than babies born in 1927.

It takes five days to make a straw hat in Curacao.

The average cost of a moving picture kiss is $53.70. It requires 120 feet of film, which is then cut to 15 feet. Part of the expense is the director's salary.

During 1927, 43,000,000 passengers used the Grand Central Terminal. This figure does not include persons who merely sat in the waiting room to get out of the weather.

It was necessary to pick over 27,180 Army overcoats in order to obtain 2,301 of similar shade, such is the variation in khaki overcoats. Nine men worked twenty-one days to select the coats.

On very crowded days in the subway, the average straphanger occupies 1.18 square feet of space.

*{*Our own statistical department reports that only one in every 4,500 straphangers knows he is average.*}*

—Editors of *The New Yorker*

"I GUESS I hate statistics worse than I hate cigarettes, and in the same sort of way," said the Deacon. "It's how people use 'em that gets me indignant. I read in a paper the other day that a doctor said that sixty per cent. of the babies that died under two years of age had parents that smoked cigarettes. He might be right, at that. But I bet that ninety per cent. of 'em had parents that were forced to eat predigested breakfast foods at least one morning a week.

"Statistics!" said the Deacon animatedly; "they're a kind of a vicious habit themselves, or else they're a disease. From what I read in the papers, it's a disease that preachers and college professors and public speakers are specially liable to."

The next time I saw the Deacon, his comments on statistics were still in my mind and I brought him a bit of scientific deduction from the pen of one Wilbur D. Nesbit, of Chicago: "If a fox terrier two and a half feet long, with a tail three inches high, can dig a hole ten feet deep in an hour, to dig the whole Panama Canal in two years would require a fox terrier eighty-eight feet long, with an eight foot tail."

The Deacon seemed pleased with this. "It's mighty useful to know," he said, "and that fox terrier belongs with the half-a-baby that every Harvard man has. From some statistics I read quite a while ago, the Vassar graduate ought to get more comfort out of her children because she has one whole one and seven-eighths of another.

"Well," meditated the Deacon, "at my age I can't do very much about it; and furthermore, I ain't worrying. Those same figurers tell me that only about three per cent. of the young folks of college age go to college, and it doesn't affect the total population much if they don't reproduce. What we need 'em for is leaders, not breeders. Mind you, I don't say they shouldn't have more children, but I don't get all het up about it.

"There's something wicked about printed numerals," he continued.

"They say figures don't lie," I retorted feebly.

"Generally speaking, a horse is an honest critter," said the Deacon; "but most folks that deal regularly in 'em get to be liars."—Burges Johnson, in *The North American Review*

MADONNA AND CHILD
From the Statue by Jacob Epstein

This work in bronze has been described as suggesting "the idea of miracle within nature, of nature enhanced to miraculous significance." Executed in England, it was first exhibited publicly in New York during the sculptor's recent visit to his native city after an absence of twenty years in Europe. His models for the figures were the beautiful Hindu lady, Sunita, and her son. English critics rank this "among the masterpieces of our age." (*See* An Artist Contrasts America and England. *Page 180.*

Capital Punishment

CAPITAL punishment does not affect crime one way or the other. In England and Wales, with a population about half that of ours, they sentence about thirty-five to death a year, and about twenty of these are saved from execution by the Home Secretary. So they have about fifteen in a year.

We have three hundred in America.

Our examples of the wages of sin are much stronger than theirs. Yet murder is not so prevalent in England because the people are more homogeneous, the country is older, there are fewer questions of religion, race, politics and so forth, which are bitterly contested, and there are no other reasons that I know of that mark the difference.

> SOMEWHERE in the long process that went into the making of any and all criminals something slipped and disfigured personalities into a sort of moral deformity . . . Physical deformity calls forth our charity. But the infinite misfortunate of moral deformity calls forth nothing but hatred and vengeance.
>
> —Clarence Darrow

There is not the fear of punishment, because the criminal code of America is barbarous in the extreme as compared with the criminal code of England.

The truth is that people are obsessed with the idea of punishment. They seem to believe that the only reason that keeps men from cutting each other's throats is because they are afraid of being caught and executed.

To believe this is to believe that a receiver in bankruptcy should be appointed for civilization.

Before you can get a trial to hang somebody or electrocute him you must first hate him and then get a satisfaction over his death.

In all of these States where the mortality by homicides is great they have capital punishment and always have had it. . .

The death rate recently in the United States and all over the world has increased. Why? A great war always increases death rates. We teach people to kill, and the State is the one that teaches them. If a State wishes that its citizens respect human life, then the State should stop killing.

Why not do a good job of it? Why not boil them in oil, as they used to do? Why not burn them at the stake? Why not sew them into a bag with serpents and throw them out to sea? Why not take them out on the sand and let them be eaten by ants? Why not break every bone on the rack?

They used to hang people on the crossways and on a high hill, so that everybody would be awed into goodness by the sight. They have tortured them in every way that the brain of man could conceive.

They have maimed and scarred and starved and killed human beings since man began penning his fellow man. Why? Because we hate. Gradually the world has been lopping off these punishments. Why? Because we have grown a little more sensitive, a little more imaginative, a little kindlier, that is all.

Now, why am I opposed to capital punishment? It is too horrible a thing for a State to undertake. We are told, "Oh, the killer does it; why shouldn't the State?" I would hate to live in a State that I didn't think was better than a murderer.

It is the poor who go to the scaffold or electric chair. Since the world began a procession of the weak and the poor and the helpless has been going to our jails and our prisons and to their deaths.

One who likes to see suffering, out of what he thinks is a righteous indignation, will hold fast to capital punishment. One who has sympathy, imagination, kindness and understanding will hate it and detest it as he hates and detests death.

— Clarence Darrow, interview, in the New York *Evening Post*

An Artist Contrasts America and England

JACOB EPSTEIN, the sculptor, who has been called "the stormy petrel of British art," and who is perhaps its most widely discussed figure, made the accompanying statement on returning to England recently from his first visit in twenty-five years to the United States. He said that before he sailed westward people in England warned him that he would "lose his soul" in America, but he had come to the conclusion that the soul of the artist is as well, if not better, off in America than in England.

Although Epstein, abroad for more than a quarter century, was born on the east side of New York, of Russian parents, he has lived and worked and is ranked as an American artist.

IT IS amazing the amount of nonsense English people talk about America. Personally I see no reason why an artist should lose his soul there. America holds no monopoly in collectors who buy works of art solely for their commercial value. The popular English conception that every American millionaire is ambitious to fill his house with art treasures, no matter what their price, is totally mistaken. And again, there is every reason for the artist in America to keep his soul, because he is encouraged.

PRAYER TO BE AN ARTIST

Lord, clip my wings, so may my feet learn flying!
Lord, to my eyes deny their loving sight!
For only thus, when waves of sound are dying,
May I hear music on the waves of light.
Of kisses on my mouth, dear Lord, bereave me
That on my lips there may be room for prayer.
Lord, close the gates of Heaven. Do not receive me,
But keep me standing on the topmost stair.

—Clinch Calkins, in *Poems* (Knopf)

In England artists are not encouraged. Possibly when their hair is snow-white their work may be respected. The English have quite a sentimental respect for snow-white hair. It covers a multitude of past indiscretions. It is unfortunate that many English artists cannot afford to wait until time bleaches their locks. They must either go to America or popularize their work at home. Like the rock-plant, they must cultivate the pretty-pretty if they want to appear in the English garden. The English are great gardeners.

No, it is in England, not in America, that an artist is in danger of losing his soul.

Comparisons are odious, but it is idle to deny that the average American is keener to acquire knowledge than the average Englishman. English people may sneer at the crowds of American tourists who spend their vacations visiting British cathedrals and beauty spots with guidebooks in their hands, but of the millions of English people who have visited Margate how many have made the pilgrimage to Canterbury?

There are many things in America that do not please me. The statues there are no better than those in England, which is saying a good deal.

The present tendency in American art is undoubtedly toward "refinement." It leans toward the French style, with occasional prim inclinations toward the Greek. The Greek I found chiefly reflected in the new sky-scrapers and the manikins on Fifth Avenue. Of course, there is no such thing as original American art. There never has been. Most sources of art in the United States are definitely European.

I think the sky-scraper ensemble is magnificent. There is nothing like it in the world today. Many of the buildings remind me vividly of Aztec pyramids. . . .

I don't think much of the new cathedral in New York. Something has gone wrong with it. Americans don't seem able to build cathedrals.

I am also sorry to observe the same ideas in the United States as in England

with regard to building huge and expensive art galleries. The artist pays for them. Such enormous buildings are quite unnecessary when you've nothing to put inside them. And the money that is left over to buy the good work, after building such palaces, will be strictly limited. But of course America will have more surplus money than other countries to buy up the Old Masters.

Yes, in England the outlook for the artist is distinctly gloomy. The national purse today is short. No artist performs a great work in England until the whole world has decided its merit. The English policy toward art is "wait and see." I think it was the aristocracy who bought their Old Masters in the first place. But now they are occupied in business. And the academies—well, at last one of them has allowed Augustus John into the anteroom.

The art schools of America are no worse than those in England. I lent twelve works of mine to the Art Students' League and went on one occasion to visit it. I found the general tendency of its work was toward refinement, which somewhat cramped its style.

What struck me particularly in America? I suppose it was the keen desire to understand things, especially new things. The American is not afraid of something new. In England people are terrified of anything that has been done, especially in the arts, since Queen Victoria.

As for the average American as a man, he is a genial fellow. Perhaps New York is not the place for the 100 percenters. I certainly never met any. I found many people who were irritable over the European attitude toward disarmament. But, of course, it is difficult for them to understand the situation in Europe. Europeans are more civilized and keep large armies and navies to prevent their neighbors from murdering them. America has been so successful in her efforts at racial transplantation that she is quite unable to grasp the racial problem as it exists in Europe today.—Jacob Epstein, in *The World Today*

ON BROADWAY

Can it be true that in this riotous place
Of rumbling pavements, where mad swarms are swirled
Like pageants of some weird, distracted world,
The green trees once were arched in silent space?
Can it be true that where gruff motors race
Like pristine monsters,—deadly shadows hurled
Down gray ravines,—wild violets once upcurled,
And woods, bird-peopled, met the sun's embrace?

Be patient, O you forest, long-exiled,
For though the invader comes with shout and roar
And your old thrones be rent and smoke-defiled,
A day shall dawn when the proud foe no more
Shall rear brick heavens, but the pine will soar
Green-browed and sturdy in the roofless wild.

—Stanton A. Coblentz, in *Voices*

IN Bedford, England, there stands a monument in memory of John Howard, who gave his fortune and life to prison reform. To him largely is due the humane treatment now given to convicts.

The artist who designed the monument placed at the base some hideous, grinning ogres, as repulsive as it was possible to make them. The observer is taken up a few steps to see the faces of these monsters, and told to look into their eyes. Looking down into the eyes of the ogres one sees pictures of beautiful angels and the faces of innocent children.

That was Howard's idea of humanity. He believed that down deep in every man there is some lurking angel of good, and that it is the business of society to cultivate the angel in all men.—Dr. John W. Holland, in *The Nebraska Farmer*

MARCHING ALONG WITH SOUSA

THE parents of John Philip Sousa were Portuguese and German, but he himself, justly claiming to be wholly American, hopes that "long after my marches have been forgotten, the clarion call of America, which I tried to make the keynote of my compositions, will continue to inspire her children with undying loyalty." His musical credo, here given, is from his autobiography published in celebration of the thirty-first anniversary of the composition of his famous march, The Stars and Stripes Forever.

I FIRMLY believe that we have more latent musical talent in America than there is in any other country. But to dig it out there must be good music throughout the land, a lot of it. Everyone must hear it, and such a process takes time. Most schools to-day have bands and orchestras for boys and girls; I have often met high school bands {one-third girls} who were not confined to ordinary routine instruments but joyfully executed pieces on tubas, trombones, clarinets, etc. This enlivening of interest means an increase in the number of American concert-goers and, accordingly, in the number of concerts. I think that the quality of all bands is steadily improving and it is a pleasant thought to me that perhaps the efforts of Sousa's Band have quickened that interest and improved that quality.

It is fascinating to watch the barometer of public favor and to observe what gains interest and how. We have a secret love for the old hymn tunes, and the American response to these melodies is a keen one. There is a deep-lying foundation of religious sentiment in our temperament which quickens to those songs, and the simple fervor of hymn tunes {the older the better} makes a profound impression upon American audiences. True, we do not wear our religion on our coat-sleeves, but we are nevertheless strongly affected by religious impulses.

At the moment, radio is undoubtedly wielding a tremendous influence over the public. By this medium the masses are becoming acquainted as never before with the best of the world's music. It is pleasanter, moreover, at times to give oneself up to the charms of music with pipe and foot-stool at hand than in the crowded concert hall. I cannot tell whether this influence extends to the student of music in his practice, for I am sure that the progress of any student depends largely upon the urge he feels *within* him. But even at its highest and finest degree, radio will never take the place of the personal performance by the artist. It fulfills its purpose, just as the movies do, but its scope is limited. The rapport between performer and audience is invaluable and can be fully attained only through actual vision. I have refrained from broadcasting for this reason; I am reluctant to lose the warm personal touch with my audience.

Still, the radio is excellent for our busy people. Americans have such a diversity of interests! The United States has, I think, a greater variety of sport attractions than any other country. We have clubs where much time is given to encouraging and perfecting tennis, golf, baseball, trap-shooting, hockey, prize-fighting—even dominoes! Therefore the American man, rising from his dinner and seeking diversion, may often be torn between two loves—the lure of a concert and the stronger lure of a hockey match or a track meet. It is just another case of "t'other dear charmer!" Variety is the spice of life to an American and so he doesn't always choose the opera or the concert. Your German or your Frenchman has fewer attractions from which to select his programme for the evening and the opera or the concert has become a habit with him.

Certainly "jazz" takes up a goodly share of the American's time,—too much, to my way of thinking. "Jazz," like the well-known little girl with the curl, when it is good is very, very good, and when it is bad it is *horrid.* The greater part of it is very bad. Its popularity is the result of the avowed tastes of those people who care only for music which is strongly rhythmical. Its harmonic structure is not new and its melodic design is very, very

old. It "can be taught in twenty lessons."

Almost every good tune in the world has been unmercifully jazzed—exquisite melodies whether grave or gay—themes from *Aida* and the lovely creations of Saint-Saens and Tchaikowsky. Some of the writers of jazz are not composers at all. "Jazz" permits people of no talent whatever to write stuff and call it music. In composition there is no short cut to skill.

Marches, of course, are well known to have a peculiar appeal for me. Although during a busy life I have written ten operas and a hundred other things—cantatas, symphonic poems, suites, waltzes, songs, dances and the like—marches are, in a sense, my musical children. I think Americans {and many other nationals for that matter} brighten at the tempo of a stirring march because it appeals to their fighting instincts. Like the beat of an African war drum, the march speaks to a fundamental rhythm in the human organization and is answered. A march stimulates every center of vitality, wakens the imagination and spurs patriotic impulses which may have been dormant for years. I can speak with confidence because I have seen men profoundly moved by a few measures of a really inspired march.

But a march must be good. It must be as free from padding as a marble statue. Every line must be carved with unerring skill. Once padded, it ceases to be a march. There is no form of musical composition where the harmonic structure must be more clean-cut. The whole process is an exacting one. There must be a melody which appeals to the musical and the unmusical alike. There must be no confusion in counterpoints. The composer must, to be sure, follow accepted harmonization; but that is not enough. He must be gifted with the ability to pick and choose here and there, to throw off the domination of any one tendency. If he is a so-called purist in music, that tendency will rule his marches and will limit their appeal.

How are marches written? I suppose every composer has a somewhat similar experience in his writing. With me the thought comes, sometimes slowly, sometimes with ease and rapidity. The idea gathers force in my brain and takes form not only methodically but harmonically at the same time. It must be complete before I commit it to paper. Then I instrument it according to the effects it requires. Often I fix my mind upon some objective—such as the broad spaces of the West, the languorous beauty of the South, the universal qualities of America as a whole. And then comes its musical expression—be it thunder or sunshine!

I do not, of course, manufacture my themes deliberately; the process isn't direct or arbitrary enough for that. It is not a nonchalant morning's work. I often dig for my themes. I practice a sort of self-hypnotism, by penetrating the inner chambers of my brain and *receiving* the themes. Any composer who is gloriously conscious that he *is* a composer must believe that he receives his inspiration from a source higher than himself. That is part of my life *credo.* Sincere composers believe in God. . . .

If I could meet the rising army of young American composers face to face, I should say to them, speaking with

> THE "art" of jazz will, I am positive, some day disappear—when the dancer tires of it—unwept, unhonored and unsung. It is raging now, to be sure, and has a considerable following, but it does not truly represent America to the world; it does reflect a certain phase of the world's life (not America's alone) since it employs primitive rhythms which excite the basic human impulses. It will endure just as long as people hear it through their feet instead of their brains!
>
> —John Philip Sousa

a veteran's privilege of frankness, "*Be yourself and never an imitator. Do not be obscure, and do not be a materialist*—it will ruin your work. Remember always that the composer's pen is still mightier than the bow of the violinist; in you lie all the possibilities of the *creation* of beauty. You need turn to the orchestra, the piano and the band only for the faithful interpretation of what *you* have envisioned."

The rest of the world has had a long start, but the American composer with his heritage of creative genius from a race which has produced thirteen out of twenty of the great inventions of the past three centuries, is well qualified to catch up! We require time but {to employ the American vernacular} "we'll get there. . . .!"

To-day, if I were a young composer, I would rather submit my chances of success or failure to an American public than to any other public in the world. It is essentially music-loving. I have "laid my ear to it, to see if it be in tune" for these many years, and it has never discouraged or disappointed me. I can think of a thousand glorious and satisfying responses. Moreover, there is concrete evidence of musical interest all over the country. Looking over the field of the finest, I find some twenty-five orchestral societies giving series of concerts; some forty-five festival associations appearing before the public every year; some hundred choral groups and musical ensembles; some eight grand opera companies; at least a hundred and fifty pianists and an equal number of violinists and 'cellists; more than two hundred agencies, and a myriad of singers going up and down the highways and byways of this great land. All this confirms my assertion that ours *is* a musical nation.—From John Philip Sousa's autobiography, *Marching Along*, by permission of Hale, Cushman & Flint {Boston}

I TRY to have no plans the failure of which would greatly annoy me. Half the unhappiness in life is due to the failure of plans which were never reasonable, and often impossible.—Ed Howe.

Since the invention of the insanity plea, the old-fashioned alibi is not enjoying the great popularity it once had with murderers.—*Southern Lumberman*

MORNING

When the dim starlight faltered in the skies,
Dying between its foes of Day and Night,
I heard you calling on your god to rise;
And I beheld you, Priestess of the Light,
High on the promontory's windy crest,
Carven of rapture, stark in ecstasy,
Flinging the Dawn that trembled in your breast
To wed the Dawn that wavered on the sea.
Wide-armed you sang—and sang! You sang until
The swift reverberant onset of the Sun
Clanged like a brazen army up the hill—
And song and dayspring, woman and god, were one!
The flame and music of your morning faith
Had raised the shadowed deity from death.

—From Don Marquis's *Love Sonnets of a Cave Man*, by permission of Doubleday, Doran & Company

The Great War of Man Against the Insects

BACK in 1869, a French scientist, Trouvelot, was conducting a series of entomological experiments at his home in Medford, Massachusetts. In those days, the existence of American silkworms was threatened by a peculiar kind of plague; and Trouvelot's idea was that, by crossing the moths of the domestic silkworm with moths of other species, he might produce a new creature that would spin silk, yet be immune from disease.

For the purpose of his experiment, the scientist imported from the Old World a number of hardy moths, among these being one well known in Europe, England and Japan. In color, the male of this particular species is a yellowish buff or brown, about the shade of a gipsy's face—hence the name, "gipsy moth"! Little did Trouvelot foresee the disaster that was to follow the importation of this species into the United States! The millions that have been spent to subdue it! The ceaseless vigilance required to check its ravages and spread!

"THE insects are man's rivals for possession of this planet. They are damaging us infinitely more today than at any time since civilization began," declares Dr. L. O. Howard, for thirty-three years chief entomologist and now senior entomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture. Dr. Howard is regarded as "the world leader of the economic entomologists."

Having spent a lifetime fighting "insects which menace the health, prosperity and happiness of man," he here recounts, in an interview, "the great struggle, the outcome of which involves a nation's destiny."

The trouble began one day when a puff of wind blew from a window sill of Trouvelot's home a small pasteboard box containing a few score eggs of the gipsy moth. A veritable Pandora's box! And Trouvelot realized this. Chroniclers of the event tell different stories of his effort to recover the eggs. Some say that he ran frantically about in the search; others that he went at it with a scientist's zeal, hunting with a magnifying glass among the grass and pebbles for the tiny things about the size of the dot over this i! Two facts about the search we definitely know: He did not recover all the eggs. He did inform officials of the State of Massachusetts of the possible consequences.

For the reason that insects and their ways were not so well understood then as now, no heed was paid to this warning. Ten apparently harmless years passed. Another five years, and entomological observers were noting the presence of strange caterpillars in the vicinity of Boston. A few years more and, in some sections, gipsy moth caterpillars appeared in such numbers that the trees were stripped bare of foliage!

Caterpillars by the billions! Villages were overrun! Sidewalks were slippery with their crushed bodies! They crawled into houses. They made their appearance at dinner tables!

Then war was declared!

And this war has been raging for thirty-five years. It must be continued for as many more, perhaps indefinitely. The determination of this European invader, now well entrenched in a favorable environment, is perfectly plain—to eat the leaves off all the trees in New England, and then push on and find more worlds to conquer. Since leaves are the lungs of trees, death follows in the wake of repeated defoliation. How far this voracious horde will get, and in what numbers it will go, depends upon the skill and scientific strategy of the defenders—the economic entomologists.

It is one of the greatest wars against a single insect that the world has ever known. Never before has man set himself to battle so vigorously with one species, training armies of scouts and quarantine inspectors, developing costly apparatus for applying poison sprays, spending millions a year on

the contest, employing all the science at his command; importing, breeding and encouraging other species to battle with the menacing moth!

What will the outcome be?. . . .

Says Dr. L. O. Howard, for many years chief of the Bureau of Entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture, apropos of the enormous cost of this warfare: "The Bureau of Entomology spends in the neighborhood of three millions a year in field work and in scientific investigations, to discover the best *strategy* to use against pests. But this sum does not include special appropriations to meet emergencies. A conservative estimate of the total cost is around sixty million dollars. Even so, the best way of estimating our losses is in the terms of lost labor. In dollars we figure the annual loss at *two billions. In other words, every year, the damage wrought by insects nullifies the labor of a million men. . . .*

"How many different kinds of insects do you suppose there are in the world? It is estimated that there are more than 2,000,000 species, of which only about 600,000 have been studied by scientists.

"How many insects {not species but individuals} do you suppose there are to the acre in our forests and meadow land? On the basis of studies made in the vicinity of Washington, it is estimated that on the average there are about 1,600,000 insects to the acre of forest floor and 13,500,000 to the acre of meadow land, where food is more plentiful!

"Even so, neither the number of species in all, nor the numbers of insects to the acre, gives a fair picture of the significance of insect life on the earth. Consider their amazing powers to multiply!

"Years ago, Huxley estimated that in the course of ten generations, supposing all the individuals to survive, the progeny of a tiny insect known as the aphid would 'contain more ponderable substance than five hundred millions of stout men, that is, more than the whole population of China.' Not long since a scientist put this observation to a thorough-going test, watching the life cycle of the tiny cabbage aphid through a period of slightly more than a year.

"He found that from March 31st to August 15th, the aphid had twelve full generations, and each female had twenty-one young. Suppose that all these individuals had lived to October 2d, when sixteen full generations had occurred, how many would have been present then?

"The answer, obtained by a simple problem in arithmetic, is staggering—564,087,257,509,154,652! How much would they weigh? The answer is equally surprising. Since the aphid weighs on the average 1.4 milligrams, the 564-odd quadrillion aphids would total 822 million tons, or, reducing it to human terms, almost ten times the weight of the total population of the earth. Huxley's estimate, therefore, was far short of the truth. And the capacity of the cabbage aphid to multiply is only about *half* that of the melon or cotton aphid!

"I have conducted experiments which

THE first quarter of an hour after birth is the most dangerous period of life, more children dying in that time than die on the average during any whole month of later life, states Dr. Yandell Henderson of Yale University. Some of these can be saved, he believes; perhaps most of them can be saved by using what he and his associates at Yale have learned about how adults breathe.

A nerve center in the lower part of the brain acts, the scientists have discovered, to stimulate breathing whenever the blood contains too much carbon dioxid gas, the same gas breathed out in the expired air. A little of this carbon dioxid added to the air will make a person breathe faster. Dr. Henderson suggests that, if a new-born child does not begin breathing, air containing a little carbon dioxid be blown gently in and out of the lungs to stimulate the nerve center and start natural breathing.

—*Week's Science* {New York}

establish the fact that a single house fly which passes the winter safely in Washington may have *six trillion* descendants by the following September 1st!

"And these insects want what *we* want: They eat a proportion of everything we harvest, attack our stored food, destroy our clothing and buildings, affect all our domestic animals, and attack us personally. And, besides destroying our crops, they carry diseases from plant to plant. . . .

"We have always had numerous native insects to fight, such as grasshoppers, chinch bugs, plum curculios, and potato beetles. They are not the ones of greatest menace, however. Our really dangerous enemies have come from foreign lands, usually by accidents of commerce—with imported plants, seeds, bulbs or other produce. We are now more or less protected against further accidents of this kind by embargoes and by inspection under government supervision of all plants and seeds admitted into the country. But already we have from a dozen to fifty foreign insects, each of which is costing us millions a year.

"Glance at this verbal map, and you will see what may be called the chief battle fronts in America's insect war:

New England..gipsy moth and brown-tail moth
Central States.....corn borer
Cotton belt.....boll weevil
Texas and Arizona.....pink boll worm
Rocky Mountain District...alfalfa weevil
Northwestern forest area....bark beetle
Southern California.....scale insects
Florida.....scale insects and white fly
Pennsylvania and nearby States {New Jersey, Delaware, and recently parts of New York and Connecticut}.
Japanese beetle

IT IS interesting to consider that in the cities of the future the roof may be the most valuable of every business building's area. When the helicopter is perfected roofs may be the landing places for communications, goods and passengers. This would stimulate progress and at least to some extent relieve that intolerable street congestion which now is one of the most serious problems of every large community.

—Thomas A. Edison

"Each of these insects requires a different sort of campaign. What the strategy of that campaign shall be is determined after a thorough, scientific study of the insect's life secrets. Suppose we take the gipsy moth as an example.

"One of the first things you discover on delving into the life secrets of the gipsy moth is this: Unlike numerous other moths, it does not spin its web in tree tops. It lays its eggs in clusters of about four hundred on trunks of trees {particularly oaks and elms}, and in the crevices of rocks and old fences. Having passed through the Winter as an egg, the caterpillar hatches the following Spring, crawls up the trees and begins eating the tender young leaves. Eventually they turn into moths.

"Now, the female of this species has well-developed wings, but she can not fly. Her body is too heavy. How then was it possible for the moth to spread so rapidly throughout more than four thousand square miles of New England territory? The moth had been studied for more than thirty years before the real answer to this question was discovered. Strange as it may seem, though the winged female moth cannot fly, the wingless caterpillars *can* fly.

"When small and light, the caterpillars have an abundance of fluffy hair. At the root of each hair is a tiny gas bag. By means of these bags they float on the air. Having spun themselves a bit of rope, they hang suspended from the tip of a branch until a wind comes along strong enough to break it and carry them perhaps a mile away. In that way they are broadcast.

"What if the moth should get into that rough and densely wooded area, the Adirondacks? The assumption is that it

would go like wildfire—more rapidly than it spread throughout New England!

"So to-day we have what is known as the gipsy moth barrier zone, east of the Adirondacks and twenty-five miles wide, extending from the Canadian border to Long Island Sound. Here, in the fall, you see our scouts at work hunting for the egg clusters, which they kill with a daub of creosote. In the spring you see our crews out with gigantic spraying outfit specially constructed for this kind of work. Through a hose a mile long it can throw a poison liquid, arsenate of lead, in a stream that reaches the top of a tree a hundred feet high before it breaks into spray. When the caterpillars eat the leaves covered with this poison they die. So, from year to year, their numbers are kept down. For the time being, the rest of the country is safe.

"But that is not the whole story: we are attacking the gipsy moth in another way. Bear in mind that half the insects of the world live on plants; the other half live on insects. Some insects are internal parasites in their early stages. And some are predatory, attacking, and devouring.

"Now, when a foreign insect is introduced into a new environment, it tends to develop rapidly and become a great menace because, in the new country, it is free of the predatory or parasitic enemies that prey upon it at home. Study the gipsy moth in its native environment, and you will discover that ninety per cent of all the moths that hatch are destroyed by these natural enemies. In the United States these enemies did not exist, so we sent out hunters to find them. When found, we had to import them, breed them, and assist them in getting started.

"In Japan, we have found a number of enemies of the gipsy moth. One of them is a fly known as 'Schedius.' Millions of these flies have been raised in our laboratories and put out in colonies of ten thousand throughout New England, and to-day they are breeding rapidly and spreading. Another enemy of the moth brought from Japan is a tiny wasp known as 'Anatatus.' When an Anatatus comes upon a cluster of gipsy-moth eggs, it pierces each one with a sharp, sting-like thrust, and in this cavity of the larger egg lays its own much smaller egg. When the baby Anatatus hatches and begins eating, it consumes the contents of the shell! Other imported wasps attack the living caterpillars after they have developed and are feeding. One of these lays as many as a hundred eggs in the body of a caterpillar, which is later consumed by the new-born wasps.

"In America, we have many varieties of beetles, some of them warlike. Against the gipsy moth, they have been of no assistance, for the reason that they travel on the ground, while the gipsy moth caterpillars work in the trees. But there is in Europe a beetle that climbs trees. After some years of failure, this valuable fellow 'Calosoma sycophant,' became quite at home in New England.

"And what an ally Calosoma has proved to be! It has flourished and multiplied prolifically. More agile than a monkey among the branches, it climbs New England's shade trees and eats its fill of gipsy-moth caterpillars day after day. In August, it goes to sleep for ten months, then wakes for another onslaught.

"Under ordinary circumstances, our allies, the so-called beneficial insects, cannot be relied upon absolutely to exterminate a pest. But we *can* depend upon them, under favorable conditions, to keep the numbers of a pest down to a comparatively harmless minimum. In one instance, however, American entomologists were astonished by the complete victory of a little insect from Australia over one of the scale insects of California.

"Do you know the nature of these so-called scale insects? They attack apples, figs, quinces, pomegranates, roses, and many other trees and plants; but those on orange and lemon trees are especially injurious. The so-called 'Fluted Scale' sinks its beak into the bark and sucks the sap, exuding a waxy substance through the pores in its back. This substance congeals and covers its eggs.

"Some decades ago, the Fluted Scale, or Icerya, appeared upon some acacia trees at Menlo Park, California. An

insignificant creature in itself, resembling a small bit of fluted wax a little more than a fourth of an inch long, it took possession of those trees, swarming over them until the bark was completely hidden. They spread from orchard to orchard of oranges which were worth thousands of dollars an acre. They sucked the sap through their minute beaks until the trees became feeble, the leaves dropped, and a black fungus crept over the twigs. The fruit growers of California faced ruin.

"When government entomologists began their study of this insect's life history, they discovered that it was a native of Australia. There, it was not particularly abundant and was not a pest. So it was assumed that in Australia the Icerya had some natural enemy which kept it in check. This assumption proved correct, and the enemy of the Icerya proved to be a little beetle, black with red spots, known as the ladybird, scientifically, the 'Vadalia.'

"Packed in tin boxes, quantities of the little beetles were shipped to California, where they were liberated upon orange trees enclosed in gauze. With appetites sharpened by the ocean voyage, they fell upon the Icerya, devouring them. Then they began to lay eggs. In a few days these hatched into active, grublike creatures, which also began devouring scales right and left. In another month these grubs became beetles, and so the work of extermination went on!

"Each female ladybird lays on an average three hundred eggs. Assuming that half the larva from the eggs produce female beetles, then in five months a single ladybird becomes the ancestor of 75,000,000,000 other ladybirds, each capable of destroying innumerable scale insects. Thus, in less than a year from the time the first of these hungry Australian immigrants was released, the orange trees of California was again in bloom, resuming their old-time verdure. In five years there was hardly an Icerya to be found in the State!

"Back in 1892, the boll weevil crossed the Rio Grande for the first time, entering the United States at the tip of Texas where the Rio Grande flows into the Gulf of Mexico. Having come from Mexico, where cotton grows wild, it got into a few fields near Brownsville. The first fields attacked were completely ruined. Spreading northward and eastward, the weevil alarmed the whole cotton world.

"As the first step, this Bureau recommended a plan for stopping the weevil where it was. We drafted a bill which proposed the suppression of cotton in the comparatively small areas already infested, and the absolute eradication of the weevil by doing away in that region, for a year or two, with any cotton upon which it might breed. Unfortunately, this measure, though approved by the Governor of Texas, was not put into effect. *Had* it been, the weevil would have been wiped out at this stage.

"So far, our efforts to find effective parasitic enemies of the weevil have failed. At the start, efforts to poison the weevil also failed, partly for the reason that poison dust {arsenate of lead} failed to stick to the plant. We have now found a method of dusting cotton plants that is successful where it can be utilized. The dust is applied by airplane. Blown out by the propeller in a stream fifteen feet above the ground, the dust settles on the plant and *sticks*, owing, apparently, to some electrical phenomenon which takes place in the course of the dusting operation. When eaten, this dust kills not only the weevil but also the cotton-leaf worm.

"Shall we lose our campaign against the European corn borer as we temporarily lost that against the boll weevil? This conflict is only just beginning. It is now at a stage where the borer can be controlled by following the proper agricultural practice, just as we could have stopped the weevil when it first appeared at Brownsville.

"The borer was introduced into the United States in broom corn. In 1909 or 1910, ten thousand tons of the corn were imported in one shipment from Hungary and Italy. One large consignment went to Everett, Massachusetts, where it was stored in an old ramshackle building. The moths developed while the broom corn was in storage, found egress through crevices of the building, and laid their eggs on corn in nearby fields. Other

shipments of that imported corn have been traced to Amsterdam and Buffalo, New York, and to St. Thomas, Ontario, and an outbreak of the corn borer has occurred at each of these places. It spread, and last year the most serious infestation of all was discovered in our Great Lake region on the very edge of the great corn belt, a menace to the staple crop of that whole territory.

"A small yellowish moth, with a wing spread of three quarters of an inch, it multiplies and spreads with great rapidity. Owing to the fact that it flies at night, it may exist for a time in great numbers in a farmer's corn without his knowing it.

"It is the larva of this moth which works the great havoc, tunneling the stalks, not only of corn but beans, celery, beets, rhubarb and other products, including flowers such as chrysanthemums and gladioli. In sections of Ontario the borer has already ruined as much as *seventy-five per cent* of the corn crop; in our Lake region it has damaged the crop in a very few places twenty-five per cent.

"It is easy to foresee the losses that will ultimately result if the corn borer is not controlled. It will run into billions. Last year, Congress appropriated ten million dollars for use in checking the borer's spread this season. Nothing like a war of extermination could be attempted with even this large sum of money. It proved sufficient, however, to cover the expense of a gigantic clean-up campaign. One way of checking the borer is to destroy the stalks left standing after harvest, and all the debris. More than two million acres have been thoroughly covered in this way, with the farmers and representatives of the States and the Federal Government cooperating.

"Can we rely on such means as this to exterminate the borer? The answer is—No! A billion dollars might be spent, and that result would not be accomplished. Yet there is a comparatively simple way by which the borer *can* be subdued. We have learned that for seven months of the year the borer lives in the lower part of the cornstalk. Hence, there is a chance to get at it by a new agricultural practice in handling the crop.

"In the past, it has been the custom to cut the cornstalks high or not at all, and to leave them in the field throughout the winter. This affords the borer its chance to hibernate. The new method of cropping corn requires that the stalks be cut close to the surface of the ground, and either used in silos or destroyed; for when the stalks are destroyed the borer is disposed of.

"Will we do this? Machinery has already been designed for this new method of cutting the crop. The change means some trouble and expense, but amounts to little in comparison with the ultimate enormous losses if the borer is permitted to become a perpetual pest. If the new method *is* put into practice, either because our farmers see it as their salvation, or because the States require it, then the borer will cease to be a menace."—M. K. Wisehart, in *The American Magazine*

SKYSCRAPERS as advertisements are becoming so common that their value is already questionable. The whole trend of city development, with the automobile—and presently the airplane—is toward scattering the huge ant heaps. because they cause congestion which is seventy-five per cent. unnecessary, and because they require such auxiliary investments in transportation, to move people about in unnecessary ways, that the public transportation cost is rapidly becoming prohibitive. Within twenty-five years the skyscraper sections of New York and other cities will disappear almost as fast as though they were bombed in the next superwar.—James H. Collins, in *The Magazine of Business*

The age of the sun has been raised in our memory from twenty million to a million million. Astronomers used to argue over how many thousand stars there are in the universe; now they are figuring the number in billions.—Edwin E. Slosson

Of all the arts, that of painting enters least into the lives of the American public.—Rollin Kirby

Ancient Mayan Astronomy

ASTRONOMICAL science, never entirely wanting in the culture of the most lowly people and often occupying a large share of attention among civilized nations, might easily be used to furnish an index of the intellectual power of group minds. That is, an intelligence test of the tribes, nations and other masses of mankind might be prepared on the true knowledge possessed by these social groups of the movements of the heavenly bodies.

Under such a test the Mayas surely would be certified as a people blessed with creative minds. In the first millenium before Christ they established in the wet Atlantic lowlands of Mexico and Central America a civilization that was destined to bring forth high art and remarkable science.

The Mayan zodiac is pictured in one of the three books of this gifted people which escaped destruction at the hands of the Spanish clergy. This zodiac has thirteen parts instead of the twelve parts of our own arrangement, each sign being an animal or bird or other object identified with a constellation. In connection with this zodiac they used a year of only 364 days divided into 13 parts of 28 days each.

This "ritualistic" year of the Mayas is the same time pattern now being considered for a new business calendar of even weeks and equal months.

Now, among the questions always asked are these: How could a people without the telescope or even the astrolabe reach marvelously accurate results for such a vague thing as the true length of the year? How could they construct tables by which eclipses might be foretold? How could they follow the movements of planets and find approximately the values reached by modern science for their movements among the fixed stars?

The answer is briefly this: the scientific perfection of Mayan astronomy is explained not alone on the instrumental side, although these Indians did have rather precise methods of observation. Instead it is explained by the full and concise records which they kept and the general effectiveness of their mathematics.

It seems that they started on August 6, 613 B. C. {the dates used in this article are on the Gregorian calendar projected backward, and the first year before Christ is numbered zero}, to write down a serial count of days and what happened on these days. After a thousand years or so they accumulated an ephemeris of past performances of the stars so arranged that they could tell the exact number of days between recurrences of any phenomena. It was this device of the day-count that gave the Mayan astronomers their ability to strike very accurate mean intervals.—Herbert J. Spinden, curator of Mexican Archaeology and Ethnology, Peabody Museum, Harvard University, in *The Scientific American.*

AT about the time Thales, first philosopher of Greece, was observing the course of the sun and planets and wondering how the world was made, a still greater astronomer lived in the region of the Yucatan peninsula.

The consummate scientist who invented the famous Mayan calendar may be nameless—unless he be the one called Itzamna—but personality greater than a name survives in his works.

—Herbert J. Spinden

THE modern man does not keenly feel the need of God; that is why we hear so much of service and so little of worship; why we exalt the Golden Rule and are so shy of the Cross; why our churches become collections of human activities, rather than develop into congregations of the righteous and sanctuaries of God. —Rev. Dr. Harris Kirk, of Baltimore, Md., in an address at St. Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh, Scotland

THE CULT OF THE SEAMY SIDE

PESSIMISM seems to be in the saddle these days. The pendulum has taken a long swing since aspiring youth felt sure that life was earnest, life was real, and the grave was not its goal. Charles A. Bennett, associate professor of philosophy at Yale, thinks it has swung too far. He here states the case against the unrelieved cynicism which prevails today.

THERE is a philosophy in the air whose animating spirit is a resolute determination to believe the worst about human nature, the deliberate cult of the seamy side. The prevailing fashion in biography illustrates what I mean. The method now in vogue is to select a Founder of the Republic or an eminent statesman or a pillar of orthodoxy or a great literary figure, to seize upon whatever was weak or petty or unscrupulous in his character and then to offer this as the essence of the man. Another iridescent bubble-reputation has been pricked and shown to be nothing but the soap and water of average human nature. Biography used to be the art of exposition; now it is become the art of exposure. . . .

And then there is that magazine that was dedicated to the debunking of American life. It began well. Its exposure of sham and pretension was vigorous and refreshing. But now it has settled down into tedious protest and a fixed preoccupation with the seamy side.

"Your young men shall see visions." Let me offer a composite picture of the vision. . . .

Gifted, or cursed, with eyes of penetration, the young men I speak of discern beneath the outward forms of civilized life the moving and unlovely realities beneath. Patriotism blows her trumpets, waves her flags, summons men to enlist for the great causes of Country, Hearth and Home, Democracy, the Ending of War, but the enlightened ones know that these are but figures on an imposing facade behind which are concealed the herd instinct in sinister alliance with primitive pugnacity. Statesmanship chatters about manifest national destiny, but we have learned to translate that lingo. It means oil in Mesopotamia or mining concessions in the Urals or the control of the Adriatic. Education is a conspiracy on the part of the elders of the tribe to bring up a generation subservient to those ideals and customs which enable the old men to retain their grip on the reins of power. . . .

But the present generation of realists . . . have not only perceived the seamy side of life everywhere: they insist that the seamy side is the real side. It is not only that justice is mixed in with primitive vindictiveness, but vindictiveness, they assert, tells the whole story. It is not only that patriotism has its roots in a natural instinct, but patriotism is nothing else but the call of the herd. . . .

We can, I think, detect two causes at work. First a violent reaction from the sentimental illusions created and nourished during the War. One of the vilest inventions of the War was the craft of propaganda—the craft of official lying. The detestable thing about it was not so much that it was false as that it was bunk. Nothing was called by its right name. Unpleasant, ugly, or sinister facts were ignored, denied, or drenched in a thick sauce of sentimentalism. Our

A FIR-TREE PRAYS

Dear God, I am not wise, I'd rather be
For one bright day of shining ecstacy
A Christmas Tree,
Than left forever on this quiet hill
With naught but sun and starlight to fulfill
My destiny.

I am not wise, dear God, for I would wear
A thousand tapers lit to make me fair,
And in radiance bear
Rejoicing—one frail harvest of delight,
My robe of tinsel marvelously white,
Bright toys and glittering angels bending me,
A Christmas Tree.

(Continued on next page)

allies were always gallant, our motives always of the highest, atrocities were confined to the enemy, while our soldiers were always cheerful and inspired by the loftiest of ideals. When America decided to adopt conscription President Wilson announced: "This is not conscription. It is a volunteering en masse."

The revulsion was bound to come. After the War was the peace, and the peace simply confirmed our suspicions, fanned our smoldering resentment to flame, released our long-suppressed disgust. Almost suffocated by five years of this poisonous atmosphere men clamored with an imperious need for fresh air. The truth at all costs! Give it to us until it hurts! For God's sake! let us get back to the real world even if the real world prove intolerable. "Ye shall know the truth," said Mr. Aldous Huxley, summing it all up, "and the truth shall make you mad."

Lord God, forgiveness!—Yet I ask to be
This fragile thing of mortal revelry,
For merriment and laughing children's glee—
To lose the gracious heritage I know,
The strength of winds, the gentle ways of snow,
Rain-scent, and robins, and the stir of dawn,
Aeons of solemn loveliness forgone,
My birthright lost, please God—a Christmas Tree!
And only death for immortality.

—Anne Page Johns, in *Scribner's Magazine*

We are told not only that the truth hurts and that the truth will drive us mad, but that anything which does not hurt or tend to drive us mad cannot be the truth. And so we have a generation growing up who are convinced that anything that is seamy and sordid or disgusting must, by virtue of those very qualities, be true. Instead of a group of young men with a passion for reality, we have a group of professional exasperators, whose self-appointed mission it is to disconcert and shock us. . . .

It has been said that it is better to lose like a gentleman than to win like a cad, and I suppose we should all admit that although happiness, health, knowledge, life itself are good things, it is yet conceivable that we might be offered any one of them on conditions that would be simply intolerable. Indeed, human evolution seems to have consisted largely in a transference of importance from the ends to be attained to the conditions on which they are attained.

Man, who began by thinking in order to eat, now eats in order to think. Consciousness, the biologists tell us, is a symptom of maladjustment to environment. An animal whose every want was satisfied as fast as it arose would never have developed thought. On the merely animal level thinking exists to gratify impulse: it has no other function. It is utilitarian, like teeth or claws. But man is in this peculiar position: before gratifying an impulse he has to stop and think. He has to discover what is involved in the proposed gratification. He has to ask, "Can I approve of myself, can I be at peace with myself if I do this?" The conditions on which he will accept success have become more important than the success itself. And this is merely another way of saying that the human being will refuse to satisfy the claims of one side of his nature if that involves doing violence to the legitimate claims of the rest of his nature.

If this account be true it has two consequences of special interest for our present inquiry.

First, human evolution, or, if you prefer it, advance in civilization, does not consist in growing away from primitive instinct: it consists in seeing more meaning in instinct, in making it sustain a continually enlarging range of significance. The difference, for example, between man and the animals in respect of the instinct of hunger is not that the animal experiences sensations of physiological relief while man doesn't. There is an elementary physiological satisfaction common to both man's and the animal's enjoyment of food. No, the real difference is that man is able to see more meaning in the act of eating

than the animal presumably can. . . . .

The seamy side, if one must call it that, does not exclude the ideal side, nor is it necessarily the real side. For the distinguishing mark of humanity is that it knows how to transmute the seamy side into the ideal.—Charles A. Bennett, in *Harper's Magazine*

EXIT THE IDEALS

RECENTLY a certain high school was being looked over by a committee of university men with a view of deciding whether it should be placed on their accredited list. Classes in history, English literature, biology and psychology, among other classes, were inspected. One group of students was discussing the colonial period in American history. The whole hour was devoted to what might be called an expose of the seamy side of life of two of our national idols. These two one-time dignitaries were painted in pretty dark colors. They had very little character left after the teacher got through with them. The pupils were quite delighted to learn that these men, who were supposed to be models of good behavior, were really pretty wild fellows.

A group of senior students were discussing the "unconscious" in a class in psychology. The teacher was what is known as a Freudian. The class had for several days been discussing the subject of the hour. The pupils had been led by the teacher to take the point of view that all of us are dominated by impulses and passions which have to be given considerable rein or else they will make life intolerable for us. The teacher cited supposed cases of nervous and mental break-up because the great urges of life were utterly repressed.

"In order to keep balanced and sane," he said, "we have to unclamp. Those who hold in everlastingly get to be freaks or nervous wrecks." The pupils seemed quite ready to agree with their instructor. The impression a visitor got by listening in during the hour was that any one would be foolish to inhibit most of his impulses. It may be that before this course is finished the instructor will lead the pupils to take a different view of the need of self-restraint, but there was nothing said during this hour that would induce any pupil to think that inhibition of elemental urges was necessary or desirable.

During the day there was a period devoted to "assembly." A speaker had been invited and he talked to all the pupils in the high school on the subject *Why We Behave Like Human Beings,* taking his title from a book that has recently gained considerable popularity. The speaker presented the idea that man is nine-tenths animal, the remaining one-tenth makes us seem to be like human beings, but it takes very little to cause most of us to give way to our animal inheritance. The idea he must have left with his young audience was that there is nothing much in human nature to brag about. "Scratch the surface," said the lecturer, "and you find animal traits and appetites."

The visitors didn't hear a word spoken in that school during the entire day which suggested in the slightest degree anything idealistic. It would not have been fashionable to have talked about ideals in any class, because that school is strictly "modern." One expects this sort of thing in most of the universities these days, but he can not help but be disappointed when he finds that cynicism of the times is getting into the high schools too. Is it possible that we are incessantly hunting for the worst in human nature and playing it up in the colleges and the high schools?

One of the visitors ventured to say to the teacher of psychology that man has developed a long distance from his animal ancestry, and along the route he has acquired some ideals even though his animal impulses have trailed along with him; and would it not be true to fact to have pupils understand that man is as much human probably as he is animal, and that he is trying to live on a plane that will keep his animal inheritance under control? But the teacher took the point of view that such talk was more or less "mushy."—From *The Nation's Schools*

An Artist in the Making of Books

IN a certain display case in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington are two books and beside them a label which reads: "In the entire history of printing these are the first books to have been made in their entirety by the labor of one man."

I had known Dard Hunter over a year before I was startled into a full realization of the significance of the thing he had done. To see paper made by hand interested me deeply, as it would any etcher, for etchers are always hunting the world over for the best hand-made paper of old or modern times. I had talked with him often and learned little by little the history of paper making—how it had been an art from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries and how the art in it had dwindled in the last two hundred years and almost died as it was engulfed in the growing wave of commercialism. I had watched him at work in his lonely little mill hidden in a hollow beside an old Indian trail leading to the Hudson.

That trail, now a country road, crosses the main State road about a mile south of Marlborough, N. Y. I had seen how the linen rags went through tedious processes till finally the same hand that had pulled them out of their Belfast gunny sack lifted them from their last pressing—a beautiful sheet of genuine hand-made paper with a real deckle all the way round and a watermark that pictured the mill and gave the name of the man—Dard Hunter. . . .

Then one night, by the light of home-made tallow dips, we sat in the great beamed living room of Hunter's home across the road from the mill—a living room that in 1714 had been an Indian trading post and whose thick stone walls had since that time witnessed four murders—and we talked of paper. I was examining a new sheet that had come from the mill that day.

"Try to tear it," said Hunter.

I started to tear it in the usual way but it didn't tear. I put more strength into the effort and still more before it gave way.

"Why, that's as tough as paper money," I said, surprised. "Paper money's the strongest paper made, isn't it?"

"It's supposed to be. Tear this." And he handed me a sheet of his heavy colored "end paper"—the kind used on the inside and outside of book covers in the fine bindings.

This time it took several efforts and all my strength to tear it. Hunter smiled and explained:

"Over there is a machine for measuring the tensile strength of paper. A sheet of newspaper placed in it will hold out just two minutes. That end sheet will stand up for fourteen hours. . . .

"Then your paper is the strongest made to-day."

"Yes," he answered. "But that is not the point. The important thing is this: Of all that is made in the world to-day this paper, or what little is being made like it, barring accident, is the only paper that will be in existence five hundred years from now. There isn't a sheet of machine-made that will not disintegrate long before two hundred years and of the five or six mills that are making genuine hand-made in Europe I know of only one that is not bleaching its rags."

"Bleaching! Is that what destroys it? Why do they bleach them then?". . .

"You see paper makers have to use colored rags. White ones are too scarce

TO A POET GROWING OLD

If you should go, and beauty still be hidden
Beyond the woods and the last meadow wall,
We shall keep up the lonely chase unbidden
Except by a far horn which we heard call.
Who catches beauty as a hound must run,
Nose in the wind, and trembling for the race;
And we whose hunt is scarcely well begun
Feel with the thrill the terror of the chase.
Yet, should our eager muzzles never find
The fields where beauty in her speed goes by,
Or we, grown old, come limping up the wind,
There shall be younger hounds to hear the cry
And leap to overtake her like a hind;
And down the world the hunt shall never die.

—Lawrence Lee, in *Scribner's Magazine*

and costly. To make the paper white the only method is to bleach the rags with chemicals. It is the chemicals that kill the life of paper—making it turn to dust after so many years. Did you know that recently the Government had to reprint all its records that were seventy-five years old or over? The paper was falling to pieces. And they printed them on machine-made paper that won't last as long as the other did!"

"But why didn't they print them on unbleached hand-made?" I asked, puzzled at such apparent shortsightedness.

"For one reason they couldn't have got enough. There is no hand-made paper in this country; there isn't any produced, I mean. There may be a few scattered lots imported from England and Japan. It's too costly. No one in our civilization can make the real article and sell it. The Orient with its cheap labor can do it—which explains why most of the available supply comes from Japan. I'd have to get two dollars and a half for that end sheet there, if I made a profit on it. My white rags from the linen mills cost thirty-five cents a pound and it takes two pounds to make one pound of paper. That's seventy cents a pound for raw material and you can buy good paper for thirty cents a pound. Then it takes me two weeks to put a sheet through the processes while machine-made will go through in about one day. Nobody could pay the grocer out of selling honestly produced hand-made paper. . . .

"It can't compete with the imitation. It costs too much. I never sold any. Don't want to and don't expect to. I couldn't make enough to supply a demand if there were one. I've been working here nine years just to prove to myself that I have as much skill as the Guild members of the sixteenth century. I haven't earned a penny in six years and what have I got to show for my time? A set of type that I'll never use but once, and a paper-making plant that I am through with now. I don't actually want to make paper. I just want to demonstrate to myself that I can make it. I would like to print books, but no one would pay the price for the kind of printing I want to do."

I knew something of this man's story. He came from a family of printers. His grandfather started the first print-shop in Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1810; and to-day he has seventeen cousins and four uncles still in the business. He started out in life in a printing house, graduated from that to be assistant to a magician, a job where his mechanical dexterity was certainly developed, studied design in Germany and England, earning his own living by his work. He built stained glass windows and designed title pages for Elbert Hubbard for nine years. Then returning to his first and inherited love with an unquenchable longing to get his hands into the ink again, he decided to print books. But—and this was the unusual thing—he would make the printing of books an art, an achievement in craftsmanship, not the commercial piece-work that printing

> AS I look back over my fifty years of business life, I cannot understand the whole thing. All I can do is to wonder how it all happened. Here I am, a not over-good business man, a second-rate engineer. I can make poor mechanical drawings, I play the piano after a fashion; in fact, I am one of those proverbial jack of all trades who are usually failures. Why I am not, I can't tell you.
>
> Luck, opportunity, chance—call it what you will—there is something that certainly gives some men more than an even break. I have known thousands of men with more ability than I have—some I am certain were better executives, others were much abler engineers—but things somehow or other just did not go with them.
>
> —Charles M. Schwab

books has become in the modern book factory. Instead of a hundred hands creating paper and type piecemeal, he alone would create the finished book from the rags and the antimony, tin and lead, with his own two hands and brain. This was the way books had been built in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

There are two most essential ingredients in the making of a book—type and paper. Hunter began a thorough study of what had been done in these two fields. In this country paper was made by hand as early as 1698 by a man named Rittenhouse in Roxbury, Pa., and continued to be made until the paper-making machinery came into use about 1820, after which event the craft gradually died out. Since the Civil War no paper has been made by hand except by one firm in North Adams, Mass., who did it for a few months as an advertisement.

A highbrow is one whose learning has outstripped his intelligence.

—Vincent Massey, former Premier of Canada

In his search for what was being done by others, Hunter went to Europe and sought out the few hand-made paper mills in Scotland, Italy, France and Germany; but their processes were secret; he could not gain admission. In London he found an old shop where the mahogany moulds and the watermarks were made, and had been made through successive generations of the same family back to 1720. He went to work for the old man, Wallace, as an apprentice, and there, in a dungeon-like basement laden with the dust of centuries, was a paper-making outfit just large enough to make single proof sheets to test watermarks. He was back in the sixteenth century—a craftsman using the same simple tools that were used by the craftsmen who filled the paper orders of Gutenberg. And in that musty basement bending over the wet, slimy pulp beater, he was supremely happy. This was the thing of all things that he most wanted to do.

All this time Hunter was looking up type also. In a museum he found an old time-worn type mould and a label which said it had been presented by a certain firm of type founders whose great-great-great-grandfathers had used it before machines had been imagined. He wrote to this firm asking if there was any chance of his getting such a mould anywhere and explaining why he wanted it. Days later came a package and in it another old mould, rusty, worn and burned by the hot type metal of two hundred years ago. This was priceless to him. He now had the essentials. The rest he got from old books which he began to collect most assiduously. He had already designed an alphabet based on the pure old Roman letters. He came back to America and was ready to go ahead.

A long search for a location with water-power for his mill resulted in the finding of this old house wherein an important part of the early history of New York had been made. There was a dam across a lusty creek and the remains of an old flour mill. Using the old oak timbers he built a new mill and a water-wheel and grew a crop of rye straw and thatched the roof with it. From England he got a pulp-beater and a twenty ton press. Copper vats, kettles, etc., he made himself. His moulds came from his old master in London.

Years rolled by. There was much to do and it took time working alone. In the long winters he worked indoors cutting the letters for his alphabet into the steel die punches. The old type mould was too worn to use, so he copied it, building another whose sliding steel faces were true to the thousandth of an inch. He pounded his punches into the copper bar, trued the bar with its letter imprint, put it into the type mould, poured in his molten metal and there, four years after he had designed his letters, lay his first piece of type.

At odd times during this period Hunter experimented with watermarks. The curator of the South Kensington Mu-

seum has said that the making of a light and shade watermark is the highest form of achievement in the applied arts, for it requires the combined knowledge and skill of the goldsmith, the sculptor and the paper maker. The fact that here was eminently a ground for specialists did not deter this man. He modeled his design intaglio in the wax; from this he cast a male and female die of copper; between these dies he formed the mesh of his pulp screen so that, as the screen was lifted from the vat with the wet pulp on it, the fibres would drain away from the raised parts leaving the paper thinner there, and accumulate in the hollows making it thicker.

Then, because the portrait watermark was the most difficult of all watermarks to make, he set about creating his own. In this country there are three men who have, or did have, their portraits watermarked in their correspondence paper—Roosevelt, Ex-Governor Johnson of California and Elbert Hubbard. In Europe, the Pope, the King of Italy, the Ex-Kaiser of Germany and a few other celebrities are, or have been, so distinguished. All these portraits were made by one Italian firm. The one of Dard Hunter by himself is said to be the first portrait watermark produced in America.

Dard Hunter has shown himself and the world that the genius for fine achievement can still find expression through the single workman inspired with love for his work. Now, having equaled the craftsmanship of the past, he wants to build on top of it new and distinguished creations that are of to-day.—Ralph M. Pearson, in *Personality*

DR. JAMES I. WYER, director of the N. Y. State Library, recently listed 15 "decisive" books. He stated that each book named had been vastly more potent in vital world affairs than had a battle of about the same date selected from Creasey's famous list of *Decisive Battles.*

A year or two ago a half finished American battleship was purposely sunk off the Virginia Capes. It had cost $15,000,000. At almost the same time a fully finished library building was dedicated in New York State. It had cost $160,400. Libraries are in the first line of defense against ignorance, a far more sinister and devastating enemy than any against which battleships are sent.

Decisive Battles	*Decisive Books*
Marathon, B. C. 490	Iliad
Syracuse, 413	Euclid's Elements
Arbelia, 331	Aristotle
Metaurus, 207	Plato
Arminius over Varus, A. D. 9	Hebrew Scriptures
Chalops, 451	Augustine's City of God
Tours, 732	Justinian
Hastings, 1066	Chanson de Roland and
Joan of Arc, 1429	Morte d'Arthur
Spanish Armada, 1588	Divina Commedia
Blenheim, 1704	Shakespeare
Pultowa, 1709	De Imitatione Christi
Saratoga, 1777	Pilgrim's Progress
Valmy, 1792	Wealth of Nations
Waterloo, 1815	Positive Philosophy
	Origin of Species

—*The World Tomorrow*

Russia's New Literature

ELIAS TOBENKIN came to this country from Russia in his boyhood, worked in sweatshops at various trades and then through the University of Wisconsin, where he attained the degrees of A. B. and A. M. Engaging in journalism, he spent some time in Russia as a newspaper correspondent.

Of art and letters under the Soviet regime, he says that the Lenin slogan, unfurled early in the revolution, identifying the arts with politics is still strictly observed. As a result, contemporary Russian literature is definitely partisan, poetry of "moods and longing" is taboo. "Their muse is harnessed to the chariot of Communism."

IN the Russia of the village and of the "dark people," under the Czars, there was no evening. Except for thieves and lovers, the peasant retired with the setting of the sun. He was unlettered; there was no family Bible; news of the world was fifty to seventy-five years old. Both the evening and the printed page were introduced to the broad rural masses of Russia by the revolution.

The Soviet Government, rounding out the tenth year of its existence, cannot yet boast that it has taught the Russian mouzhik to raise two grains of wheat where formerly one grew, but it has succeeded in creating a peasant reading public. Blood and terror ushered in the Bolshevist order; the printing press is giving it stability. Whether Slav or Moslem, Mongol, Tartar or Bashkir, the population of Russia has in the past nine years been impregnated with the Soviet printed word. Prior to the revolution the peasant's conversation revolved within a circle of one thousand words. The vocabulary of the Russian peasant to date has increased to some four thousand words.

Since the middle of 1918 there has been no other press in Russia than the Communist press. The art and literature of the country, similarly, has been transferred into new paths.

A whole generation of rough-hewn poets and prose-writers and a new, stark literature, mirroring the vast social and political changes, has arisen in Russia since 1917. Trotzky, analyzing the new writing, summed it up recently as a "literature of the heavy-nailed peasant boot." A more apt characterization would be difficult to find.

The blood of the peasant is in the veins of Russia's post-revolutionary writing. If Russian literature under the old regime was in large measure a literature by noblemen for noblemen, the new writing, in its aim at any rate, is a literature by peasants for peasants. Just as the estate of the landowner, the "nobleman's nest" was the background against which Russian literature was written by Turgenev, Tolstoy, Tchekov, the peasant hut with its perpetual twilight and squalor is the axis about which revolve the novels of Fedor Gladkov and Youri Libedinsky and the short stories of Isaac Babel. It is a literature that without debasing art is trying to simplify and democratize it so that it will reach down to the low cultural level of the Russian masses.

When in the spring of 1917, shortly after the abdication of the Romanovs, Nikolai Lenin arrived in Petrograd from his exile in Switzerland, a tiny four-page paper, *Pravda*, opened its columns to his doctrines. Nine hundred and fifty newspapers—seven hundred in the Russian tongue and two hundred and fifty in the thirty-seven languages spoken by Russia's minority nationalities—today proclaim the Lenin idea of government from one end of the Soviet empire to the other.

There is no opposition press in Russia. Disagreements with certain tenets of the Communist dogma, criticism of certain Bolshevist policies or leaders, are permitted and sometimes even encouraged within the official Soviet press itself. Questioning, however, the soundness of Communism as a theory of government would no more be tolerated by the Kremlin authorities than the questioning of the sun's course by Galileo was tolerated by the ruling powers in the middle ages.

The state monopoly of the printed word does not end with the control of Russia's daily newspapers. The Soviet

Government exercises complete authority over weekly, monthly and other periodicals—some twelve hundred publications in all. Fifty of the leading book-publishing concerns in the country are government-owned. The chief editors, and others in responsible positions, are either Communists or work under Communist supervision. Everything that comes off the printing press in the Soviet Union, whether book or poster, newspaper, almanac or fairy-tale, must have the approval of the Government censor before it can be released to the public.

This background of zealotry inherent in the country's political credo is influencing art and letters in Russia no less than journalism. Time may soften these strictures or remove them altogether. For the present, however, they are ironclad, and impose upon writers and artists in the Soviet Union certain parochial limitations which cannot be overlooked.

Only within the past fifteen months have full length novels dealing with the new political and economic order in Russia begun to appear. For the most part the post-revolutionary literature consists of briefer pieces: short stories, silhouettes, episodes.

The new generation of Russian writers is composed largely of recent "graduates" from the Red Army; from barracks and the trenches. Few are above the age of thirty. They had come to manhood amid shell-fire and hoof-beats. It is not wholly accidental, therefore, that the most famous collection of short stories produced by the new literature thus far should bear the title *Cavalry,* or that one of the most talked-of novels of the period should have the name *The Commissaries.*

The new literature reeks of the smoldering ruins of the revolution and of the counter-attempts against it. The Russia that emerges from the printed page is a Russia of blood trails, of rape and murder, of unburied dead.

The penetrating realism and fine human understanding which characterized the work of Russia's literary masters in the nineteenth century is found in abundance in the new writing, but not their sustained leisurely finish. There is a confused mingling in it of epic and lyrical forms and qualities, a mixture of Homer and of the Psalms, which sometimes is sublime and often crude. What the new writing does have in profusion is a Promethean strain, a volume and a gusto such as Russian literature had scarcely ever before known.

Russia's post-revolutionary writers, in the main, fall into two well-defined groups. There are the so-called peasant-and-workers' writers, or the "Proletarian Group." Then there is the group of writers which, for want of a more precise designation, is spoken of as the "fellow travelers of the revolution," a phrase

HURT HAWKS

The broken pillar of the wing jags from the clotted shoulder,
The wing trails like a banner in defeat,
No more to use the sky forever but live with famine
And pain a few days: cat nor coyote
Will shorten the week of waiting for death, there is game without talons.
He stands under the oak-bush and waits
The lame feet of salvation; at night he remembers freedom
And flies in a dream, the dawns ruin it.
He is strong; and pain is worse to the strong, incapacity is worse.
The curs of the day come and torment him
At distance, no power but death the redeemer will humble that head,
The intrepid readiness, the terrible eyes.
The wild God of the world is sometimes merciful to those
That ask mercy, not often to the arrogant.
You do not know him, you communal people, or you have forgotten him;
Intemperate and savage, the hawk remembers him;
Beautiful and wild, the hawks, and men that are dying, remember him.

—Robinson Jeffers, in *The Nation*

covered in Russian with the one word, *poputchiki.*

The members of the Proletarian group occupy a position not unlike that of poet laureates to the Soviet order. They are soldiers of the revolution first and writers afterwards. The art and aspirations of the members of this group have been defined by one of its number, the poet Bezimensky, who sings:

"First a son of the party {Communist} am I,
A rhymester in the second place—"

The dean of this group is Demian Bedny, "first poet of the revolution."

The Lenin slogan, unfurled early in the revolution, that art is not and cannot be "neutral" and that the proletariat of Russia "must bring to the front the principle of a party literature" is taken by the writers in this group in all literalness. Their approach to creative writing is definitely partisan. Purely aesthetic literature is anathematized. Poetry of "moods and longing" is disdained. "In what do you believe?" is the question they ask of each writer. Their muse is harnessed to the chariot of the revolution, of Communism.

Three names stand out in the poetry of the post-revolutionary period: Sergei Yessenin, Vladimir Mayakovsky and Demian Bedny {Demian the Poor}.

Of Bedny as a poet it is difficult to speak in accustomed critical terms. He writes, but he is not "literary." His themes are not deep and there is no flight to his imagination. The schooled, aesthetic reader finds little in Bedny's poetry to attract or to hold him. Yet it is not possible to dismiss either the man or his writing lightly. "About Demian Bedny volumes will be written by posterity," Karl Radek once remarked. The prophecy is coming true.

Since early in the revolution Demian Bedny has been a "poem-a-day" man for the Communist press. He has taken the doctrinaire theories of Lenin and Marx, around which the Russian revolution has been built, and through the medium of his "simple rhymes" has megaphoned them to Russia's ninety thousand peasants. He has created a popular simplified language for the purpose and an imagery which the man behind the plow, the red soldier in his barrack not only understands, but memorizes and recites. Bedny is read by the masses as no other writer has been read.

Mayakovsky is a poet about whose literary status critics in Russia are by no means in agreement. He is of the dimension of Walt Whitman, but without the consistency and character of the Camden seer. On the philologic and structural side of poetry Mayakovsky is responsible for many innovations. He has for years been the leader of a sort of *Sturm und Drang* movement in Russia, which allowed freer play to the poetic image and to poetic expression. He gave poetic citizenship to "street language," which before him was considered debasing to the printed page. He broke with accepted poetic standards and created new forms.

In his thirtieth year {December 28, 1925} Sergei Yessenin died by his own hand. The thousands upon thousands who marched behind his bier were led past the Pushkin monument to symbolize the kinship of Yessenin to the older Russian classic. He is today regarded as the greatest national poet that the new post-revolutionary literature has produced.

During the first years of revolutionary stress and struggle Yessenin was not popular. The revolution was made in the cities by factory workers. Yessenin in his verses looked out above the heads of the workers to the peasants. He called himself a Bolshevik and tried to write verses in that vein, but his poetry was almost wholly apolitical.

It was only in the last year of the poet's life and since his death that the full significance of Yessenin has dawned upon Russian literary critics, though his writing is still frowned on by "orthodox" Communists. Russian literary criticism today quite generally concedes that Yessenin has brought the peasant to the fore in literature to a much greater degree than any other of the post-revolutionary writers.

The turbulence of Yessenin's life for a time obscured the greatness of his genius.

The Moscow saloons and the underworld fraternity, or perhaps more correctly sorority, had known him best. He boasted of his capacity for scandalous exploits and libeled his poor but honest parents by asserting in his verses that the blood of horse-thieves ran in his veins. With his death the clouds that hung over his name lifted and the Russian people today concede to the poet the right to claim, as he did:

"Russia, my poor subdued mother,
I am your bard and your defender—"

The new fiction is several years younger than the new poetry. Its beginnings date back to 1920 or 1921. So vibrant and kaleidoscopic has life in the Soviet Union been in these half-dozen years that Russia's new prose writers are already beginning to fall into what might be termed an old and a young generation.

With the very newest prose writers the normal is taking the place of the abnormal as literary material. Man comes to the fore in the new fiction, the individual as distinguished from the mass. The writers are immersing themselves in the lives, problems and sorrows of the average person living under the Soviets. There is courage as well as art and penetration in the works of these newer authors.

The most controversial book of this new realistic prose is a volume of Red Army stories entitled *Konarmia* {Cavalry} by Isaac Babel.

Babel was discovered by Gorky in 1916, who printed several of his early stories, but advised him "to go out into the world." The revolution came just then and Babel became one of its soldiers. For seven years, the years of military communism and terror, he served the Soviet Government as a political commissary with troops, as a member of the *Tcheka*, the terrorist organization. He took part in various campaigns and expeditions in every part of Russia. These experiences form the background of Babel's writings.

At first his stories were frowned upon in Soviet quarters. Babel's realism in many instances was far from complimentary to the Red Army. It was said that General Budenny, with whose Cossack army Babel had served, was particularly annoyed at the manner in which the young writer was handling his troops and their commanders. The noted Communist critic, Voronsky, came to Babel's assistance. Voronsky not only cleared Babel from untoward government criticism, he established a niche for him as one of the purest artists on Russia's new literary horizon.

The link which binds the present Soviet literary generation with the literary order that went down with the old regime consists of but two men: Maxim Gorky and V. Veresayev. Both of them have accepted the Soviet Government from the first. All, or nearly all other writers in Russia, who attained their fame prior to 1917, either would not or could not accept the Bolshevist revolution and went into exile, where some have died, while others are dragging on a lonely and sterile existence.—Elias Tobenkin, in *The Bookman*

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THE continued influence of those departed this life, and the sense of reality of the continuing existence of their personalities has been strong enough to remove for me any doubt as to some form of life after death.

Where it is or in what form I care not. I believe that they continue to exist and I believe that we can be influenced by them. Definite communication with that group seems more possible to me than radio would have twenty-five years ago, although I have never known any satisfactory example of it, in spite of some experience with automatic writing. . . .

Geographical separation had limited direct communication to the written word until telephone, telegraph and radio appeared. And yet, has it not been the experience of most of us, during an absence from those who are very dear to us, that times have come, usually in quiet and solitude, when their personalities have been so vivid as to overcome space, their sense of nearness so keen that we almost expect to hear a voice or feel the touch of a hand? Such communion is very real. —Dr. William Darrach, dean of the Faculty of Medicine, Columbia University

Daniel Webster a Critic of Puritan Traits

THIS letter {written October 14, 1826} was recently made public by a descendant of the recipient, who was Charles B. Haddock, a professor at Dartmouth College and nephew of the great New England orator-statesman. At the time Daniel Webster was a member of Congress, seeking a United States Senatorship. A few months previously he had delivered his famous Bunker Hill address.

MY dear Nephew:—In regard to the moral character of our ancestors, the settlers of N. E. {New England}, my opinion is that they possessed all the Christian virtues but Charity; & they seem never to have doubted that they possessed that also.

And nobody would accuse their system or their practice but of one vice, & that was religious hypocricy, of which they had an infusion, without ever being sensible of it. It necessarily resulted from that disposition which they cherished of subjecting men's external conduct, in all particulars, to the influence & government of express rule & precept, either of Church or State.

That always makes hypocrites & formalists.—A man thought it an act of merit, under the blue laws of Cont. {Connecticut}, not to walk within ten feet of his wife, on their way to Church; as some parents now-a-days think it a merit to restrain their daughters from a village dance.

One is just as sensible and has as much to do with religion as the other. Indeed it is the universal tendency of strong religious excitement, a tendency of our infirm nature, growing out of our weaknesses & vices, to run into observances & make a showy merit of external acts.

Our excellent ancestors did not escape the influence of this propensity, but they had so many high & pure virtues that this spot should not give offense. They were a wonderful People. This very failing of which I have spoken leaned to unite in them the virtues of decision, sense of duty, & the feeling that will have no compromise with what it thinks wrong, that I forgive it them.

The determined spirit, with which they resisted every approach of what they thought evil, was itself a great virtue. "Of itself it is harmless, but it leads or may lead to evil." This was their answer, & perhaps there is something in it; but then it may be said of all most every thing. The vice of the argument, as an argument, is that it proves too much.

Eating, drinking, sleeping, conversation all fell equally under its condemnation. But, though indefensible as a rule of conduct, some general consequences followed from the spirit which accompanied it, which consequences are exceedingly useful. It sharpened the sight for the discovery of political evils. The tea tax, for example, was not oppressive as a tax. It was too small for that. It was opposed on principle. "It led, or might lead, to other taxes."

Our fathers acted on system; & the inquiry with them was not whether the thing was bearable but whether it was right. I verily believe, although I do not much like creeds, in religious matters, that creeds had something to do with the revolution. In their religious controversies, the people of New England had always been accustomed to stand on points; & when Lord North undertook to tax them, they stood on points also. It so happened, fortunately, that their opposition to Lord North was a point on which they all united.—Daniel Webster.

WE have in America the largest public school system on earth, the most expensive college buildings, the most extensive curriculum, but nowhere else is education so blind to its objectives, so indifferent to any specific outcome as in America.

One trouble has been its negative character. It has aimed at the repression of faults rather than the creation of virtues. It has summed up all the virtues in "Thou shalt not," instead of opening vast opportunity in the cry, "Thou mayest—thou canst."—President William P. Faunce, of Brown University

Our Permanent Crime Wave

THE author of this article on crime in America and its inadequate punishment fixes the spotlight on the police and the reason why they do not catch more crooks. Berlin had forty murders last year. In New York, one of the most orderly of American cities in this respect, there were 278. London, in 1927, had twenty-seven, all of which are reported to have been solved. As for obtaining convictions in our chief centers of population, a former New York District Attorney declares that "Prosecuting criminals today is like trying to catch a 1927 automobile with an ox-team."

CRIMINAL activities in this country cost us not less than thirteen billion dollars a year. This is more than the total of the war debts. . . .

America maintains an army of half a million police, judicial and enforcement officials, to stand off an opposing army of two million criminals. In this endless war there are twelve thousand five hundred fatalities a year, and at present there are about two hundred thousand prisoners held captive by the forces of law and order.

In Chicago—that jungle of the underworld—six policemen are shot for every criminal who is hanged. There are thirty-six more chances of being held up and robbed in New York than in London, and in Chicago the chances are one hundred. The New York burglar has thirteen chances to one in his favor. In London the odds are ten to one against him. In 1918, to cite a typical year, all of England and Wales together had 154 cases of homicide, murder and manslaughter. During the same period, New York City alone had 221 cases, and Chicago 222. . . .District Attorney Banton of New York was moved recently to remark that "Prosecuting criminals today is like trying to catch a 1927 automobile with an ox-team." And even then, Mr. Banton failed to point out the truism that before you cook your hare you must catch him, and that our police establishment is quite as much in need of overhauling as our courts.

Over and beyond either our criminal procedure, or our police organization, there are at least two definite factors in this country that militate strongly in favor of the criminal. The first lies in the enormous and ever increasing number of undesirable and unenforcible laws that clog our statute books {we have a total of 1,900,000 statutes on the books now}; the second is due to the sentimentality of the American public, which alternately howls for more law and for less enforcement.

Our inundation of statutory law probably arises chiefly from our tendency to prohibitory legislation that is not supported by the majority of the people. A statute which regulates or corrects that which is a wrong in itself, such as murder or burglary, deserves and gets the whole-hearted support of the public; the statute which merely prohibits something that certain people choose to believe wrong, such as the liquor traffic or the delivering of ice-cream on Sundays, is exceedingly difficult to enforce, and so tends to weaken the effect of law in general. . . .Before going farther it will be as well to state an axiom, and this is that the chief deterrents to crime are just two in number: first, *the certainty of detection,* and, second, *the certainty of conviction.* On these two strictures hang all the law and the prophets so far as controlling the criminal is concerned.

The questions of the trial, sentence, and punishment of the criminal have been so thoroughly agitated that there is little need here for a detailed discussion. It will be enough to touch on them very briefly before coming to the matter of the police, our primary interest.

With the problem of prison conditions, as with most other problems, it is the plain, common-sense point of view that is safest. Any extreme is to be avoided, and our national tendency is to run to extremes. We are apt to be either savage or sentimental. Only a few years ago prison conditions in America were appalling. Indeed, they are nothing to boast of today. The dark cell, the

strait-jacket, constructed to torture rather than to confine, physical and mental violence of all kinds were everyday affairs. We were taking bad men and making them worse. To a considerable extent, this attitude has been replaced by one that has substituted the moving picture for the dark-cell, the coloratura soprano for the strait-jacket, and amateur theatricals for the blackjack. We have gone from one extreme to the other, from savagery to sentimentalism....

In the matter of our criminal procedure, there is a general recognition of the fact that we protect the criminal at the expense of the public. Our criminal procedure is based on that which obtained in England in the eighteenth century. English procedure, however, is by no means what it was two hundred years ago, for it was thoroughly revised in 1873, while American procedure is still substantially the lumbering machine that it was at the outset. Our criminal procedure is archaic to a degree; our criminal methods have marched with the times. In this country a veritable network of silly technicalities forms a protective barrier around the accused....

The methods or technic employed by the police of different countries are largely dictated by the national temperament. Thus, the British are direct and practical; the French are volatile and inspirational; and the Germans are mechanical and efficient. A few examples will serve to illustrate this point.

Scotland Yard looks for the dominant note in the crime, the outstanding clue. Once this is found, it is run down, to the exclusion of all seemingly minor details. If it is not found, the Yard is sometimes stumped. Joseph Gollomb, in his work on European police organizations and methods of detection, provides a number of instances that are typical, and it is upon this material that I have drawn for the two following examples.

A series of six fires had broken out in London, and the arson specialist of Scotland Yard was able to point out certain characteristics in each that suggested a common origin. Of actual, material clues there was none. The detective in charge of the case, however, found that one dominant fact stood out, namely, that in each instance the insurance policy was taken out with the same company and that the same agent had been employed. This gave him his start, and he was able to discover, first, that this agent kept in his pocket a notebook with a list of his clients; second, that the notebook had recently been out of his possession in a bar that was a notorious hangout for crooks; and third, that the book had been in the hands of a well-known pickpocket. This gentleman, on being rounded up, was induced to give a description of the amiable stranger at whose behest he had picked the agent's pocket of the book. The rest was routine; a watch was set on the premises listed that had not yet been burned, and the incendiary walked into the trap.

The operatives of the Service de la Surete in Paris, on the other hand, are able to produce results when there is no outstanding clue. A shot was heard at a garden party and one of the guests dropped dead. No one had been seen to shoot, and no weapon was found. There was no clue. The police assigned to the case took a list of all those who had been present, and their rooms were searched, a procedure that would be impossible

> THE matter of individual belief for or against capital punishment seems almost secondary when we think of the abandonment with which the community and the press exploited the details of that judicial murder, the Gray-Snyder electrocution, January, 1928. The time will come when our children and grandchildren will look back and wonder how we lived under such conditions of savagery.
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> —Dr. George W. Kirchwey, former warden of Sing Sing Prison

in either England or America, by the way. In the room of one man, a detective noticed a walking-stick that was, somehow, rather out of the ordinary; and, being carefully trained not to let anything pass that appeared unusual, no matter how trivial it might seem, the operative found on closer examination that the walking-stick was actually a cleverly contrived gun. The murderer was found.

Nothing could be more characteristic of the German criminal hunting machine than the Meldwesen, that gigantic card-catalogue that identifies every man, woman, and child in the republic. Some idea of the immensity of this system can be gathered from the fact that the cards for the letter *S* alone — and that only for the city of Berlin—require twenty-one rooms to house them . . .

Probably every method of criminal detection that is in use in Europe is also, to some extent, in use in America. But there is no unification. The excellence of the local organization and the methods it employs depend in large part on whatever man is in charge. Some, a very few, are splendid; others are utterly inefficient. . . .

The trouble with American police work is that it is spotty, ranging from positive genius in some localities to absolute idiocy in others. There is no unification. . . .

The German organization is mechanical and scientific; the French is much more flexible and somewhat less scientific; the British is preeminently commonsense. . . . In Europe, one finds a national organization, built for permanency; in America, one finds a local organization, constructed to meet the exigencies of the political administration.

New York has had fourteen Police Commissioners in twenty-seven years. Chicago has had twenty-five Superintendents of Police in forty-nine years. From 1829 to 1914, eighty-five years, Scotland Yard had just six Commissioners. From 1848 to 1914, sixty-six years, Berlin had ten. The man at the top is the man who dictates the policy. As the man changes, the organization under him and the methods used by that organization are likely to change also. There is no building, no logical progression in America. Europe finds the best man to do the work that is required, puts him in office, and lets him alone. America usually asks little more than that the man in charge of her police be of the prevailing political party, yanks him out of office when he has barely begun to learn his job, and then begins all over again. No efficient police organization can be constructed on such a shaky foundation. . . .

> AMERICA seems to have an epidemic of intolerance. Instead of working out individual problems, our people are seeking to control each other. This infection has grown to be a scourge. Even the intelligent and cultured are its victims. We no longer distinguish between the civil and the criminal code. If it is believed that a certain course of conduct is good for a community we unhesitatingly pass a criminal statute to enforce this conduct.
>
> —Clarence Darrow

Possibly we shall prefer to go on being robbed and murdered in our present free and easy way. Today America is the paradise of the criminal. It is literally true that ours is the one supposedly civilized country in which crime is a paying proposition for a capable crook, in which the professional criminal is a good risk for any insurance company.

We do not subject our military machine to the vagaries of political expediency; and why the organization that protects us in times of peace should be dealt with less rationally than that which we rely on during war, I cannot understand. In view of this comparison, it is worthy of note that our annual crime bill is no less than the cost of one year of the World War.—Edward Hale Bierstadt, in *Harper's Magazine*

The Truth About Truth

IN an essay on The Standardization of Error, *from which these passages are taken, a celebrated Arctic explorer leaves the role of voyager and colonizer to trace the progress of Truth through civilization. His is a vigorous protest against the popular tendency to confuse truth and inclination.*

Three centuries ago Sir Walter Raleigh urged a new interpretation of history, and was beheaded. Stefansson, who is alive at the present writing, now urges new fundamentals in education. . . .It is of interest to recall that he studied philosophy and theology in Harvard in the days of James, Royce, Munsterberg and Santayana.

THE most striking contradiction of our civilization is the fundamental reverence for truth which we profess and the thorough-going disregard for it which we practice. This is the veriest commonplace. . . :

God and Truth have from the earliest times been the two ideas that have commanded the greatest reverence. They have been much argued by the philosophers, with many curious parallels and one striking contrast. Typical of the parallels are the long disputes about whether there can reasonably be supposed to exist either an absolute god or an absolute truth. The one contrast is that while the philosophers have discussed at great length whether God is good, they have never discussed whether Truth is good. Is it not a bit suspicious that this is the one thing they have always assumed? And in a world of chaotic philosophies that get us nowhere, is it not high time to ask if there be any sound reason why Truth should be exempted from that fundamental scrutiny to which even the gods have had to submit?

In addressing ourselves to this hitherto neglected question, as to whether truth is good, we adopt in the first instance a test which has long appealed to the common sense of mankind: *By their fruits shall ye know them. . . .*

Consider the remark: "How well you are looking!" Can you imagine the sort of a place this world would be if that little exclamatory sentence, or its equivalent, were not working overtime in every country? I know my own case. Ever since I can remember the declaration: "You are looking better than when I saw you last," has cheered me greatly. It was not till a year or two ago that it first struck me that if this had been uniformly true all these years I ought to be looking remarkably well by now. But even so, I am still able to take a little comfort in this serial fiction. . . .

> WE as a people seem to be losing all sense of respect for ourselves and our fellow men, with the result that in a thoroughly intolerant attitude we hesitate not a minute to secure an organized minority, or even a majority, to attempt by resolution or law to impose our will on a large body of people in matters where no moral wrong is involved and where liberty is curtailed.
>
> —John J. Raskob, chairman of the finance committee of the General Motors Corporation

We may agree that truth is good, usually, in engineering, chemistry, physics, and the allied sciences. It is good in astronomy and geology whenever it does not conflict with religion. It is good about as often as bad in sociology, psychology, physiology, biology and several of the related sciences, for in these it appears to support present-day manners, current morals and the prevalent religion about half the time. In history, civics and many such fields it is always open to the gravest suspicion. In the training of very young children it

should be rather carefully avoided as a general thing.

Having arrived at this conclusion, we must profit by it. At first sight it will seem that, since we have found the truth bad as often as not, the thing to do would be to proclaim our emancipation from its tyranny. But that would be forgetting the more important part of our findings—the benevolent nature and salutary effects of at least a good half of all the deception there is. . . .

We can well take our pointer as to what to do from a famous general who has announced publicly that he is going to explain in a book just how he himself and his associates invented and circulated some of the most effective {or outrageous} lies of the Great War. In connection with this announcement he has had two things to explain, and he has made an explanation that is not only satisfactory in his case but admirably suited to broader uses.

Asked how he could, without shame, admit such lies as he proposed to admit, he replied in substance that if you are justified in using shrapnel, poison gas, torpedoes from submarines and bombs from airships, you are justified in using any means at all. The main concern is to make the nation at home and the soldiers in the field a unit for the war, and you cannot do that unless you at least convince them that there is good reason to fight. The more convinced they are the better they will fight, and what propaganda does is to make them more convinced. This argument is so familiar that it deserves no further amplification.

The General's second defense was against the accusation that he had said himself that he expected another war within twenty-five years from the last, and that such a war could not be won without propaganda. How, then, did he justify himself in giving away his country's secrets of just how its citizens were fooled in the last war? His reply was that the remedy would be very simple. All you had to do was to say: "Yes, quite right; we fooled you in the last war. But times have changed and that sort of thing would not work now. Besides, we would not fool you even if it served our ends, we have become so honorable." Having said this, you could go ahead and fool them not only with the old methods but, in some cases, with the very same tale. All you will have to do in the last case is to explain: "The story which we invented in the last war must have given the enemy the idea, for now they are actually doing what we then accused them of."

QUEST

We all have met those seekers for the light,
Who, being long of zeal and short of sight,
Measure with ropes how moonbeam lace is spun
And use a lantern to reveal the sun.

—Stanton A. Coblentz, in the New York *Sun*

We may well adapt the General's ideas to a wider field. The leaders of thought among us must continue to proclaim their devotion to Truth, in order that they may be able to get people to believe and act upon those things that are for the general welfare.

The conclusions and recommendations at which we have arrived will receive informal support from most thoughtful and all public-spirited persons. But will that be enough, especially in view of the solid front presented by the old-school philosophers, who still hold that the Good is the same as the True, and that the True is whatever corresponds to facts? It should be enough, for we have an initial advantage in the cogency and popular appeal of our reasoning. By considering the very same facts as the old philosophers, but merely selecting them more judiciously and approaching them from the opposite, or scientific, angle {of reasoning from facts to principles}, we have discovered {what has long been instinctively felt} that many facts are bad; and have demonstrated that the Good cannot be synonymous with every kind of fact, for that would make good synonymous with bad, which is nonsense. The Good, we have thus demonstrated, has no necessary relation to facts at all, but

is ultimately determined by the sound instincts of the majority.

The ancients, it seems, anticipated our findings in a measure; but that is natural, and strengthens our position, for we are only trying to go back to the first principles of Nature, and they understood Nature better than we, being closer to her and yielding a freer rein to their instincts. They expressed their conclusion in the saying that "The voice of the people is the voice of God." The triumph of the same idea was poetically forecast by Tennyson when he spoke of an epoch in which "The common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe."

Can we secure the triumph which Tennyson foresaw, the need of which we have shown, without a special organization to attain it? Pondering the question, it does not seem that we need any wholly new organization, but rather a federation of those existing agencies that believe in acting on our principle—the principle of the sound common sense of the majority. Consider what we have to start with: The Fundamentalists would take care of religion, the American Legion would see to patriotism, the Anti-Saloon League, the W. C. T. U., and similar organizations would look after the prohibition of alcoholics {and later no doubt, other prohibitions, as needed}; the Society for the Suppression of Vice, the Watch and Ward Society, and their kind, would protect our literary and other morals. And so on through the list.

Of course it will never do for the benevolent organizations to continue acting separately, each for its own end. They must unite. The Fundamentalists must agree to support the Legion on patriotism, the Legion must return the favor by a united Anti-Darwinism, both must get behind the next Clean Books Bill, and so on till every organization to promote the common good has the support of every other.

Such union will be strength, but there will be more power in reserve that may be called on when needed. Suppose, for instance, that the schools are threatened. The toy makers, the printers of fairy tales, and the educational movie people will see to it that Noah and his Ark remain in our religion, Jack and the Beanstalk in our folklore, and the permanently frozen Arctic in our geographies. The politicians will arrange that the histories shall continue to be reticent and the soapmakers will see to it that the physiology of the skin does not get too far. Back of all such individuals, corporations, or groups, will be the sound good taste of the community, which will take care that mere facts shall not lead us too far astray.—From Vilhjalmur Stefansson's *The Standardization of Error,* by permission of W. W. Norton & Company

I SHALL BE IN OTHER PLACES

Deathwatches ticking in my wall
Tell me that my house will fall.
One day there will come the wind
To the place where I have sinned,
Prayed and dreamed and little done
And find but grass blades in the sun.

But I shall be in other places,
Carving wrinkles on new faces,
Helping others seek and find
Love that turns out seeds and rind.
Building other dreams that soon
Will look like dust heaps on the moon.

O I shall still be sad and merry,
Full of red lust as the cherry,
Frozen into ice and snow
Because the law reads thus and so.
I shall hate like any snake
And love and worship till I ache.

For my house may fall to grass
And the blundering mole may pass
Through the nave my ribs have groined,
Yet the light and dark that joined
To create the man-thing me
Are spawners ranker than the sea.

—Robert P. Tristram Coffin, in *The Nation*

ADULT-INFANTILISM IN THE U. S. A.

ADULT-INFANTILISM is our chief deficiency as a people, our most conspicuous national shortcoming. There is much to indicate it and not a little to prove it. It is responsible for more social maladjustment, more family discord and more intellectual vagrancy than any disease, derangement, or other disharmony of mind and body. And the number of people thus afflicted seems to be increasing.

Although there are adult-infants the world over, there seem to be more in this country in proportion to the population than in any other. It is not typically an American possession, but unless something be done to stop it, it is threatening to become one. Why should this blight have come upon us and whence has it come? What is it and where is it leading us?

The gravamen of the charge is sustained by our individual and national conduct, by our literary and artistic life, by our prejudices and beliefs, our boastings and our satisfactions, our gregariousness and our restlessness. We are adult-infants and we enjoy it. We do not experience pleasure or fulfillment in the thought that we are grown-up individuals prepared to meet struggle and hardship. We think that the longer we remain impervious to life's warning the luckier we are; that if life would only spare us its blows we would be happy. We are prone to emphasize the outward as against the inward order, to aim at appearance rather than substance; to prefer prestige to power. We would rather appear to be good than *be* good. We are not as yet hypocrites or pharisees, but we are in the danger zone; that many other nations are there also is no excuse for our remaining in it. . . .

Originality and individuality are taboo among children—and they seem to be so with us. Let a woman carry a walking-stick or a man wear spats anywhere save in a metropolis, and they will receive disapprobation as heartfelt as it is manifest. Note one of our conventions to which we bow the knee: straw hats shall not be worn after the fifteenth of September. Sometimes we have tropical weather then and later, but that does not matter, for if we wear straw hats after that date boys will jeer and men will jibe. We are constantly conforming to conventions that we may not suffer the opprobrium of being thought "unlike" others. And we carry this fear and compulsion to the higher concerns of life; we regard individuality of thought and sentiment in others as "queer" and not quite decent. We are not wanderers; we are followers. We worship the golden-calf and follow the bell-cow. . . .

It is asserted that American people will succumb to anything, reasonable or otherwise, if it is sufficiently advertised; they will overstep any limit, too, if the bait is fashionable or popular. We have had more "crazes" and "fads" in our

> ADULT-INFANTILISM is the condition and conduct of an individual who, having reached maturity of physical development, remains infantile in his responses to the demands and obligations of life. One may be infantile on the physical, the intellectual, or on the affective side, but the term ordinarily is limited to lack of development in the field of the emotions. Bodily infantilism is usually so apparent that it does not need to be pointed out: dwarfs, pygmies, and midgets are its victims. Intellectual arrest of development is equally obvious, and a man whose mental faculties have not kept pace with his age is labeled "moron." But infantility seizes chiefly upon the individual whose emotional (affective) make-up lags behind his or her physical and intellectual development.
>
> —Dr. Joseph Collins

THE GENERAL HUGH MERCER APOTHECARY SHOP, FREDERICKSBURG, VA.
From the Etching by Ernest D. Roth

This historic building, now completely restored by the Citizens' Guild of Washington's Boyhood Home, was used as an office by the Father of His Country. Its restoration was inspired by the nation-wide interest being taken in the bi-centennial of his birth, to be celebrated in 1932. (*See* Washington as His Contemporaries Saw Him. *Page 214*).

country in the past fifty years than any other country can boast of in twice that time.

Forty years ago, the "whole world," all save paralyzed and epileptic, was on roller-skates. Once this fair country was dotted with "rinks"; now there remains but one, in Philadelphia, to recall this skating urge of our parents. A little later we nearly forgot how to walk in our enthusiasm for "wheels." It was no uncommon sight in New York of a Sunday morning to see thousands riding up and down Broadway and Riverside Drive. Bicycles have given way to the craze for motor cars; it is a poor man indeed who cannot take his family out on week-end motor trips. Mah-Jong swept the country two years ago, and its popularity might have endured longer had not cross-word puzzles dethroned it. And now we are so absorbed in "listening-in" to cheap music and cheaper wit that we have no time to loaf and invite our souls. . . .

We are constantly shifting our viewpoints, seeking new occupations, unfamiliar horizons, different pleasures, because we have little focusing power. A passing idea attracts our attention, but we cannot concentrate on it—we are too afraid that meanwhile another idea may go by unnoticed.

This lack of stability from one generation to the other is one of the gravest phenomena of adult-infantilism. We are justified in laying this charge to our parents; they are responsible for our infirmity. Had they treated us wisely, or even fairly, we should be able to follow in the footsteps of their forebears of a past age, and grow up into men and women of balance, of maturity, of poise. . . .

One of the reasons this country had a Washington and a Lee, a Franklin and a Lincoln, an Emerson and a Thoreau, a Poe and a Whitman, a Vanderbilt and a Vail, is that they were not brought up in hothouses; they were not swaddled in silks and furs. Their colds did not cause parents panics, and their bilious attacks were not beyond the reach of sulphur and molasses. They were not rushed to the mountains or the sea when the sun grew hot, or to Florida when the days grew cold. They were allowed to meet the hazards of life, and made to rely in a measure on their own invention to surmount them. They had to face the problem which God or man, fate or accident, set them. But today we solve them for our children, and then we wonder or weep when our children cannot solve those problems which present themselves, after they have flown from the nest, or are making ready to fly. . . .

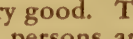
> WE have more colleges and universities than any country of the world, and yet we are the worst educated, the least cultured. We have more churches, chapels and civic-centers than any country of Europe, yet we are swayed by religious prejudice that transcends the understanding of Europeans. We have comforts that kings might consider luxuries, yet it is real punishment for us to stay at home; we have wealth and occupation, but little of that peace of mind surpassing wealth which the sage finds in meditation.
>
> —Dr. Joseph Collins

We display to the average European an ignorance or an apathy toward foreign affairs which is astounding. Magazines or books that attempt to relieve this apathy are regarded as "high-brow," and receive neither support nor encouragement. Stray facts regarding foreign policies, like facts about foreign customs, are gathered from newspapers and from persons who are not qualified either by experience or knowledge to speak informatively. . . .

Our political views, as well as our religious beliefs, are for the most part emotional attitudes. Judgment does not enter into their conclusions, it leaves the road free to prejudice and to what we call tradition.

Youth is dogmatic and tenacious of its opinions. It takes years of experience, of hard knocks and sound thinking to reach the conclusion that there is some good in all evil and some evil in every good. To children, things, ideas and persons are all of one piece; good or bad. Tolerance is a virtue to which they have no access and their opinions have the rigidity and stubbornness of the inexperienced. . . .

We take things in their extreme, we push a situation to the point where it can no longer hold but has to give way under the pressure we inflict upon it. We drink to excess, or we are total abstainers; we talk continuously, or we are mute; we are ardent church-goers or we maintain that religion has lost contact with the living reality from which it derives validity and truth. We play too hard and we work too hard; we condemn others or we praise them beyond their merit. We contend that the countries of Europe should pay us what they owe in full, or that we should wipe the debts completely off the slate. . . .—From *The Doctor Looks at Love and Life* by Joseph Collins, by permission of Doubleday, Doran & Company



WHAT the world might find moderately useful is a small but compact Outline of things under adjudication, with special reference to the field of science. Better still than a single volume would be a semiannual or quarterly bulletin for the use of the general public issued by a committee of the learned societies and bearing some such title as "Things You Needn't Worry About Just Yet" or "Things You Needn't Quite Believe Until Further Notice."

The contents would consist of a list of discoveries in science which do not as yet render it essential that the average voter abandon his business and divorce his wife in order to readjust his life to the new scientific revelation.—Simeon Strunsky, in the N. Y. *Times Book Review*

WINGS OF LEAD

FROM among some 4,000 poems celebrating the transatlantic flight of Charles A. Lindbergh submitted from all parts of the English-speaking world, this one by Nathalia Crane, aged fourteen, was awarded the first prize of $500, offered by Mitchell Kennerley of New York.

Explaining the title of her poem, the precocious author states: "Why, 'wings of lead' signify the impossible. You see, Lindbergh just came in unknown and said he would do it, and everyone said 'ridiculous, impossible.' Then he did it; he did the impossible."

THE gods released a vision on a world forespent and dull;
They sent it as a challenge by the sea-hawk and the gull.

It roused the Norman eagerness, the Albion cliffs turned red:
"You fly the wings of logic—can you fly the wings of lead?

"It's been done in faded ages changing titles for each writ—
"The wheel, the keel, the pinioned heel, the longbow and the bit;

"The tiller and the javelin, the harp with leaden string,
"The pewter lens that Homer used, the ore in David's sling.

"Locations in all latitudes where heroes left the ground
"Still show the clots of cinnabar that marked the last rebound.

"We set no rules on engines or the drive of whirling gear—
"Our course is but a thousand leagues of doubtful atmosphere.

"Designers may parade a moth or rack the condor's spread,
"One simple stipulation—that the pinions be of lead.

WINGS OF LEAD

"The Prize is for our own good will, and
that no Freudian stand
"To tell the gods that courage spawns
within an empty hand."

* * *

The hawks were dropping challenges
from Tokyo to Rome;
The gulls delivered cartels from Cape
Town to tousled Nome.

The Nagasaki coal girls stopped to wipe
their smutty eyes;
The damsels of Ferghana saw new rug
tints in the skies.

A thousand ardent oilers swung the long
spout 'twixt their nods
And tried to glimpse a meaning in the
challenge of the gods.

And then one night there landed on a
Mineola swale
A plane that looked like pewter, with a
carrier of mail.

Its wings were tinged like tea-box skins,
each truss of shadow-gray,
Its cabin but an alcove slung beneath a
metal ray.

The *Spirit of St. Louis* was inscribed upon
the lee;
It came from out a province that had
never seen the sea.

The pilot entered for the course, the
quarter quadrant glide—
To fly the full Atlantic and the tag ends of
the tide.

He listed in as "Lindbergh" just one pace
beyond the ranks;
He had a moon-stained paddle and some
star gas in his tanks.

A chemist from Olympus with a ladle
nicked the rays:
He said the ore was purer than it was in
Caesar's days.

Invisible, he passed the word, the baro-
graph was sealed—
A plane with leaden wings went down
the Mineola field.

It rose and fell and rose again and then
attained to breath—
The raiment of the bubble when the
bubble goes to death.

And somewhere near to noontime, as the
fishers turned to scan
They saw a pearl-gray monoplane slide
east of Grand Manan.

A single-motored miracle, a lead mine
on each flank;
Below a shadow swept and awed the hun-
dred-fathom bank.

Upon a billow rocked and cheered a
lanterned spindle buoy.
The off-shore bells were chanting for
the *Spirit of St. Louis;*

For o'er the darkened deep there flew a
carrier of mail,
His engine drunk with star gas and ber-
serk in the flail.

He made the course the gods had set, the
quarter quadrant glide,
He flew the full Atlantic and the tag ends
of the tide.

* * *

The ruby runs a temperature—there's
temper in the gold,
A hero donned the wings of lead and
rimmed a wrinkled wold.

'Tis a feat that sends old Richard groping
down a ghostly van,
Starts a Joan doing high steps on an an-
cient barbican.

And the eyes of all look upward seeing
signwork drawing nigh,
The stony wings of Egypt coming back
across the sky;

Ephesian Dian teaching how a legend
comes to bloom,
And Indra holding something new, the
plummet-laden plume.

We hear the clinking tambourine of
Miriam anew,
We believe in every miracle since Lind-
bergh flew the blue,

The wonder of the long draw when the
bowstring is a thread—
The beauty of a courage that can raise the
wings of lead.

—Nathalia Crane, reprinted by per-
mission of George H. Doran Company

WASHINGTON AS HIS CONTEMPORARIES SAW HIM

IN the second volume of his biography of George Washington, Rupert Hughes reveals a vast amount of information to be found in no other biography of the Father of His Country. This volume is particularly rich in documents which show how Washington looked to his contemporaries. Although the biographer refrains from making a sacrosanct hero of his subject-character, he refers reverently to the growth of Washington "from a baffled soldier and a bewildered farmer into one of the masterpieces of human nature."

IN 1760 Washington had aroused a certain interest in England as the commander of the Virginia troops, and somebody there wrote for a description of him. Captain George Mercer sent the best substitute he could find for the photography that was not to be invented for nearly a century.

He was Washington's aide-de-camp, and accompanied him on the festive ride to New York and Boston in 1758. He knew, therefore, whereof he spoke when he painted this picture of his friend:

"Although distrusting my ability to give an adequate account of the personal appearance of Col. George Washington, late Commander of the Virginia Provincial troops, I shall, as you request, attempt the portraiture. He may be described as being as straight as an Indian, measuring six feet two inches in his stockings, and weighing 175 pounds when he took his seat in the House of Burgesses in 1759. His frame is padded with well-developed muscles, indicating great strength. His bones and joints are large, as are his feet and hands.

"He is wide shouldered, but has not a deep or round chest; is neat waisted, but is broad across the hips, and has rather long legs and arms. His head is well shaped though not large, but is gracefully poised on a superb neck. A large and straight rather than a prominent nose; blue-gray penetrating eyes, which are widely separated and overhung by a heavy brow. His face is long rather than broad, with high round cheek bones, and terminates in a good firm chin. He has a clear though rather a colorless pale skin, which burns with the sun. A pleasing, benevolent, though a commanding countenance, dark brown hair, which he wears in a cue.

"His mouth is large and generally firmly closed, but which from time to time discloses some defective teeth. His features are regular and placid, with all the muscles of his face under perfect control, though flexible and expressive of deep feeling when moved by emotions. In conversation he looks you full in the face, is deliberate, deferential and engaging. His voice is agreeable rather than strong. His demeanor at all times composed and dignified. His movements and gestures are graceful, his walk majestic, and he is a splendid horseman." . . .

PATRICK HENRY was more impressed by Washington's quiet conversation than by the fervid oratory of others. When asked whom he considered the greatest man in Congress, he answered: "Rutledge, if you speak of eloquence, is by far the greatest orator, but Col. Washington, who has no pretensions to eloquence, is a man of more solid judgment and information than any man on that floor."

—From Rupert Hughes's *George Washington*

* * *

GENERAL Maury, a distinguished Fredericksburg soldier, perpetuates one of the more genial traditions

that came to him direct from a friend of Washington's:

"His arrival was the occasion of great conviviality and rejoicing. Dinner-parties and card-parties were then in order, and we find, in that wonderful record of his daily receipts and expenditures, that on one of these occasions he won thirty guineas at loo. Probably it was after this night that he threw the historic dollar across the river, the only instance of extravagance ever charged against him. A dinner party was usually given to him on his arrival at the old Indian Queen Tavern, where, according to tradition, drink was deep and play was high.

"It is generally believed that Washington did not laugh or enjoy a joke. I have often heard Judge Francis Taliaferro Brooke, for many years Chief Justice of Virginia, say this was not true. Washington often dined at Smithfield, the home of the Brooke family. It is now known in the histories of the battle of Fredericksburg as the 'Pratt House.'

"Judge Brooke used to tell of a dinner given to Washington at the Indian Queen Tavern, at which he was present. A British officer sang a comic song,—a very improper song, but as funny as it was improper,—at which Washington laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and called upon the singer to repeat it." . . .

IT is the most tragic of farces that so many Americans should insist both that Washington could not tell a lie, and that his chroniclers may not tell the truth.

—Rupert Hughes

IN the words of Eugene E. Prussing he was "the busiest and biggest man in Virginia just before the Revolution. He took off his coat when need be and pitched hay with his negro slaves, or helped to repair the broken-down carriage of a wayfarer.

"He mixed manure with his own hands, planted gardens to please his wife, and went swimming regularly in the Potomac River because plumbing was unknown."

EDMUND RANDOLPH threw his heart into the cause of liberty, though his father kept his oath of allegiance to the King and later sailed for England. Peyton Randolph, his brother, became eminent in the patriotic cause. Edmund reached a high post long afterward, then had a quarrel with Washington and published a pamphlet in self-defence that led Washington to beat the table till the ladies and the teacups jumped as he raged, "By the eternal God, he is the damnedest liar on the face of the Earth."

Yet this same Edmund Randolph, composing a history in his old age, wrote of Washington this eulogy:

"At the beginning of the year 1774 . . . some others were more prominent. It could not have been then truly foretold that even those germs of his solid worth which afterwards overspread our land with illustrious fruit, would elevate him very far above many of the friends of the revolution . . . His youth had developed no flattering symptom of what the world calls genius; but he had been conspicuous for firmness, for a judgment which discriminated the materials gathered by others of a quicker and more fertile invention, and for a prudence which no frivolousness had ever chequered. He possessed a fund of qualities which had no specific direction to any particular calling, but were instruments for any crisis. By nature, by his attention to agriculture, an exposure of himself in the chase, and his occupation of a surveyor of land, he was remarkably robust and athletic. . . . His economy, without which virtue itself is always in hazard, afforded nutriment to his character." . . .

NICHOLAS CRESWELL'S diary includes this picturesque summing up of Washington's character with some surprising comments:

"He married a Mrs. Custis, a widow

lady, with whom he had a very good fortune. By her entreaties he left the Army, in which he never gained any great esteem by his own country Officers or men. By all accounts it was his frugality that lost him the goodwill of his Officers, and the strict discipline he always observed, the love of his men. Indeed, any kind of order or subordination illy agrees with his countrymen, in general.

"After he quitted the Army, he was made a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, in which he was much respected for his good private character, but always looked upon as too bashful and timid for an orator. He lived as a Country Gentleman, much noted for his hospitality, great knowledge in agriculture, and industry in carrying his various manufactories of Linen and Woollen to greater perfection than any man in the Colony. . . .

"His education is not very great nor his parts shining, his disposition is rather heavy than volatile, much given to silence. In short, he is but a poor speaker and but shines in the epistolary way. His person is tall and genteel, age betwixt forty and fifty, his behavior and deportment is easy, genteel, and obliging, with a certain something about him which pleases everyone who has anything to do with him. . . .

"His friends and acquaintances reckon him a just man, exceedingly honest, but not very generous. Perhaps they may give him this character, because he manages his Estate with industry and economy, very seldom enters into those foolish, giddy and expensive frolics natural to a Virginian.

"He keeps an excellent table and a stranger, let him be of what Country or nation, he will always meet with a most hospitable reception at it. His entertainments were always conducted with the most regularity and in the genteelest manner of any I ever was at on the Continent {and I have been at several of them. . . .}. Temperance he always observed, was always cool-headed and exceedingly cautious himself, but took great pleasure in seeing his friends entertained in the way most agreeable to themselves. His lady is of a hospitable disposition, always good-humored and cheerful, and seems to be actuated by the same motives with himself, but she is rather of a more lively disposition. They are to all appearances a happy pair. . . .

"It is said {and I believe with great truth} that he never had an intimate, particular bosom friend, or an open professed enemy in his life. . . . His private character is amiable, he is much beloved and respected by all his acquaintances." . . .

> THE man himself {George Washington} is infinitely more appealing, pitiful, heartbroken, tragic, gay, witty, tender, gracious, tactful, fearless, ferocious, heroic and, at his loftiest, sublime than the dull gray bore manufactured by stupid dullards, stodgy politicians and mongers of untruisms.
>
> —Rupert Hughes

* * *

ON May 29th {1775}, John Adams had written to his wife:

"Colonel Washington appears at Congress in his uniform, and, by his great experience and abilities in military matters, is of much service to us."

That uniform of Washington's was a deciding factor, according to Adams' great grandson, Charles Francis Adams, one of our keenest military historians—he was a brevet brigadier general of the Civil War—and one of Washington's frankest critics. He said of Washington's strange custom of sitting in the Congress as a soldier:

"He was not at that time acting in any military capacity. Neither does it appear what was the uniform he wore; probably that of a colonel of Virginia militia. Certainly the attendance of any

member of a deliberative body, dressed in uniform, would be regarded as startling at this day. It had always been construed by Mr. Adams as Washington's way of announcing that his mind was made up, and that he was ready to take his place in the ranks in any capacity to which his country should call him. He was no maker of speeches, and this act was more significant than many speeches. It was no solicitation for place after the manner of an office-seeker; for nobody would suspect him of it; but it was the highest inspiration of patriotism, offering to meet danger in any situation which such services as he could render might avail to defend his country.

"Viewed in this light, then, it would seem as if, when answering the much agitated question, 'Who nominated Washington to the chief command?' it might be affirmed that he most unconsciously nominated himself.". . .

JOHN ADAMS' autobiography is the only account we have of the benevolent intrigue, and it is racy:

". . .When Congress had assembled, I rose in my place, and in as short a speech as the subject would admit, represented the state of the colonies, the uncertainty in the minds of the people, their great expectation and anxiety, the distresses of the army, the danger of its dissolution, the difficulty of collecting another; and the probability that the British army would take advantage of our delays, march out of Boston, and spread desolation as far as they could go.

"I concluded with a motion, in form, that Congress would adopt the army at Cambridge, and appoint a general; that though this was not the proper time to nominate a general, yet, as I had reason to believe this was a point of the greatest difficulty, I had no hesitation to declare that I had but one gentleman in my mind for that important command, and that was a gentleman from Virginia, who was among us, and very well known to all of us; a gentleman whose skill and experience as an officer, whose independent fortune, great talents, and excellent universal character would command the approbation of all America, and unite the cordial exertions of all the colonies better than any other person in the Union.

"Mr. Washington, who happened to sit near the door, as soon as he heard me allude to him, from his usual modesty, darted into the library room."

When Washington, on hearing Adams' veiled reference to him, fled from the room, it was partly, no doubt, from a sense of delicacy toward the men who must vote for or against him, but also surely because of the great surge of emotion that must have overswept him when he knew the ineffable honor was to be proffered to him.

If the ruthless Julius Caesar could be excused for having an epileptic attack when the crown of triumphant Rome was held out to him, Washington might be expected to be shattered a little by the offer of a sword to fight his King with. . . .

Adams ended a letter thus: "There is something charming to me in the conduct of Washington. A gentleman of one of the first fortunes upon the Continent, leaving his delicious retirement, his family and friends, sacrificing his ease, and hazarding all in the cause of his Country! His views are noble and disinterested. He declared when he accepted the mighty trust, that he would lay before us an exact account of his expenses, and not accept a shilling for pay."

On the same day the disgruntled John Hancock wrote to Gerry, of Washington's appointment, "I shall sign his commission tomorrow. . . .He is a fine man." Later he wrote to Washington asking for a berth, and saying: "I am determined to act under you, if it be to take the firelock and join the ranks as a volunteer." Washington dodged the matter gracefully and Hancock did not take the firelock. . . .

A SOLDIER, Hezekiah Munsell, who was near him during the Battle of Long Island, gives this picture of him:

"It has been said by some that General Washington never left his saddle during

the day; but I saw him walk along the lines and give his orders in person to the colonels of each regiment. I heard him give orders to Col. Hart, which were much like the following:

" 'If the enemy come to attack us, let them approach within twenty yards before you fire.'

"It was thought to be a stratagem of the enemy to draw our fire, and then force us from the entrenchment; but Washington was too old for them. I also heard Washington say:

" 'If I see any man turn his back to-day I will shoot him through; I have two pistols loaded; but I will not ask any man to go further than I do; I will fight so long as I have a leg or an arm.'

"This is but a scrap of what the brave Washington said on that occasion. He said the time had come when Americans must be freemen or slaves: quit yourselves like men, like soldiers; for all that is worth living for is at stake."—From Rupert Hughes's *George Washington: The Rebel and the Patriot*, by permission of William Morrow & Company

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, on his way back to New York from the Chicago convention, which had failed to nominate him for President but had nominated James A. Garfield, thought the only proper thing for him to do was to stop at Mentor, near Cleveland, Garfield's home, and personally congratulate him.

Garfield greeted him very cordially and, after dinner, took him for a walk over his farm. During the walk Garfield said, in what Mr. Depew thought was a rather patronizing way, "Depew, you failed to secure the nomination. What other things operated against your success you and I probably both know, but one thing which you probably have never thought of is that you are considered by the nation to be a humorist, and history shows that no humorist has ever been elected President of the United States, or to any other important position."

"Your theory may be correct," said Mr. Depew, "but what about Abraham Lincoln? He was noted for his stories."

"Yes," replied Garfield, "that is true, but Lincoln never told a story solely for amusement—only to illustrate a point."
—Recounted by Frank Presbrey

HEARTY discourse does not love a fast-day; good talk likes to get its legs under the laden board. Wine of song, bread of life, roast beef of literature—how pat these well-nourished figures fall under the general head of Table Talk. At its best, table talk has been the best talk in the world.

The idealizations of poets and the policies of empires are crumbs that have fallen from the world's greatest tables. It goes without saying that no mere Trimalchian chatter, accompanied by heavy feeding, can pose as genuine table talk. But when the cloth has been lifted and the walnuts are cracking, then the wit is likelier to sparkle, the idea leap, and the epigram flash into immortality.

At such times we look upon the world and find that it is fair indeed. And we see too, that it is sad and strange—darkly insoluble for the most part, like ourselves and our neighbor munching his raisins beside us. It is a spacious hour; a good hour for expansive conversation. . . .—Table Talk, in *The Century Magazine*

IF misguided persons, abusing the power with which they were temporarily intrusted, attempted to embark on a policy hostile to the proper enjoyment by the Latin-American Republics of their sovereignty and independence, that policy would speedily and justly be repudiated and the authors of it condemned. Even efforts in the interest of public order, for the purpose of assisting in the maintenance of a reasonable stability and of protecting lives and property, meet with constant criticism and are carefully watched to prevent the hatching of any imperialistic scheme. — Charles Evans Hughes, address before the American Society of International Law

HERBERT HOOVER

HERBERT HOOVER has been fourteen years in public service for America, and not one hour in politics.

Statesmen who have come up through the various chairs of the lodge of politics resent Hoover as an outsider. Unconsciously, every attitude, which to Hoover seems rational, is to them offensive. He puts on no parades; but one door separates him from the elevator on the seventh floor of a nondescript rectangular commercial-looking building which is the Department of Commerce...Hoover's room is perhaps 22x18, furnished with three chairs and a smooth-topped mahogany table, adorned only with a blotting pad. He is sometimes slumped, generally slouched, never pompously posed, in a swivel chair, and talks across the table, often humped over and propped up on his elbows, always the unconventional soft-spoken but explicit, unemotional business executive. He has not learned to shake hands with visiting statesmen. He rarely walks to the door even with the high and mighty when they leave his presence. His promises are always qualified, his statements decently restricted. He exhibits no enthusiasms, reveals no prejudices. . . .

In his departmental work for the last seven years, and in his bureau administration for three years before that, Hoover has dealt almost exclusively with business problems, with ponderables, if there are any such in politics. So Hoover has remained a vestal virgin in politics. It has never touched him—the thing which is the breath of the nostrils of the men in public life who make or break governments in a democracy.

"Look at him!" say the Pharisees, "sitting there behind that polished desk, unstrewn by the debris of the day's work. He toils not, neither does he spin, as we do," they say. "Did anyone ever bring him across on any dubious proposition because Hoover had a personal obligation? Not that anyone knows. If he smokes, no one knows what kind of cigars; if he drinks, no one knows what kind of liquor; if he plays poker, it must be with the Smithsonian crowd, the professors maybe. . ."

All Hoover's life, he has been dealing with concrete things—things to be measured in cubic yards, linear rods, gallons, pounds and dollars. These things are substantial, may be reckoned with safety, and have few variants. A ton of earth carried a mile at a certain angle may be moved at a certain speed for a certain cost. A million gallons of water under certain circumstances will do rather definite and predictable things. Rocks have known contents, specific gravity, market value.

> MY country owes me nothing. It gave me, as it gives every boy and girl, a chance. It gave me schooling, independence of action, opportunity for service and honor. In no other land could a boy from a country village, without inheritance or influential friends, look forward with unbounded hope.
>
> My whole life has taught me what America means. I am indebted to my country beyond any human power to repay. It conferred upon me the mission to administer America's response to the appeal of afflicted nations during the war. It has called me into the Cabinets of two Presidents. By these experiences I have observed the burdens and responsibilities of the greatest office in the world. That office touches the happiness of every home. It deals with the peace of nations. No man could think of it except in terms of solemn consecration.
>
> —Herbert Hoover, in a telegram to the Republican National Convention that nominated him for the Presidency

Human labor, under varying conditions, produces varying results, but definitely calculable.

Hoover was born a Quaker in Iowa in 1874, was graduated in his twentieth year from Stanford University in California as an engineer. He had earned his way through school delivering papers, running a lecture course, summering in the field with a geological survey, carrying a chain, pointing a compass, doing odd jobs with his hands out-of-doors, or indoors as an accountant—a desk clerk.

From 1895 until he found himself at the head of the Belgian relief committee, approximately twenty years, Herbert Hoover lived as a mining engineer in twenty of the forty-eight American States, in China, in Australia, in Siberia, in Italy, in South Africa, in England, in Japan. Those two decades of his twenties and thirties were his formative years. . . .

Thirty years ago Hoover was in Australia, establishing a mining town. He was handling money in terms of millions, riding on camel-back across arid wastes, laying railroads and highways to his town, delving in the earth with ravenous machines which burrowed their way into mountain sides like greedy brutes. Shafts were rising, and great dumps warting the surface of the earth at Hoover's will, and 25,000 Australians looked to him for their daily bread. He followed no instinctive guides; it was all laid out by rule of thumb on blue prints with exact mathematical calculations.

He was earning $15,000 a year, and asked no man for any favors that might mean bread or shelter or clothes. He was wearing a slouch hat, a flannel shirt, boots and corduroys, a person of consequence for a boy in his twenties, an upright self-respecting man. Half a dozen years or so later, Hoover was in China. His base of operations was in Peking, but he traveled into Manchuria and Mongolia, even into Chihli, Shantung and Shausi provinces.

By river and canal, and on horse-back, he was spanning the wilderness, a young bridegroom, by the way, with his wife on his pack, laying out all sorts of railroads, mines and waterways, dealing with diplomats, standing before kings, looking premiers squarely in the eye and telling them to go straight up. Five assistants worked under him.

In 1905, when in Tientsin, Mr. and Mrs. Hoover were in the barricaded foreign quarters under fire from the Boxers. One fine summer day the 30,000 Chinese troops, equipped with modern arms and well furnished with artillery, faced the Boxers, and the next day threw down their arms, and deserted to the Boxers fired with a lust for slaughter, rape and pillage.

On that day when Hoover was plugging the flank ends of the street against military attack, he assigned a revolver to every white woman there for use if the plugged street gave way. . . .

The blockade on Tientsin held. Hoover came out of China, 27 years old, with an air of authority on his face, with a heel-gait in his walk, with his nose headed for Siberia where there were mines to work.

The Siberian top was spinning a few months later. . . . Herbert Hoover, somewhere in the Ural Mountains, was installing an equipment of American smelters and mills before a mine, trying to recover the by-products from iron and copper workings, salvaging the sulphuric acid from the slag, distilling the turpentine, and recovering acetone from the

> HOOVER'S theory of government in its relation to business is: Do not coerce; encourage. Employ as little formal legislation as possible. Work by voluntary cooperation. Regard the Government, in relation to the industrial system, as an adviser who, being also an outsider, sees the game broadly and impartially but never even advises unless it is asked.
>
> —From Will Irwin's *Herbert Hoover*

woods of the great Black Forest. There and then, 60,000 people hurried out of the fastnesses to promote this project, and where once had been recurring famines and an occasional fat year there came steady employment and a paying job for tens of thousands.

He was following the bent of his nature, the insatiable mental curiosity of a man who desires to know things well and do them efficiently. He was anything but an adventurer, even if he followed the Sinbad trail. He was learning the executive's hard unromantic task.

If he touched governments—and he did, a score of them, as he hurried along the world's highway—it was to get from governments definite things which he got, or failed to get, and he had no further relations with them. . . . His hands are always playing with God's blocks, building things, setting up edifices, rearing structures. In leisure moments he delves into mathematics. He once wrote a treatise on Chinese mathematics, and likes to play with the fourth dimension.

He reads all sorts of books—technical books, histories, memoirs. He sees life about him in detail, has a fly's eye for odd angles and aspects of his environment. But his brain has never been fully harnessed, not even with his offices stringing around the globe before the war. It is not just to assume that a man with this lust for work would make a good President at all times. There are times when the less a President does the better, when a President who keeps his hands to himself might be heaven-sent. Coolidge was such a man.

When Hoover took over the relief of Belgium, he had just turned 40, and looked younger. He stood, a tall man, though not spare, with a slight forward thrust of his head or upper shoulders, long legs, a rangy torso, and a short neck. He was smooth-shaven, unwrinkled, with a skin that connoted temperate living. . . .

Though he had been in business for twenty years, in big business, had made a few millions of dollars, his face was not the predatory face. It was chiseled by his Quaker ancestry. He was obviously then, and is now, an altruist rather than an egoist. There is no swagger in his bearing. His presence is self-deprecatory. He plays himself down unconsciously. It is as though some giggling familiar devil was forever pointing a finger at him through his subconscious, and saying, "Ho, ho, Herbert! Don't try to get away with that!" when he would swell as other men, or pose, or blowviate, or orate in the grand manner.

So he pipes down, represses, speaks softly, looks at his vest buttons, grins, an amiable friendly grin when he can, or, being annoyed, swallows himself like a turtle and disappears behind the mask of a poker face. It was this dessicated personality which men saw in Belgium.

For three days before Hoover went formally into the work of Belgium relief he and the representatives of Belgium and America considered the job of organization. What was to be Hoover's place? What should Hoover do with his private business from all over the world, centering in New York and San Francisco? The mines in which he was interested as part owner and manager were yielding vast quantities of raw material, lead and zinc and copper-stuff for shells and guns and airplanes. He might have turned his back on the Belgians, and made not merely tens of millions, but hundreds of millions of dollars, or he might have run his business with one profiteering hand, and fed the Belgians with the other, and lived ever after under the suspicion that he was philanthropic with a dubious motive.

For three days he wrestled with his devil, and at the end, came down to breakfast the morning of the fourth day, walked up to a friend, who was his house guest, and said:

"Well, let the fortune go to hell!"

He wound up his affairs, resigned from his executive jobs, turned over his good will to his associates, saying in effect, "I give you the business," and went into the work of feeding the hungry and ministering to the needy.—William Allen White, in *Collier's Weekly*

In Question of Militarism

In a fifteen year period {up to the last available statistics} Federal expenditures on military training in civil schools have increased from $725,168 to $10,696,504, a fifteen-fold increase; the number of institutions giving such training, from 57 to 223, a four-fold increase; the army personnel detailed to conduct the training, from 85 to 1809, an eighteen-fold increase; the number of students enrolled, from 29,979 to 119,914, a four-fold increase. In 1916 there was one army officer to supervise the training at Ohio State University; the 1927 catalogue lists forty-four officers and enlisted men in the same university. {Compare these increases with the increase in population which has been but a 27% increase from 1910 to 1926.} . . .

Professor William Bradley Otis of the College of the City of New York, who was sent to France by the Government in 1919 to explain to the A. E. F. the terms of the Treaty of Peace, and who was largely responsible for the passage of many State laws requiring a study of the U. S. Constitution as a requisite to a college degree, testified before the House Military Affairs Committee in 1926 in part as follows:

> "Never before, gentlemen, in American history has the freedom of our higher educational institutions been thus threatened by an Army bureaucracy. It is an insidious influence and has gained headway largely because the American people have not been aware of what is going on . . . I would like to have you notice this particularly: The freedom of faculties to determine their own curriculum has been invaded for the first time in the history of the country."

Professor Otis characterized compulsory military training as "a peace-time conscription, utterly foreign to American ideals, utterly counter to American traditions." . . .

> Is the reader aware that there is in existence in this country a well-organized movement to militarize the tone and temper of our national life? Is he aware that militarism has already become a vested interest, economic as well as political and social? Is he aware that the effort of his vested interest to militarize the country is operating deliberately and knowingly through the medium of our schools and colleges?. . . .
>
> The American people is not as yet sufficiently militarized to favor a movement for its complete assimilation of the military spirit. The danger is that it will not be aware of what is going on. Hence the importance, the supreme importance, of stating the facts which will enable our people to become aware of the present organized movement, and, in being aware, to check it.
>
> —Professor John Dewey, head of Philosophy Department, Columbia University.

One of the postulates to the development of a mind-set that will facilitate war responses is the belief that war is "inevitable." Perhaps the greatest obstacle to social progress is the acceptance of any evil of society as inevitable; the attitude that inasmuch as it has been in the past, and is now, it ever shall be, world without end. This was the argument used against those who fought dueling and slavery. Those evils were said to be the result of tendencies which are a part of "human nature as God ordained it."

The training textbooks and the lectures on military policy give such an interpretation to history as will tend to establish in the students' minds the inevitability and the efficacy of the war system.

Even more suggestive of Old World autocracy than militaristic teachings, is the use of compulsion by the military. The arm of the war machine which reaches into the university with coercive authority is, in many institutions, practically inescapable as far as the student is concerned. He consequently goes out into the world having had as his only experience with the war system an experience in which there was no choice but to submit to it. Anyone who questions it is jeered as unpatriotic, queer,

or lily-livered, and peremptorily crushed to subjection or else banished as undeserving of the benefits of education. The war system has thus been inevitable and real in the student's personal experience. Appeal to reason or compromise has been ruled out. Force has been the ultimate power. And this experience is likely to be a more important factor than classroom theory in determining the attitude of the student now and in the future toward such questions as disarmament, and the practicability of arbitration or treaties for the outlawry of war.

This education tends to destroy interest and faith in substitutes for war in settling disputes. Moreover, sound military strategy teaches that the best defense is a quick offense. When relations with other nations become strained, there is always a difference of opinion as to what policy is best for the United States. In such controversies, those who have been submitted to the experience of compulsory military training are prejudiced. The fact that they may have been taught that war is hell is not a real deterrent; because they have been led at the same time to believe that it is inevitable. Therefore, in their reasoning, the sooner force is used, the less hell will there be.

How many R. O. T. C. commandants or other professional military men urged arbitration of our disputes with Mexico over oil lands? We have not heard of many! But numbers of history and law professors did, and enough of the public to influence the State Department. Arbitration is obviously not the military way of doing things.

"No one is more opposed to war than is a military man"; but when it comes to developing a substitute for it,—arbitration, the League of Nations, the World Court, the outlawry of war,—he is apt to consider them all "devitalizing" suggestions to be summarily disposed of....

Militarism is a phenomenon which has full significance only if it is studied in its international aspects. It has meaning chiefly as a philosophy which determines the attitude of one nation toward another. It is relative. When we arm, others arm; when we train, others train. And those who in other nations object to increases in their own military activities encounter an obstacle in the argument that even America has taken to militarism—and the old destructive and suicidal competition is on again.

This is clearly the case in Japan, where, the Military Intelligence Division of our War Department in commenting on the Japanese Students' preliminary Training Act put into effect in 1926, states, "There is no doubt that the example of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps in the United States to some extent influenced the Japanese War Department." On the other hand, Premier Wakatsuke, Foreign Minister Shidehara, and other prominent Japanese officials publicly expressed satisfaction when they learned that President Coolidge was opposed to compulsory drill in colleges. An Associated Press dispatch from Tokyo, June 18, 1926, stated:

> THE great increase in military training in schools and colleges since the war has not resulted from a spontaneous demand by the general public or the ex-service men. It has been artificially stimulated and carefully promoted by the War Department. {To prove this is not to pronounce moral judgment upon all professional military men, even though we heartily condemn the scheme. We may respect them so long as they are fair and democratic in their methods. Nor would we impugn their motives; it is quite natural for any man to over-estimate the importance of his own profession. Those who play up the military for political, economic and selfish motives are in another category.}
>
> —Roswell P. Barnes

"The attitude of the American President is welcome to the Tokyo Government because it gives an excuse for further retrenchment in military expenditures, which is much desired by civilian officials."

Thus it is obvious that when some progress is made against militarism in America, the hands of anti-militarists are strengthened around the world.

But in her present policy America is not very helpful to the rest of the world. Japan is not alone in being influenced by our example in the matter of military training. In India a new movement to increase the scope of military training in the colleges finds its justification in the recent development of military training in the United States.

Missionaries, who try to carry to other nations the best elements in American life, are called upon to explain why America has so greatly increased the military training of school and college boys. For example, Ira E. Gillet, in *The Christian Advocate* of October 21st, 1926, wrote: "Missionaries from America are not only concerned about the specific acts of injustice and selfishness against other peoples; we are perhaps even more alarmed at the increasing drive which the War Department is making to infect our high schools and colleges with the doctrine of force and wholesale murder under the guise of physical training and defense. We who are in a position to feel the pulse of America's neighbors know better than parents at home or students in school just how serious is the effect in these lands of a militarized education in the United States. Be quite sure that the jingo press of any other country will play up the R. O. T. C. of America quite as thoroughly to our discredit as the jingo press of America has done the military institutions of other countries."—Roswell P. Barnes, Executive Secretary Committee on Militarism in Education

Beyond the Alps lies Italy; and lest we forget, behind the billboards lies America. —*Judge*

WHERE SCIENCE MAY WELL BE SILENT

THE tendency of science to reduce everything in life to a purely materialistic basis is becoming more and more pronounced; and we have evidence of it in the action of noted English scientists in scouting the idea of the immortality of the soul. . .They lay it down in that ex-cathedra manner so characteristic of the intolerance of many scientists, that mind, spirit and soul perish together, and that "death is the end of all."

Well, perhaps it is. We know as much about it as the scientists. No one has been able to peer through the curtain that divides life from death. Not even a scientist. He can no more pass upon that definitively than can the most elemental peasant in the field.

But suppose it be true. What possible purpose is served in attempting to destroy the faith and hope of millions? What joy can science get out of the anguish that would fall to millions who console themselves with the thought that death does not end all?

And what good service is rendered the human race by this doctrine of despair? Destroy the faith of men in a hereafter, convince them that there is nothing beyond the grave, and the effect on character will be pronounced.

Col. Ingersoll was an agnostic. He too believed in science. But at his brother's grave even he sought consolation in a hope, and said that "in the night of death, hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

Science can serve its higher purpose just as well without making it a business to put out the star of hope and silence the rustling of the wing.—New York *Evening World* editorial

Coda: 1. The cosmos is a gigantic flywheel making 10,000 revolutions a minute.

2. Man is a sick fly taking a dizzy ride on it.

3. Religion is the theory that the wheel was designed and set spinning to give him the ride.—H. L. Mencken

Spiritual Values and Eternal Life

IN 1924 the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, then associate minister of the First Presbyterian Church in New York, was attacked by prominent Presbyterians as an unbeliever. Following this criticism he resigned his position, and became minister of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, New York.

Now, as the Ingersoll lecturer on immortality at Harvard University, he appears as the enemy of such real unbelievers as Thomas Hardy, Anatole France and Bertrand Russell, and undertakes to show the inadequacy of their philosophy.

WE have fallen upon a pessimistic mood which curiously examines the conceivable ways in which the earth once more will become uninhabitable. Some suspect that mankind will destroy itself even before the earth is worn out. Some foresee the end of the race in "an overwhelming flood of feeble-mindedness." Some see the earth congealing until it is as dead as the moon; some prophesy the decreasing distance of earth and sun until the planet is burned to a cinder; some guess that a stellar collision will end the earth's life. Some see mankind escaping underground to live out its last, feeble, hopeless centuries, and some desperately take refuge in the thought of pioneering expeditions by rockets—strange new *Mayflowers*—to escape a dying earth and settle distant planets for a new try at life. Many are the diversities in detail, but one note is common: man's future on this planet is a precarious struggle against the tremendous forces of the cosmos, and at last the struggle will end in a dead and uninhabitable world. Says one writer:

"We sound the future, and learn that after a period, long compared with the individual life, but short indeed compared with the divisions of time open to our investigation, the energies of our system will decay, the glory of the sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert, will no longer tolerate the race which has for a moment disturbed its solitude."

It is this outlook on the future which challenges the thought and faith of our generation. Here is the matrix in which contemporary arguments for God and immortality must be set. Religious faith has hitherto contributed to man's life the stabilizing assurance, as another phrased it, that "affairs are, cosmically speaking, in a sound state." But if the contemporary mood and attitude represent the truth, then that central confidence of religion is flatly and finally denied: affairs are not, cosmically speaking, in a sound state; the universal bank is shaky and cannot be counted on; it is, as a matter of fact, foredoomed to failure; it cannot keep what we have committed unto it against that day. There is no God, then, except man's own subjective spiritual values and, as for them,

> WHEN one stands back from the spectacle which the universe presents, imaginatively gets himself outside of it, and objectively looks at it, the most incredible fact in the entire affair is not its size or its law-abiding order, but the spiritual values which have appeared in man. On *a priori* grounds they are an event unpredictable from anything visible or to be conjectured before they actually arrived. The love of truth and the capacity to understand it, which create our science; the love of beauty and the power to produce it, which make our literature, painting, architecture, and music; the love of goodness, from which radiant characters and creators of social righteousness have come; the love of people, by which we are woven into a reticulated fabric of families, friendships, and societies—these spiritual values make life worthful. Truth, beauty, goodness, and love transform existing into living. A man uninterested in them is in so far not a man, and a man undevoted to them is a betrayer of his race.
>
> —Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick

the days of their years are threescore and ten million, or even by reason of strength fourscore million, yet is their pride but labor and sorrow; for it is soon gone, and they fly away.

Such is the attitude of many modern minds, from Thomas Hardy to Anatole France, from Bertrand Russell to George Santayana. They love the valuable experiences which are here to be enjoyed, but they see them set in a matrix of cosmic apathy and ultimate destructiveness. So I have seen the smoke cloud from Vesuvius, gloriously lighted by the rising sun, trail its resplendent length along the Bay of Naples. It was very beautiful, but it came from a volcano which cared nothing for its beauty and might at any moment belch ruinous fury against all loveliness within its reach. So, many conceive the relationship between our spiritual values and the cosmos. They see in the universe only what one writer has described as "unimaginable tracts of space and time, in which move bodies by fixed laws towards ends which are wholly fortuitous, and have not the smallest relation to the advantage or requirements of Man." Undismayed by this outlook, these persistent spirits delimit their vision to this earth and make up their minds to value and enjoy it while it lasts. Thinking man's spiritual values of no more interest to the universe than flowers are to the weather, they still keep their courage up. They translate God into subjective meanings such as "social goodwill" and, making the best of a bad mess, as a friend of mine described this process, proceed to live as well and serve their fellows as nobly as they can. All honor to them! International cooperation and goodwill are well worth toiling for, even if the planet has no permanent tenure as man's residence, and to have found the cause and cure of yellow fever or to have written Bach's Passion Music was a splendid expenditure of energy, even if the last human being some day will perish. Nevertheless, this lapse of man's spiritual values, from being valid interpreters of creative reality and triumphant conquerors of death to being fortuitous by-products of a mechanistic process ignorant of what it does, is not so small a matter as some men try to make out. If their defeatism is unavoidable, we shall have to make the best of it. But is it unavoidable?

> MEN sometimes speak as though the progress of science must necessarily be a boon to mankind, but that, I fear, is one of the comfortable nineteenth century delusions which our more disillusioned age must discard.
>
> —Bertrand Russell

Not for the first time in the long story of man's thinking does materialism today claim the philosophic field. Long ago Democritus worked out an atomistic philosophy in which the chance concourse of physical particles was the sufficient explanation of everything. After Democritus, however, came Plato with his spiritual interpretation of reality. Then Lucretius, with flaming enthusiasm, tried once more the explanation of all existence in terms of matter's combinations. After Lucretius, Christianity swept in with its spiritual interpretation of life. Then modern skepticism began, and from Descartes worked its way out to Hume. But after Hume came Kant, with his reestablishment of the moral values as decisive elements in the world's interpretation. Always after Democritus, Plato; after Lucretius, Christianity; after Hume, Kant. So today, mechanistic naturalism, momentarily triumphant, is met by resurgent suspicions of its adequacy. Once more the voices rise protesting that, whether you call it the "*elan vital,*" or the "principle of concretion in the universe," or "God," there is something here of which the mere combination of atoms takes no just account. Once more returns the assurance that man's spiritual values are so pro-

foundly consubstantial with this universe that this universe, interpreted without consideration of their meaning and their destiny, is not really interpreted at all. . . .

In the first place, man's spiritual values are a matter of fact. They do exist. To say that they exist within our experience is not to diminish the force of that statement. Our experience is a fact; that also evolved in and out of this universe, is part and parcel of it, and is as truly factual as rocks or stars. Alpha Centauri is no more a fact than is Wordsworth writing the *Ode on Immortality.* The universe produced both of them. The universe cannot be understood without treating both of them as bases for induction. The cosmos did not stop with newts, but went on to Newton; it did not exhaust itself in crystals, but produced Christ. Goodness, truth, beauty, love—these are existent facts forcibly effectual in our world, and no explanation of existence that treats them and their personal embodiments as accidental aliens does justice to their factual aspect.

This consideration is the more emphasized the more one ponders this world and is impressed, not simply by its size, but by its unity. No fact is the whole of itself. No fact stands like a bottle in the rain, an isolated, nonparticipating unit. All facts are interwoven and reticulated; they spring from the same source and are governed by the same laws. The essential nature of any item in this vast whole is not in the item alone but in its relationship with all the rest, so that no one can thoroughly understand the flower in the crannied wall without understanding the universe, or understand the universe without understanding the flower in the crannied wall. All creation is a seamless garment; we cannot rip it up according to our caprice and understand it piecemeal. . . .

To be sure, a problem of colossal difficulty is presented by the contrast between the physical universe—huge, impersonal, mechanical—and our spiritual values. If a man approaches that problem from the standpoint of the material universe, he must wonder how any concourse of atoms ever could produce goodness, truth, beauty and love. And if a man approaches the problem from the standpoint of the spiritual values, he must wonder at this strange matrix of whirling stars and immeasurable distances in which they are set. But difficult as the problem is, to deny either side of the dilemma an essential part in the solution is too easy an evasion. . . .

In the second place, mechanistic materialism, the more logical and thoroughgoing it is, leads the mind only the more surely into a *cul-de-sac,* where one is convinced that the right road has been missed. If spiritual values are not determinative in this universe, if they are not a purposeful flowering out of a creative process which cares for them and will preserve them, then only physical causation is left as the ultimate explanation of existence. Now, physical causation, as Professor Hobhouse says, is "a continuous process in which each phase is determined wholly by that out of which it issues and in nowise by that into which it will pass." That is to say, according to this philosophy, there is a materialistic push in this universe which causes everything, but there is no purposeful pull.

All causation, then, would lie in the anterior matter with which this universe started. In that postulated primal stardust would be potential Plato's brain and Christ's character. All spiritual results would be but the predetermined ticking off of that mysteriously wound-up clock of fortuitously organized atoms, and all great science, music, art, and character would be as automatic as the sounds which a cuckoo clock makes at midnight. . . .

This is only a sample of the many blind alleys into which mechanistic materialism lands the mind. And nowhere are the consequences more intellectually difficult to accept than when this anterior matter of the universe has so far sublimated itself as to produce the human brain, and man's mental and spiritual life is conceived as the steam from that boiling pot, the mist from that evaporating pool. Do not all physical atoms

move in paths of least resistance? Do not the particles of the brain follow that law, too? One is compelled, therefore, to imagine Beethoven's brain-molecules fortuitously concatenated to such good effect that the Fifth Symphony resulted, and the Sermon on the Mount as produced by nothing but physical molecules going through an unusually effective manoeuvre along paths of least resistance in Christ's Broca convolution.

There is something so profoundly inadequate about this mechanistic philosophy that the mind refuses permanently to stomach it. For personality, as we experimentally know it, is not a powerless, inoperative consequence of manoeuvring atoms. Personality is effectively causative. Without doubt it has been built up within the scaffolding of the brain and, at least temporarily, depends upon the brain. But it transcends its original condition, it rises above the material forces of the world, it shapes them, controls them, commands even its own psychological processes to such good purpose that from new systems of education to new means of locomotion mind increasingly masters the world, and the boundaries of its mastery are as yet invisible. This fact of personality's emergence and controlling power, its subjection of physical processes to spiritual ideals, its transcendence above the world and lordship over it, is the most amazing and revealing fact in the universe, and any interpretation of the universe which denies to it regulative influence is like an endeavor to interpret the solar system without noticing the sun.

Most of all, however, man's impatience with materialistic philosophies is caused by his inward sense of values, his imperious conviction that in goodness, truth, beauty, and love he has priceless treasures which give to existence all its meaning. He seems to himself to live in two worlds. One essentially is temporal: death obviously has dominion over it. But another realm of experience is his, where death is an intruder and an alien.

There are, for example, no natural horizons to knowledge. By its essential nature the love of truth invites one to an endless quest. Let the truth-seeker live unimaginable millions of years, and yet he would die at last with Goethe's final words upon his lips: "More light!" There is no credible end to the appreciation and creation of beauty. Essentially this experience is timeless. Beethoven was representing all his spiritual kindred when he spoke of music as entrance into a realm "which comprehends mankind but which mankind cannot comprehend." There are no boundaries around developing character and love, and to him whose feet are upon that highroad it feels like an ascent with new horizons awaiting it from every height. . . .

Pierre Loti in one of his stories describes the death of his hero, a French soldier in Africa. The man is mortally wounded with an Arab knife and is left to die alone. Loti describes with pitiless detail the sensations of his dying: burning thirst, memories of home, thoughts of old friends, recollections of familiar prayers, convulsions of the throat, whirling lights and colors like flying dancers before his eyes, crowding spectres swirling like a whirlwind, until at last comes the end—a body left to be devoured by hyenas, jackals, and vultures, and a naked skull turned over and over by the desert winds. And that is all! Is it all? If it is, then some day upon a played-out planet all humanity will be dead, and of a race that once loved timeless values nothing will be left but naked skulls rolled by cosmic winds across a desert. It is that denouement which I do not believe. . . .

There is adventurous risk in man's living and dying. . . . To enter here and now into the world of spiritual values so that truth, goodness, beauty, and love are one's very being, its substance and its glory—that is the present possession of eternal life. And to have faith that these spiritual values are no casual by-product of a negligent universe, but, rather, the very essence of the real world, and that death has no dominion over them or their possessors—that is faith in immortality.—From Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's Ingersoll lecture on *Spiritual Values and Eternal Life*, by permission of the Harvard University Press

AIMEE SEMPLE MCPHERSON

WHATEVER one may think of this "prima donna of revivalism," she is a striking figure in the American scene today. She began as an evangelist at seventeen, toured the world on a soul-saving mission, settled in Los Angeles, California, and built the Angelus Temple Church of the Foursquare Gospel.

These are personal observations, not hearsay. Endeavoring to be as fair as possible to our foremost woman evangelist the writer appraises her preaching, her amazing technique and her no less amazing influence.

THERE is a blare of trumpets, and the murmur of more than five thousand people hushes sharply. A baton flickers—"The Stars and Stripes" flings itself in long red and white streamers of sound. Glances swing abruptly toward a staircase which comes down to the flower-decked platform. A figure descends—plump, tripping, balancing an armload of roses.

"There she is! "That's her!"

"That's *her!*"

The plump one trips forward to center stage, lifts the bouquet, her face wreathed in a garland of interwoven roses and smiles. Upon it plays the calcium—violet light, pink light, blue light, golden light. And now the vast gathering rises to its feet, breaks into clapping. The plump one bows to this side, to that, a focussed center of roses, smiles, light, delight, applause, while the band fairly bursts its brass to hail her.

No. It is not a famous prima donna's opening night. It is not the entrance of a world-renowned tragedienne or of a queen of the flying trapeze or the tight-rope. It is she who outstrips all of these. It is "Sister."

This was my first sight of Aimee Semple McPherson. From it I received the impression, strengthened on many following occasions, that in this unique house of worship called Angelus Temple in the city of Los Angeles the Almighty occupies a secondary position. He plays an important part in the drama, to be sure; but center stage is taken and held by Mrs. McPherson. It is in her praise that the band blares, that flowers are piled high, that applause splits the air. It is to see her and hear her that throngs travel, crushed in the aisles of electric cars, thrust, elbow and bruise one another as they shove at the doors of her Temple. Ropes protect the several entrances; hundreds strain and struggle to be first when these are released. A whistle sounds, the ropes give way, a large detachment of the crowd surges through, as many as the ushers can handle. Then up go the ropes again, and a fresh front presses forward, ready to surge in at the next signal. Over the great lower floor and two balconies attendants are hurrying to seat the mob, a full hour before the entrance of the star. Men and women stand against the wall, they sit upon the steps of the aisles, and still, when the final whistle blows, there are thousands turned away, thousands who stand for two, three, four hours on the street and in the nearby park, to listen to the concert and the inspired utterances as they scream themselves forth from the loud speaker outside the building. All the people are making a joyful noise, in very truth; bringing hither the timbrel and blowing up the trumpet in the new moon; but the primary object of this mighty demonstration in the Angelus Temple

THE ARMFUL

For every parcel I stoop down to seize
I lose some other off my arms and knees.
And the whole pile is slipping, bottles, buns,
Extremes too hard to comprehend at once.
Yet nothing one would like to leave behind.
With all I have to hold with, hand and mind
And heart, if need be, I will do my best
To keep their building balanced at my breast.
I crouch down to prevent them as they fall;
Then sit down in the middle of them all.
I had to drop the armful in the road
And try to stack them in a better load.

—Robert Frost, in *The Nation*

Church is not that of the Psalmist's.

Rather, it is an ample lady of early middle years, her soft curves concealing muscles like steel; a lady of flashing eye and quick movements and conspicuous reddish hair and ever-busy smile; a lady who, gazing forth with satisfaction upon the assemblage come to do her homage, has the right to honest pride. Sunday after Sunday the same phenomenon is seen. Thousands travel to Angelus Temple, packing the street cars and mobbing the doors, standing with aching feet in the hope of gaining admittance. And this happens not for a brief period of hysteria, it is no nine-days' wonder; for several years it has been going on, with ever-growing enthusiasm, and bids fair to continue. Aimee Semple McPherson is staging, month after month and even year after year, the most perennially successful show in the United States.

> THERE need not be in religion, or music, or art, or love, or goodness, anything that is against reason; but never while the sun shines will we get great religion, or music, or art, or love, or goodness, without going beyond reason.
>
> —Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick

In the weeks that I spent in Los Angeles and observed her with growing wonder, I probably fell far short of learning all her accomplishments. But this much I did grasp: that as a show-producer with unflagging power to draw she knows no equal. She is playwright, producer, director, and star performer in one; she keeps all her assistants, from call-boy and property man up to her leads, on their toes; and, in their midst, she plays her own role with an abandon that sweeps her hearers by hundreds to the altar. Many a revivalist of the past has played upon his audience by the old methods of sensational preaching; but Mrs. McPherson has methods of her own. Her Sunday evening service is a complete vaudeville program, entirely new each week, brimful of surprises for the eager who are willing to battle in the throng for entrance. In this show-devouring city no entertainment compares in popularity with that of Angelus Temple; the audience, whether devout or otherwise, concede it the best for the money {or for no money} in town.

Take a typical Sunday evening. The spectators arrive to find the stage set with an ocean background, rolling green waves flanked by rocks. At one side rises a lofty lighthouse of the kind known technically as "practical." From time to time its windows flash, its door stands ready to open.

An hour of orchestral music, then the singers file in, from fifty to a hundred of them, ranging themselves in a loft over the speaker's platform, facing the people and creating the illusion of a heavenly choir just above the inspired one's head. Their costumes, for this particular evening of nautical entertainment, are in sailor effect, navy and white, jaunty caps atilt. When at length the leading lady enters in the role of rear admiral, she is gallant in a swinging cape over a white uniform, her red-gold coils surmounted by an all-but-official cap.

And now, after the round of applause, after the usual greetings and opening hymns and congratulations, after the request that everyone shake hands with four neighbors and say, "The Lord bless you!" the program begins. It is announced that Christopher Columbus will recite Joaquin Miller's poem. The lighthouse door opens and America's discoverer, in full costume of the fifteenth century and with impressive whiskers, emerges.

The next performer will be a musician who plays upon a tin whistle and a set of chimes, perhaps a few other instruments. Again the lighthouse door opens, forth he comes, a Gloucester fisherman in full rubber attire to protect him from the nor'easter of tribulation. While Mrs. McPherson informs Radio Land upon

the microphone {which is her constant care} that, "He's got just a little tin whistle, folks, just like a little child'd play on," the artist chirps forth *Listen to the Mocking Bird,* and in the audience many a horny-handed son of the Iowa farm nudges his neighbor and observes delightedly, "By gum! I used to whistle that when I was *so* high!"

The Mocking Bird is followed by *The Old Oaken Bucket,* and delight waxes. But the act must be quickly finished. Rarely is the request for an encore acknowledged by more than a bow. The director knows the value of rapid movement, of the quick shift that anticipates boredom. The Gloucester fisherman is hustled off to make way for a sailor boys' quartette in which there is much business of tugging at the ropes, climbing the mast hand-over-hand, heave-hoing, rocking, and rolling. . . . Next an organ solo, a descriptive piece in which a storm at sea is depicted by creaks, roars, crashes, and groans of the instrument and terrific flashes of electric lightning. There are more songs by sailors and sailoresses, and at length, when the appetite for vaudeville is fairly appeased, comes the headliner, the great act of the evening—Sister's message.

It is in what she terms "illustrations" that she gives full vent to her showman's genius. These are her master effort, a novel and highly original use that she makes of properties, lights, stage noises, and mechanical devices to point her message. Heaven and Hell, sinner and saint, Satan, the fleshpots of Egypt, angels of Paradise and temptations of a bejazzed World are made visual by actors, costumes, and theatrical tricks of any and every sort that may occur to her ingenious mind—a mind which must work twenty-four hours to the day to pave the way for the lady's activities.

On this particular evening her analogy pertains to the sea.

"Look at the little pleasure boat!" She turns to the background of tossing waves. "Here it comes, sailing along, having a grand time!"

Forth sails the little boat, which represents the gay and reckless one who ignores the warning to repent. It crosses the background of painted waves somewhat jerkily, but entirely to the satisfaction of the rapturous spectators.

"Yes, it's having a grand time, all right. But here comes the pirate ship—oh, the old pirate'll get you, little pleasure boat! I'm sorry for you, but it is too late!"

> TO attain happiness in another world we need only to believe something, while to secure it in this world we must needs do something.
>
> —Charlotte Perkins Gilman

And now the pirate ship, emblem of Satan, hurries forward, overtakes the gay craft. A struggle—then down goes the victim, crashing, capsizing, while a rejoicing mob applauds—not the triumph of Evil, but the triumph of Sister the Showman. . . .

The baptism by immersion is perhaps the greatest spectacle of all. Every Thursday evening there are fifty to one hundred and fifty converts who don white robes and become "dead to sin." "Oh, what a happy funeral!" cries the priestess. Curtains part upon an elaborate scene of palms, flowers, and grassy banks, below which the water ripples enticingly. Mrs. McPherson and one of the Brothers, standing waist-deep, immerse one, two, even five at a time; it is then that the steel muscle within that softly rounded arm displays itself. I have seen her, with only slight assistance, baptize three powerfully built young women with their arms linked, and have marvelled at the physical ease with which she so quickly raised them. . . .

Six days a week she preaches, often more than once a day, hurling her tremendous force into every word she speaks. She utters platitudes in a way that gives them the guise of inspiration. And this is only a fraction of her labor. She organizes and manages a great business enterprise in the Temple. She

writes articles, books. She plans and directs the weekly vaudeville with its ever-fresh "illustrations." She teaches in her Bible School, she marries, baptizes, heals, buries. Breathless with wonder, you ask how one human being ever accomplishes it all. "It's the Lord working in her," reply the faithful. "She sure is on the job. She'll retire a millionaire," retort the scoffers.

There is nothing ambiguous about her statement of authority. "There shall be no disloyalty, insubordination, whispering, criticizing, or backbiting of this association or its leaders." Here again one catches that glint of steel muscle rippling beneath the soft curves of Aimee McPherson's fleshly charm. One by one she casts off those who impede her progress of power; at last she has broken free even from the business partnership in which she and her mother labored in "the great white-heated flame of soul-winning"; at the height of her prowess she marches forward alone to her goal. —Sarah Comstock, in *Harper's Magazine*

We recognize this year as 1928; the Mohammedans call it 1346; the Jews, 5688; the Japanese, 2587, and the Byzantine calendar says it is 7436. The chances really are that it is about, 1,000,000,000.—Minneapolis *Journal*

Americans have no National Church, but they have a national religion, and it is education.—*America,* a Catholic weekly

ANY SUNSET

There's something about the going down of the sun,
Whether it makes a bonfire of a cloud,
Or, too obscure and lonely to be proud,
Sinks on the nearest rooftop, and is gone.
There's something, not of color nor of size,
In the mere going, in the calm descent,
Half out of heaven and half imminent;
Final, as though it never again would rise.

There's something in its very noiselessness,
Unlike mad waters or the winds that shout
Their end in one last agony of excess;
Something that does not count its days nor deeds,
But trusts itself to darkness and goes out
And finds whatever after-life it needs.

—Louis Untermeyer, in *The New Republic*

KIT CARSON: HAPPY WARRIOR OF THE OLD WEST

"IT has been a long time coming, but here at last Kit is the hero of a book that does him even-handed justice and at the same time makes him more of an epic figure than ever," says a reviewer of Stanley Vestal's biography of the famous plainsman, buffalo hunter and guide, who was largely responsible for the success of the third Fremont expedition that played an important part in the acquisition of California by the United States.

Here are two dramatic episodes recounted by the author, who himself grew up among the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians, the tribes with which Carson was most intimately associated. It is a rippling record of facts—facts "swept with such singing prose that one encounters passages of terrific, heart-shaking effect."

IN the records of travelers of those days Kit is forever turning up at the most unexpected times and places, times and places never mentioned in the brief notes on his life which he dictated but could not read. All that other mountain men did, he did. For he was not only one of the best of the trappers—a master in his profession. He could make a saddle, mend a gun, build a fort, make snowshoes or canoes or bullboats, run bullets, handle an axe or a knife, dress skins, kill and butcher his game. He was an expert packer, cook, wrangler, trailer, teamster, breaker of horses. He knew the habits of big game animals, and was versed in the customs of mental processes of the Indian warrior. . . .

> KIT [Carson] was so superstitious that he was afraid of the giants said to live on the island in the Great Salt Lake, so superstitious that, if he missed a fair shot in battle, he would not fire at the Indian again, but let him go unscathed. All his ideas were childlike, traditional, unquestioned beliefs. He believed in God, in the right, in courage, honor, integrity, the sanctity of pure women.
>
> —Stanley Vestal

In addition to this skill, he had won the reputation of absolute truthfulness and reliability. In the wilds of the mountains, truth was not a matter of conveying impressions. Truth had to be literal, objective, factual: life and death might depend on a misconception. If a man made one false statement, his comrades, his Indian customers, would never trust him again. The clear eyes and clear head, the unquestioning blue eyes of a man who first made sure he was right and then went ahead, these gave Kit Carson the character which made him the power he was among the trappers. No doubt his gifts as a linguist helped him here. For though Kit was unable to read, he readily mastered the language of people who came in his way. He spoke Spanish as the Mexicans spoke it, French as the French Canadians knew it, Cheyenne, Ute and Comanche, besides smatterings of other Indian tongues. He was swift in the use of the racy dialect of the mountaineer. It was only when he attempted correct English that his lack of education and book l'arnin' betrayed him as the primitive that he was.

Among the fraternity of trappers he was loved, feared, admired. Inevitably, such a man was marked for a partisan, a leader of mountain men. All he lacked was the money to finance his improvident followers. And Kit, seeing this, began to take thought for its accumulation. He saw that he must save his beaver.

An expedition to the desert provided a stake. Returning to New Mexico, his party struck the Rio Grande del Norte, entered San Luis Park, heading back to the good old Bayou Salade. There Kit made up his own band. He and Joe Meek, Bill Mitchell, and three Delaware Indians

—Jonas, Tom Hill, Manhead—went off on their own hook to make their hunt south of the Arkansas River on the small streams which flow from the mountains there.

These six men formed the nucleus of Kit's band, that celebrated organization known as the "Carson Men." Later it grew and grew in numbers, and for many years Kit had as many as forty or fifty men in his employ. The full story of the adventures of those men would make another Book of the Round Table. But as yet the band was small, and at the very beginning Kit found his generalship put to the test. . . .

One spring morning the six trappers were riding across the bare prairies, heading south. Not a tree was in sight, not a bush. The mountains far to the west showed dimly, blue and vague in the sunlight. The plains undulated gently away and away, one rolling wave like another, far as they could see. But Bill Mitchell knew his way. He rode steadily forward, his red gee-string flying in the wind, his bare buttocks pounding the Spanish saddle.

Suddenly Bill reined up, and Kit, looking where he pointed, saw a round black dot on the hilltop ahead. "Injuns!" It was the season for war parties. The trappers halted and stared at the Indian scout's dark head, waiting to see what it portended. They had not long to wait.

For the Indians, hidden behind the hill, were at once informed by their scout what had happened. The white men had halted: it was clear that they had seen the Indian scout. Over the hill they came pell-mell—mounted on their best horses—racing to count their *coups*.

All at once the skyline sprouted lances, tossing like grass-blades in the sun, then black-and-white eagle-feather crests, horses' heads, naked, painted warriors. The charge was on. At the same moment the war-whoop, like the quick chatter of a machine-gun, pulsated upon Kit's ears. The whole hillside was covered with Indians.

"Comanches!" yelled Bill Mitchell, and looked to Kit for orders.

"Twohundredof 'em, or I'm a nigger!" said Joe Meek.

The Comanches were magnificently mounted. They always were. They had more horses and better horses than any Indians on the plains, and they "ate and slept horseback." They constantly raided the vast herds of Spanish horses on the *haciendas* to the south of their range—the best animals on the prairies. Kit knew he could not run away from them—and there was no cover within miles. Six to two hundred!

"Fort, boys!" he sang out, and jumped off his mule, jerking out his scalp-knife before his moccasins touched the ground. The mule, with all a mule's instinctive fear of Indians, tried to break away, al-

CALLER OF BUFFALO

Whenever the summer-singed plains,
Past my car window,
Heave and fall like the flanks of trail-weary cattle,
When the round-backed hills go shouldering down
To drink of the western rivers,
And dust, like ceremonial smoke,
Goes up from the long-dried wallows,
Then I remember the Caller of Buffalo.

Then I think I see him,
Head-feathers slant in the wind,
Shaking his medicine robe
From the buttes of Republican River,
At Pawnee bluffs
Offering sacred smoke to the Great White Buffalo.
Then at dawn, between jiggling curtains, I wake
To the star-keen note of his deer-shin whistle.

O Caller of Buffalo!
Hunt no more on the ancient traces
Pale and emptied of going as a cast snake-skin.
Come into my mind and hunt the herding thoughts,
The White Buffalo
Of the much desired places.
Come with your medicine-making,
O Caller of Buffalo!

—Mary Austin, in *Poetry*

most jerking the stocky little man off his feet. But Kit caught the lariat close to the animal's head, and as it reared back, passed the keen edge of his knife across its taut throat. He jumped clear. While the mule staggered, coughing out its life, drenching the short grass with blood, Kit snatched the cover from his rifle, looked to the priming, glanced round at his men.

They had followed his example. Already three mules were down. Hastily, Kit and his comrades flung themselves prone behind the kicking carcasses, pointing the muzzles of their rifles toward the coming warriors. The ground shook with the beat of eight hundred hooves, the sunlight glittered on the long, keen lance-points, and lit up the garish war-paint upon the naked bodies, the flares and blotches of color upon the spotted ponies. Feathers streamed from lance and war-bonnet. On they came. It was magnificent, and it was war. Kit yelled a warning.

"Bill, don't shoot yit. Hold on, Joe! Let the Delawares shoot fust!" Joe and Bill nodded, grim-lipped, never taking their eyes off the charging Indians. It was hard to lie idle, finger crooked on the trigger. But they knew Kit was right: it would never do to empty all their guns at once. Three shots against two hundred savages!

Already the horses were so near that Kit could see the whites of their excited eyes. Ahead rode the chief, his lance wrapped in shining otter fur, his war-bonnet streaming behind. *Crack!* The three long rifles spoke together. The chief tumbled from his saddle, struck the ground on his head just in front of the little barricade, and was dragged away by his frightened horse, having tied his body to the end of the lariat. The charge split, and swept by in a thunder of hooves, the rush of crowding horses, white smoke in clouds from the rifles, a rain of arrows lancing the dust.

Immediately the redskins turned and charged again, and this time Kit and Bill and Joe swung round, faced the other way to meet them, aimed and fired as steadily as though they had been armed with repeating rifles or machine guns. Again the charge was split, and the Indians dashed by. Two were left on the ground. Bill let out a war-whoop.

But now, whirling round in a moment, the Indians raced back. The white men's guns were empty, they knew. The Delawares had not had time to reload. Now they could ride the whites down, lance them with impunity—out of reach of their sharp knives. Back they came, whooping and laughing with expectation of an easy victory. . . . In a flash the Comanches were upon them.

But the Indians never reached the whites. They could not force their ponies to approach the dead mules. The smell of the blood drove their horses crazy, and the charge ended in a *melee* of bucking, rearing animals, circling round the trappers, too unruly to allow their masters to draw bow and shoot. Kit's stratagem had saved his band.—From Stanley Vestal's *Kit Carson,* by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company

THE army surgeon warned Kit that the meal would probably be fatal. But Kit insisted, and the surgeon, knowing that he was going soon, did not long oppose him. . . . Then he called for his old clay pipe. . . .He smoked. . . .Suddenly he coughed. The expected hemorrhage followed. Kit called out: "I'm gone! Doctor, *compadre, adios!*" . . . . So died Kit Carson, brave, unaffected, self-sufficient to the last puff of his old dudheen, a valiant trencherman, with the bull meat under his belt, and the old gleam in his tired eyes, blowing smoke into the jaws of Death, whom he had flouted so often.

—Stanley Vestal

THE SUN DANCE

THE author of this article is a chief of the Blackfoot Tribe of Indians, and served in the World War as a captain in the Canadian Army.

Eight years ago the Canadian Government passed a law against the infliction of bodily tortures at the Sun Dance, and now to make their dance the Indians must retreat from the main Sun Dance camp to a hidden coulee—where the Mounted Police are not likely to come upon them. In the course of the next generation, the author predicts, the last {Canadian} stronghold of the Sun Dance will pass out of existence, as it has already vanished in the United States.

The picturesque ceremony here described is held at the full moon occurring at or next after the summer solstice, and lasts from three to six days in July. The Indians call the ceremony by a name which means "They dance looking at the sun."

THE most primitive Red Men left in North America are the Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegans, Crees, Sioux and Assiniboines of the great northwestern plains of Alberta and Saskatchewan, just north of the Montana border. These Indians saw their first white man less than fifty years ago. Therefore their customs have not yet had time to be influenced by civilization. . . .

Here we find the famous Sun Dance preserved in all intricate mysteries by Indians as yet unsullied by outside influence. And in this Dance we find the Indian woman lifted to the highest honor that can befall any member of an Indian tribe, a position which relatively has never been reached by the woman of civilized society. Because the Sun Dance —which represents the culmination of all social, political and religious life in the tribe—is put on by none other than a woman—a virgin woman, whose character must be spotless.

If such a woman accepts, as she always does, she goes to the center of the arena and pays over forty horses to the woman who put it on the year before. If she hasn't that many horses, her father, or friends, will gladly lend them to her until she sells the Dance to some one else a year later.

Having paid over her horses at this formal ceremony, she is now the Sun Dance Woman, and she must go out into the arena and enter a large, lone tepee next to the Sun Dance Lodge, and remain in there fasting, without any food whatever, for one week. Three attendants remain with her until the end of her fast. They are her Partner, who must be an old man of the tribe who has lived in her camps everywhere she has moved during her life, and who can testify to her virgin character; and her Prayer, whose duty it is to pray for her continuously during the week's fast; and her Woman Companion, who must look after her physical needs during her fasting confinement. No other person is allowed to enter this tepee.

On the day of the Dance all the women of the tribe who have put on previous Sun Dances have seated themselves in a small crescent, facing the back of the Sun Dance Lodge. The Medicine Man and six old women of the tribe sit in their center. The entire tribe of one thousand persons seat themselves around this group.

They sit there stolidly for some time; then suddenly a deafening shout goes up from the assemblage as the sun reaches the meridian directly above their heads. This is a signal for the Sun Dance Woman to come out from her fasting seclusion.

As she emerges and makes her way toward the assemblage, wan and weak from starvation, steps slow and uncertain, head bowed low in prayer, she is at once the most pitiful-looking and spiritually the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

Then those who are to take part in the Dance come forward and bow down in front of her. She draws a black line of paint around their faces and wrists, as a blessing from the purity of her body for those who are to go through the terrible tortures of this dance.

With bowed head the woman starts up between the lines toward the Lodge entrance. She must enter the Lodge, take

up a handful of buffalo chips from a stone bowl, and return through the lines and deposit them at the other end. She must perform this ceremony three times under the threatening poise of fifty glistening knives.

Now, if at any time during these trips up and down between these lines, any one can shout out that she has lied, that she is not a virgin, the Dog Soldiers will pounce upon her and cut her to bits. The Lodge will be destroyed, and all ceremonies stopped, for she has lied before the Sun, and the dance has been defiled. . . .

The Sun Dance itself starts as soon as the Sun Dance Woman has placed her last handful of buffalo chips in the stone bowl. The young, aspiring braves enter the Lodge, stripped down to a breech-cloth around the loins. Tom-toms are pounding away to the dolorous chant of the Sun Dance song. This song grows wilder and wilder, to inspire the young braves with courage. To that music in its wildest phase a person would suffer almost any physical torture.

One by one the young men walk up to the Medicine Man, who, with a long, sharp knife, cuts two deep gashes in one side of their chest. Into one of these gashes he inserts a stout rawhide thong, and running it through the flesh underneath, pulls it out of the other gash and ties it fast. He cuts two slits in the other side of the chest and again runs in a heavy stitch of thong under the muscles. Then he takes the four ends of the thongs and ties them together. He now reaches for a long rawhide thong running down from the top of the Sun Dance pole and ties it into the thongs which grip into the chest of the dancer. When all the dancers have been thus "fixed," the dance starts.

For hours the men dance and jerk upon the heavy thong running from the top of the pole into their flesh, and endeavor to tear loose the muscle and free themselves. Strangely enough, no permanent injury ever results from these wounds. The Medicine Man has his own way of healing them. . . .

Once the Sun Dance Woman has launched the Dance and consecrated those who are to take part in it, she takes the seat of honor in front of the Medicine Man and quietly watches the Dance, with all the women who have previously put on Sun Dances sitting on either side of her. No woman has ever gone through the Sun Dance itself, its primary and principal object being to "make braves."
—Buffalo Child Long Lance, in *Good Housekeeping*

POLITICIANS—AN INDICTMENT

ANYONE who has had even the most casual contact with the inside operations of political parties is aware that in no other group are to be found so many timid men, so many greedy for money or for personal advancement, so many whose philosophy of life is to work for themselves without giving a thought to the welfare of the country. . . .

Anyone who has enjoyed the dubious privilege of witnessing the private lives of public men knows that, by and large, they are nearly illiterate and universally lazy. Is this an exaggeration? Ask any bookseller in Washington whether Congressmen buy books. Examine the type of magazine they read. Glance at the *Congressional Record* for their manner of speaking in public. Drop into the Senate or House office buildings and see how many of these notables are at their desks before eleven o'clock. Check up on the rarity with which either of the legislative bodies convenes at its scheduled hour. And yet these men are treated solemnly and at length in dispatches to newspapers throughout the country. . . .

The American politician could become intoxicated nightly, beat his wife, use snuff, write free verse, or indulge in any other vice, I maintain, with slight danger of exposure. Private citizens and their private lives are legitimate sources of news. But the politician hands out news, or its semblance, and therefore, the reporters dislike antagonizing him.
—Henry F. Pringle, veteran Washington correspondent, in *Harper's Magazine*

The Richest People Per Capita in the World

KNOCKED from pillar to post for 400 years, the Osage Indians were pushed down the Ohio across the Mississippi from hunting ground to hunting ground till they camped in what is now Kansas. This pressure of retreat had begun long before the white-man era; and though encroachments by the whites kept pushing them by treaty after treaty into a narrower zone, when Kansas finally coveted their lands, they sold those lands. With the proceeds from that sale they bought into the Cherokee strip of Oklahoma, in fee simple for all time at slightly over a million dollars, about 1,500,000 acres. As the Supreme Court has decreed that an Indian has to be fifty per cent. Indian blood, and as the Osages enrolled at the period 2,229 souls, their holdings averaged over 600 acres for each member in the tribe.

> THE test which now confronts the nation is prosperity. There is nothing more likely to reveal the soul of the people; history is littered with stories of nations destroyed by their own wealth. —President Calvin Coolidge

When the Osages moved into their territory, doubtless the whites tucked their tongues in their cheeks and smiled; for their new area was regarded as pretty nearly a hot box in Hades. It was marked as so impossibly a desert that when defeated Sioux and Nez Perces warriors were detained by removal to the South, they almost died at the thought of having to live in the warm zone. Seminoles, Cherokees, Creeks, used to the heat of the South might survive there; but never Northern warriors.

The poverty-stricken Osages moved over to their new homes—assured at last of the soundest title to Indian Lands in the United States, not a Treaty Title which Congress could change, but a fee simple title for all time "pooled" to the whole tribe.

No one envied them their Paradise.

Yet the Osages are per capita the richest people, race, nation on earth, bar not a single exception civilized or uncivilized.

Down into those hot sands or, rather, strata of sands, compressed into layers hard as rocks, 1,000, 2,000, 3,000 feet penetrated the white man's oil drill, and up from those drills came floods of gold in petroleum, such floods as would have made old Midas turn over in his grave and weep—gold that makes the income of royal scions look like chicken feed. *"The scum of the earth" had become millionaire Indians over night.*

Was it luck or fate? White men gave pawn of life and health for fortune and ended wrecks. These ragged derelicts of a vanishing race, who valued money less than a child of five—were swamped in floods of gold that threatened them with extinction. More than that—they had been swamped in such floods of petroleum that the surplus threatened to bankrupt some of the biggest operators, who saw oil coming out faster than it could be stored, sold and used. The operator saw the selling price of oil drop below the cost of production so fast that he invoked the Government of the United States to step in and stem the floods of oil as Uncle Sam will have to step in and stem the floods of the Mississippi.

Won't this oil debacle react on the Osage? No; for he is not a producer. Remember he owns the Osage Reservation as a whole for the tribe. He leases by auction oil rights for the tribe once a year. He does this with the consent of his own chiefs through the Indian Department. He can't be cheated. It's an open auction. The proceeds are impounded in "a pool," invested in Government bonds, bank trusts, first class mortgages, etc., by the Indian Department, then distributed pro rata to each soul in the tribe.

Look at these figures for a minute. Then ask yourself if Grimm's Fairy Tales, if Legends of the Rhine, if tales of the

Spanish conquerors surpass what has happened to the Osages in fifteen years.

The Osage oil wells yielded in one year 25,000,000 barrels of oil. This at the lowest price is twenty-five times what the Osage paid the Cherokees for the strip; but the Osage didn't get the oil. The operator got it. True; but the operator had at open auction paid as high as $1,000,000 for 160 acres oil right. With oil and gas, in another case, the 160 acres brought the Osage close to $1,800,000; and those wells cost the operator $30,000 to $40,000 to put down. Of the wells drilled in the Osage Reservation, 9,615 were producers in 1926, and only 183 failed to strike oil; and 500,000 acres are oil producing. The small proportion of "dry holes" is hardly known elsewhere in the oil world.

Per capita, oil and gas have yielded to every soul in the Osage nation since 1916 as follows: 1916, $384; 1920, $8,000; 1923, $12,000; 1925, $13,200; and 1926 $16,000.

But that does not tell the whole story. A young Indian minor may lose father and mother, brothers and sisters by death. The heir's share mounts up to $75,000 and $100,000 a year—more than the salary of the President of the United States, or any president of any rail system in the United States.—Agnes C. Laut, in *Forbes Magazine*

THE GROWING ARMY OF WOMEN WAGE EARNERS

I confess the combination of career and family is a problem for women that seems a bit difficult to me. Nursing schools and co-operative housekeeping may make it easier. Anyhow, many women are already practising it, by choice or by necessity—some 2,000,000 in fact—and in the future it will, I am sure, for economic, psychological reasons, be more and more usual for a woman to have a husband, children, a home and a career outside the home.

What are they doing, these women working in the world outside their homes—8,500,000 of them? Picture them as they sallied forth after breakfast this morning. Where did they go? The most important group, I think, are the 635,000 who went to the schools to teach your children.

Nearly all teachers in this country are women—about 95 per cent. of the profession. Foreigners view this fact with amazement, for in other countries many teachers are men.

Another great group, 546,000 of them, went this morning to offices, there to work as stenographers and typists. Just think! 546,000 in an occupation absolutely unknown to their great-grandmothers, in whose day men clerks wrote out letters in longhand.

Those of you who have such difficulty in finding domestic servants that you think the species almost extinct will be surprised to hear that the largest group of all, over 2,000,000, went to work this morning in domestic and personal service.

And nearly 2,000,000 women—another great army—went this morning to labor in manufacturing and mechanical industries. Almost 1,000,000—but far less than a few years ago—went to work on farms, gardens, engaged in agriculture, or raising poultry or similar activities.

Nursing, one of woman's most ancient and bravest duties, now one of her most important and skilled professions, called over 140,000 trained nurses today to the bedside of the ill and its care of the public health. And 178,000 girls are going to telephone exchanges and switchboards as telephone operators—an occupation absolutely unknown to our great grandmothers.

I am especially interested in those women who went out after breakfast this morning to practice the learned professions—the 9,000 physicians, the 10,000 college presidents and professors, the 13,000 librarians, the 9,000 women authors, editors and reporters, the rapidly increasing number of women lawyers and judges and of religious, charity and welfare workers. . . .—Dean Virginia C. Gildersleeve, of Barnard College, Columbia University, interviewed in the New York *Evening World.*

The Grandma of the Muckrakers

BORN Anne Newport, in Maryland, in 1769, this pioneer American newspaper woman was of blood relationship to Lord Baltimore and hence to the royal Stuart family of England. She married Captain William Royall, of Virginia, companion of Washington, soldier with Lafayette, follower of Jefferson.

Left a widow, she set out in state to see America, in a carriage with slaves, writing voluminously of her travels. At fifty-four she was penniless, but managed to establish and edit a periodical, Paul Pry, *which she peddled about the country. She died in Vermont, at the age of eighty-five, "chuckling over* Tristram Shandy. *"*

ANNE ROYALL, through her books, her newspapers and her controversies, for thirty years was known in every hamlet of the new Republic. She was dined and mobbed, feared, flattered and blackguarded. She could retort to the blackguarding in kind; more often she laughed. . . .

She was a little figure and old, in a poke-bonnet or a mobcap, a calico dress with balloon sleeves, a cord for a girdle, a pocket for writing materials, a bright, bright eye. She'd be sure to force embarrassing questions about grafters or make men buy *Paul Pry,* her paper. Retaliations often proved dangerous. He who called her an old hag found it printed in *Paul Pry* with the comment, "Rather extraordinary in a gentleman of his gallantry."

Force availed little; once she was whacked over the head; once the evangelicals broke her leg. Presidents—and she talked with all from Washington to Lincoln—had her to dine, though knowing it no insurance against her wit. Lafayette and Prince Murat gave her their $5's and praises. Newspapermen seem to have adored her, though she, an independent, fought them all.

IN the late 1820's, before bathing suits existed, President John Quincy Adams, noted for a personal dignity excessive beyond even that of his office, swam of an early morning in the Potomac, a mile from the White House. He was hailed from the shore by an old lady, sitting on his clothes, quill in hand. She called out that she had been repeatedly denied opportunity at the "Presidential Palace" to question him on his bank policy. Now after she got the interview, he could have his raiment.

The swimmer, probably red, certainly treading water, knew her well. He pleaded with her to go away and let him dress; she refused. In the end he gave what seems to have been the first newspaper interview ever obtained from a President of the United States. But now her name, once the best known of any female American of her long day, is almost forgotten.

—Heber Blankenhorn

Even the mighty in those days had hard sledding maintaining newspapers. General Jackson's party deemed it tremendous when they founded the Washington *Globe,* paying advance subscriptions, $10 each for 600 copies for a year. Against them all, Anne's establishment was slim. She worked a broken-down press, with friend Sally Stack and two boys, in the kitchen of her house on Capitol Hill. Snow often drifted deep on the floor; the ink froze; the mussy product had to be apologized for in the next issue.

Other accidents occurred; an attack on a Cabinet Secretary is "regretted" as having been rushed to the compositor unread, "nor were we aware of the nature of the subject until the paper was printed." Another issue has her "Apology to Mrs. Tims," for printing unread a handbill containing "a most infamous article on Mr. Tims. We never did see Mr. Tims drunk, though we have seen him partially so."

People believed Anne {even that apology hints why}. Bribes were no good with her; one was for $2,000 to shut up *Paul Pry* on a certain subject. Neither would she have anything of

stories which would have been treasure-trove to a modern yellow journal. "It is against a *private* man," was her answer. Merely cantankerous she was never. Enthusiasms were too much her vein, forever "encouraging the arts," from printing fearful poetry to hailing "a new paper, the *Times*, of New York, with a handsome plate, a liberal paper, to be encouraged."

Another hail is for "The Messrs. Harpers, merelads, commencing their career without friends or funds. We are sorry to hear the sale of *The Life of Andrew Jackson,* by Cobbett, published by Harpers, was suppressed by Philadelphia booksellers." She was always out gunning for the suppressors!

Anne Royall was no Greek, but immoderate in all things. She founded the trusts in our national anthology of hates—the beef trust, the wool monopoly, the money power—in quite those words. The peepul rejoiced in her,—just as she turned and rent them. Particularly she laid her largest spiked slat squarely across the seat of their religion. The forty brands of evangelicals who were America raved.

How much Anne moderated her speech may be judged from her reply when a Cincinnati clergyman complained that his flock, enjoying "a glorious harvest, a feast of love," was flurried by her presence in the city. She laughed at a city "with their God on their side" being intimidated by "a single old woman, who was raised in the woods among the Indians." She wrote of herself:

"I am a heathen and have come to your door. From the heathen I learned nothing but virtue and independence. When introduced among civilized people the Bible was put into my hands. But before I looked into it I watched the conduct of those who read it, and I found they committed murder, they got drunk, they betrayed their friends, and were guilty of all kinds of abominations, and I was afraid to read the Bible lest I might do so too."—Heber Blankenhorn, in *The American Mercury.*

ART

This rock, this quartz, this crumpled wall of life—
Carve at its granite crust with pliant knife.
See if the stubborn groove will gleam with gold
Before the knife is worn, and you are old.

—Robert McBlair, in *The New Republic*

ONE morning James Whitcomb Riley started to walk down-town from Lockerbie Street. As he came to the first corner the policeman saluted him and said:

"This is a fine morning, Mr. Riley." Mr. Riley didn't contradict him.

As he passed the grocery and market his old friend wearing an apron accosted him and told him that the weather was highly satisfactory.

As he continued on his way various small boys and eminent citizens and lady friends hailed him, because he carried his halo with him in Indianapolis and couldn't get away from it.

Between his house and the Bobbs-Merrill store fifty people informed him that the weather was beautiful.

Finally he walked into the office of Will Bobbs and sat down and Mr. Bobbs was glad to see him, and said, "Well, Doctor, this is a lovely morning."

Riley could stand it no longer. He shouted, so you could hear him all over the store: "It *must* be! Everybody speaks very highly of it."—George Ade, in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*

Republics cannot be governed well except by party organizations, so evenly balanced and watchful that the errors of one are the opportunities of the other. —Chauncey M. Depew

Our 11,000 American millionaires form an army larger than Washington had at Monmouth.—Frederick Palmer

A Legacy

I Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no disposition of in this, my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

Item: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments; and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the deeds of their children shall require.

Item: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights which are hereinafter given to lovers.

Item: I devise to boys, jointly, all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim Winter comes, one may skate, to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover-blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods with their appurtenances; the squirrels and the birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places, which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance or without any encumbrance or care.

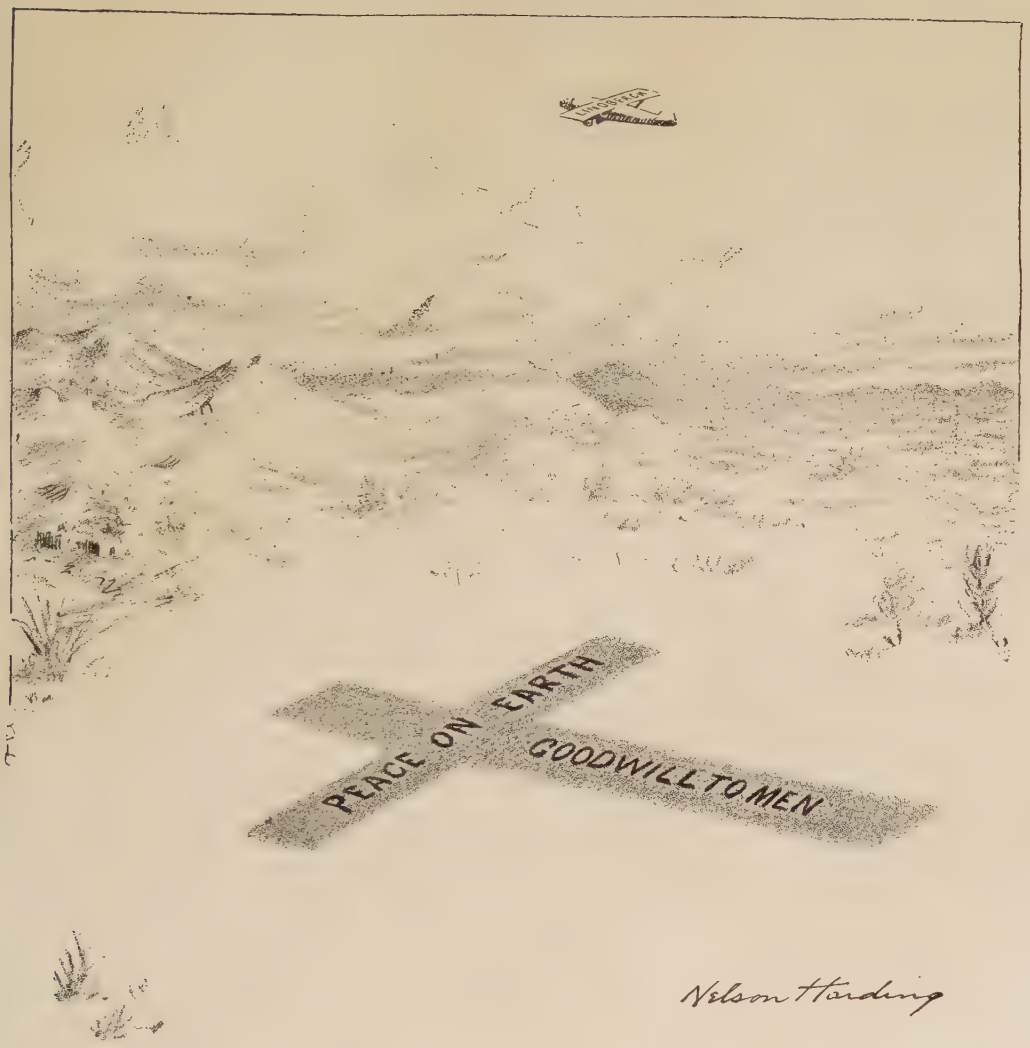
Item: To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

Item: To young men jointly, I devise and bequeath all the boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness, and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them, exclusively, I give all merry songs and grave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

THIS curious document was recently given a page in a monthly periodical, which credited its authorship to a demented inmate of the Chicago poorhouse. Also it was said to have so impressed the Chicago Bar Association that a resolution had been passed by that body ordering the "legacy" probated and made a part of the records of Cook County, Illinois.

C. P. Denning, secretary of the Chicago Bar Association, writes us that the above story of its origin "appears to have been imaginary. The author of the Will is Williston Fish, a resident of La Grange, Ill." It was first published in 1898—the year after the author was admitted to the Illinois Bar.

Mr. Denning further says that in 1926 he met Mr. Fish and "took occasion to ask him if he were the author of said Will. Mr. Fish modestly acknowledged its authorship and said that he had had hundreds of inquiries concerning the Will."



MAY HIS SHADOW NEVER GROW LESS
Pulitzer Prize Cartoon by Nelson Harding,
in the Brooklyn *Eagle*

"Having drawn the flying Colonel in nearly every possible situation and from every possible angle, I had just about sworn off any more Lindbergh cartoons. Then came the Mexican flight for him, and for me a temporary dearth of ideas. I began to ponder about the flight . . . drew a small likeness of the plane high up there over semi-tropical Mexico, and naturally I blocked in the shadow on the ground, which took on the rough form of a cross. From that came the idea of the Scriptural text, and then the caption." The cartoonist is the only man thus far to win the Pulitzer Prize two years in succession. (*See* Wings of Lead. *Page* 212).

A LEGACY

Item: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory; and bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully without tithe or diminution.

Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

—⁂—

A YEAR ago from today, to look backward, I never dreamed of being what you call a national figure. I was in the gasoline business trying to make a living, as a hardworking mother had done before me.

You may have read that I called at the court house in Newburyport, {Mass.} one day and smacked the Mayor on the chin for being rude to me.

They put me in the cooler for two months, and while in there I heard election returns by wireless. That gave me an idea to run for Mayor. I did and was elected.

Newburyport is a city of 16,000. It is no mean city. As first magistrate I wear no high hat. I will shovel snow with the rest of the boys if it is needed.

I'm not proud of being called a roughneck, and I'm not ashamed of it. I am out to give an honest government. The gravy goes to my friends, but good government goes to everybody.

My election in a little city has a big meaning for all the country. That, when citizens of any city want one of their own in power, all they need do is to say so. It is so simple a prescription for non-political government that it sounds phony, but it works.—Andrew J. {"Bossy"} Gillis, Mayor of Newburyport, Mass.

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THE fundamental trouble with marriage, as I see it, is a breakdown of adjustment between marriage as an institution and the society which has created this institution. Society has changed, and is changing; but marriage is changing not at all! This means conflict, which is the real explanation of most of our present troubles. The religious sanctions of marriage, for example, are disappearing, as they should disappear, since the whole idea of marriage as a sacrament is sheer superstition.

I see a challenge to old customs, old forms, old sanctions, old ideas of moral and spiritual life. This challenge must be met by reasonable changes in the marital institution, if marriage in its essential character and beauty is to endure, as it must endure if society itself is to endure.

—John Haynes Holmes, pastor of the Community Church, New York City.

THE State of Utah has the best maternity and child welfare record in the Union, because it is the only State having a law requiring a prenatal examination before a woman has a child.—Dr. Matthias Nicoll, New York State Commissioner of Health

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THE old car was too slow. The public was satisfied with it. And that's a sign we ought to change to something better. Since the public does not tell us what it wants, we give it what it ought to have. Once it needed a car that would go through mud and over the worst roads. It didn't know it, but we did, so we gave it the old car.

Now the public ought to have speed, since roads are so much better than they were. Therefore we give it speed. That's the whole story of the new car. . . .

We have no secrets. And if we did have them we could keep them most effectively by opening the doors of our factories and laboratories to the world.—Henry Ford

The Loneliest and Happiest Spot on Earth

TRISTAN DA CUNHA, an extinct island volcano in the South Atlantic, is described by this traveler who recently returned from there, as the "loneliest and happiest spot on earth."

According to native account, the first white visitors to the island were pirates late in the eighteenth century. It was garrisoned, in 1816, by the English, "to keep an eye" on Napoleon at St. Helena, some hundreds of miles distant. The garrison was soon abandoned. The native population numbers less than two hundred.

ON this unbelievable island there are no written law, no courts, no politicians, no postoffice to get gossip in; no clubs, no money to earn or to spend, no taxes to pay, no rent, no insurance, no radio, no autos, no airplanes, no railroad, no sewers or paving, no white way but the everlasting stars overhead and the moon by night and the sun by day; no doctor, no dentist, no health board, no chlorinated water, for nature put a large reservoir of clear cold water 8,000 feet above the settlement and uncontaminated with germs.

Here the people run about in perfect health without knowing that a diseased tooth may bring them rheumatism, ignorant that they have tonsils, without knowledge of appendicitis or that vitamines A, B, C are essential to long life. There is no Eighteenth Amendment because they know not strong drink.

Babies are born and people die without the aid of a doctor in either case. Nature is kind, for there are few germs upon the island and the people live to a good old age; one was over 90 and one died at the age of 102. As we visited with these people they seemed exceedingly happy and one told me he would like to go away for a trip, but he would not want to leave his home here. Oh, a happy land is this, far from the shores of our boasted civilization, which serves but to increase our responsibilities and our worries the more we have of it.

Their diet is very limited; potatoes are all that they raise and they serve them in all styles. They keep some chickens, get some bird eggs, fish, and some milk from the few poor cows they have, and a few sheep that they occasionally kill. Sugar, wheat flour, corn or vegetables other than potatoes are not known. They used to have corn, but the rats have become so numerous that they no longer are able to have any.

I was told that they suffer much from stomach and bowel disorders caused by bad food and the lack of a balanced diet. Asthma, rheumatism and lumbago are ordinary complaints at Tristan. Accidents are common as elsewhere, such as broken ribs and other bones and cuts which the people do not take very good care of and which often become septic. There are no contagious diseases, but still there is much need for better sanitation and more cleanliness.

On this island isolated from the civilization of the world live a people 100 per cent. moral. It seems probable that if any of the contagious diseases should be introduced to this island they would exact a heavy toll of mortality because no previous resistance or natural selection against them has been developed. I asked one of the men if they ever had any trouble with their teeth and he said no, they never had any candy to hurt their teeth. The people have no communication or trade with the outside world other than that occasioned by the passing of a ship about once a year.

In general the inhabitants were of average intelligence for their opportunities; they talked very cheerfully and answered questions but did not offer much conversation. Since ships do not travel this way frequently and we were the first communication they had had with the outside world in thirteen months, one might expect them to be a little backward. The most of them showed that they were a mixture of the white and black races, although this is now four and five generations removed and for the past seventy-five years they have all been born on the island, without the introduction of any new blood.

It is interesting to a medical mind to see how a race has developed away from all civilization almost by the acts of primitive nature, under rather untold hardships, and quite a different picture than we saw in the development of the races in Africa. A hardy race as regards climate, weather and food but with probably little resistance to disease if introduced. Happy they are in their state of living and perhaps as happy as we are in our more advanced standards.—Dr. Reed O. Brigham, in *American Medicine*

IN RE CANNIBALISM

CANNIBALS form a smaller percentage of the natives in Africa than the bootleggers do in America. Moreover, their activities are less dangerous to the white man.

The African native eats human flesh for two reasons. The first is because he wishes to punish the man, for eating him is a religious punishment that is supposed to destroy his soul; the second is that the subject of the meal is great, strong, brave, or has other commendable qualities which, on eating, will enter into the constitution of the feaster and become part of him, much as we eat a beefsteak to benefit from its vitamins. It is, perhaps, a little more direct than the vitamin urge, but the idea is the same.

There are some other less important reasons, but almost without exception cannibalism is a religious ceremony and not a daily diet. Women and children are not allowed to eat human flesh, nor are they in turn eaten lest the men in doing so become effeminate or childish.

There is, I venture to state, no place in the world in which it is harder to disappear than in the wilds of tropical Africa. Because white men are so few and far between, the movements of any stranger are watched carefully by the ever-inquisitive and garrulous native.

Time and again it happens that a white man will come, alone and unannounced, to a place perhaps two or three hundred miles away. No other white man is anywhere near him; no one is around to send on word of his arrival. Yet within two days our own houseboys could tell us his favorite breakfast food, what he was doing, whether he was a generous or a poor giver of tips, and, incidentally, his name, or, at worst, the native nickname for him, which was often better than a passport portrait as a means of identification.

No; if a man is crossed in love or has committed a crime and wishes to disappear forever by hiding alone in the jungle, then let him choose South America or even Brooklyn; but not the African jungle.—Erick Berry, in the New York *Times Magazine*

TRUE ROMANCE

A LOVE story in France has reached the newspapers. Some twenty years ago a boy and girl fell in love and were married. Conventions are for the use and convenience of society, but the truth of these people's lives was that they loved each other. They had one son, and were happy. Their happiness was short. Sixteen years ago the young husband was sentenced to death. The newspapers are careless as to what his crime was; the fact of his guilt or innocence seems to make little difference. But the condemned man insisted that his wife must at once divorce him. Her good name was precious to him. She was willing to do anything he wished—nothing mattered except what he wished. For herself, she knew quite well that he would never die for that crime. The crime was not in his character, the punishment not in justice.

She was right. The sentence was commuted to life imprisonment on Devil's Island. She was tranquil. She could wait. Meanwhile, she could support this child of theirs.

For sixteen years she who was no longer a wife sold goods behind a counter and thought about the man she loved. . . . .It was only the other day that the condemned man was pardoned.

Upon his return to France, the pardoned convict was met at Marseilles by a woman. She was no longer his wife. She was sixteen years older than the girl he had left, not so pretty, doubtless, and worn with work. They left the station with their arms about each other.

A few days later they remembered something. These conventions have their uses. It is much better when two people love each other to be married. One of the jury that had condemned the man was groomsman at the wedding; and so the story reached the newspapers.

—*The Outlook*

SOME time ago I asked a professor in one of the oldest and largest Eastern universities what his institution did for the thousands of young people who passed their four years there. His answer, after some deliberation, was, "We turn out, as far as I can see, a low-grade standardized product, like Model T Ford cars, with just about as much thinking capacity."—James Truslow Adams

SONG FROM A PLAY

The day is a troubadour
Walking the highway,
With cloak of the sea
And sleeves of the sun:
The day is a traveller
Travelling my way,
Whom I would let be,
Yet never can shun.

He has business abroad
On the lands and the heavens,
And business with me
That cannot be done;
For all of my luck
Is at sixes and sevens
With ways of the sea
And wiles of the sun.

The day on his wayfaring
Hurries and hurries
Out of the sea
To his house in the sun;
He has sung to me too,
But his word only worries
The heart out of me,
Whose feet cannot run.

—Orrick Johns, in *Vanity Fair.*

DECEPTIVE NATURE

IN confessing that I have merely touched the hem of nature's garments, I feel that virtue from her has passed into me, and made me whole. There is no more bewitching moment in childhood than when a boy, to whom some one is slyly propounding some absurdity, suddenly looks up and smiles. The brat has understood. A thin deception was being practiced on him, in the hope that he might not be deceived, but by deriding it might prove he had attained to a man's stature and a man's wit. It was but banter prompted by love. So with this thin deception practiced upon me by nature.

The great Sphinx in posing her riddle and looking so threatening and mysterious is secretly hoping that I may laugh. She is not a riddle but a fact; the words she whispers are not oracles but prattle. Why take her residual silence, which is inevitable, for a challenge or a menace? She does not know how to speak more plainly. Her secret is as great a secret to herself as to me. If I perceive it, and laugh, instantly she draws in her claws. A tremor runs through her enigmatical body; and if she were not of stone she would embrace her boyish discoverer, and yield herself to him altogether.

It is so simple to exist, to be what one is for no reason, to engulf all questions and answers in the rush of being that sustains them. Henceforth nature and spirit can play together like mother and child, each marvelously pleasant to the other, yet deeply unintelligible; for as she created him she knew not how, merely by smiling in her dreams, so in awakening and smiling back he somehow understands her; at least he is all the understanding she has of herself.—From George Santayana's preface to *The Realm of Essence*

The Romantic John Paul Jones

FACTS new to students of American history and to admirers of "the Father of the American Navy" are brought to light in a new biography of John Paul Jones, showing him not only as our first and perhaps greatest naval genius, but as a romantic man of action. Recently discovered letters reveal him as the "adorer and adored" of women in the various capitals of Europe—particularly of France. The one who engaged his deepest affections and whose devotion he commanded to the end of his adventurous days, was, as here told, a daughter of Louis XV of France.

"I LOVE women, I admit," Jones once wrote to Potemkin, commander-in-chief of the forces of Catherine the Great in Russia; hence it is not surprising that the Commodore's period of relaxation should have been marked with more than one flirtation. A visitor at the home of the de Genets at that time was Miss Caroline Edes, a young Englishwoman.

"The famous Paul Jones dines and sups here often," she wrote home. "He is a smart man of thirty-six, speaks but little French, appears to be an extraordinary genius, a poet as well as a hero. A few days ago he wrote some verses extempore of which I send you a copy. He is greatly admired here, especially by the ladies, who are all wild for love of him, but he adores Lady {the Countess Lavendal} who has honored him with every mark of politeness and attention." . . .

There was another charmer . . . who appears in Jones's paper simply as "Delia," and to whom the Commodore was "adorable Jones." Her letters, still preserving the stains of tears and despair after one hundred and forty-seven years, are sufficient proof that one should never write impassioned letters to a famous man who keeps an efficient and orderly correspondence file, indexed with impersonal alphabetics. Her impulsive missives to Jones show that in a society trained to subdue all disruptive emotions and frequently prosecuting cool business purposes under the mask of *amour*, she was warm-hearted, a little hysterical, sincere, and a little foolish.

"Dear and too adorable friend! What would I not give if you were free to remain in France. O God! I am dying to rejoin you, never again to separate from you. But no! I feel by the anguish of my soul, which seems to whisper it to me, that I shall never see you again. Heavens! Jones will forget me. He may cease to love me. No, his noble heart is incapable of such cruelty and I trust him as I would in heaven itself." . . .

She complains that the absence of news from him distresses her beyond telling. She describes "the awful despair to which the fear of losing you has reduced me," but tries to reassure herself. "The charming and tender Jones is as faithful a lover as he is a valiant and zealous patriot. . . .Pardon my fears, too

THERE is some evidence, found chiefly in the writings of Benoit Andre, his former secretary, that Jones promised French republicans, in case of attack by foreign powers, especially Great Britain, that he would join their navy as an admiral; but he was dead before the "sanitary cordon" of reactionary powers began to close in. There is a story that Napoleon, twelve years after Jones's death, realizing after Trafalgar and the Nile how British sea-power had nullified his plans for conquest in the East, asked: "How old was Paul Jones when he died?" About forty-five years old, he was told. "Then," said Napoleon, "he did not fulfil his destiny. Had he lived, France might have had an admiral."

—Phillips Russell

cherished friend. I will force myself to be calm."

This tumultuous lady actually tried to convert into cash her little fortune of 80,000 livres for the purpose of following Jones, but he sailed away to America before she was able to do so. . . .

The list of Jones's feminine friends is a long one and has not yet come to an end. The mystery of the two sisters he encountered in Holland remains to be cleared up. Madame Vigee le Brun's reference to Jones's frequent hostess, Madame Thilarie, and her sister, Madame de Bonneuil, would seem to indicate that the former was the "Madame T." often mentioned in Jones's correspondence. Madame Thilarie became a widow in 1783 and then married Jean Jacques Duval d'Espremenil, the enemy of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. He was guillotined in 1794 and the former Mme. Thilarie followed him on the scaffold a few weeks later.

But there was another "Madame T." in Jones's life and she likewise had a sister of whom little is known. So concerned was the Commodore about this "Madame T." that when absent from France he more than once asked Thomas Jefferson, who succeeded Franklin at the court in France, to look after her welfare.

"I shall now tell you in confidence," he wrote to Jefferson in 1787, "that she is a daughter of the late King, and a lady of quality, on whom his Majesty bestowed a large fortune on his daughter's account . . . .I feel the greatest concern for the situation of this worthy lady."

Jones's description of this lady as "worthy" perhaps left Jefferson unprepared for the sight of a red-haired young woman in her early twenties. This was the woman to whom Jones, in his fashion, was faithful for fourteen years, whom he protected, to whom he constantly sent money, and who long survived him. She was Aimee de Tellison, daughter of Louis XV and a lady known as Madame de Bonneval, later married to an official, a widower named de Tellison. Aimee had been well educated under the provision of Louis XV, who had also bestowed an annuity on her mother. Louis XVI renewed the payments from the royal treasury to the daughter, and after her case had been brought to his attention, received her in audience. In this, Jones told Jefferson, he had been "instrumental," perhaps through the agency of the Duchess of Chartres, who as a Bourbon knew her way so well about courts.

ON a Sunday in July 1792 Gouverneur Morris, the American Minister to France and one of its chief social butterflies, visited Jones, finding him in his backyard hammock. "Mme. T. and two young ladies were with him," says Morris's diary. "He was extremely cheerful, and seemed better than for a long time previously. He did not cough much, and talked a good deal. Wonderfully interesting!"

But it was only at intervals that Jones roused himself. He sank slowly day by day, his face becoming yellow and emaciated. He lay for hours in his hammock, rocked gently by Aimee de Tellison.

—Phillips Russell

Mlle. de Tellison is described as "petite, extremely vivacious and possessed of all the polite accomplishments," though "without fortune." Before she received the grant from Louis XVI, Jones mentions that she was ignored by her mother and "was long the silent victim of injustice." Her fortunes being low, someone, perhaps either the Duchess of Chartres or one of the other influential women of the court, brought her to the attention of Jones, who on arriving in France knew little of the language, and she assisted him as an interpreter and translator of official papers, thus bearing out Benjamin Franklin's roguish adage, "The best master of languages is a mistress." To what extent

this relationship ripened cannot be said, but Jones in one of his letters to her from America declares, "The last French packet brought no letter to me from the person whose happiness is dearer to me than anything else. I have been on the rack of fear and apprehension. . . ."

In the letter to her sent from New York through Jefferson he mentions that he is short of money; "it is impossible for me to transmit you a supply under my present circumstances. . . .You will see how disgracefully I have been detained here by the Board of Treasury." He laments the recent death of a certain "friend and protectress." He goes on: "She was a tried friend and more than a mother to you. She would have been a mother to me also had she lived. We have lost her. Let us cherish her memory and send up grateful thanks to the Almighty, that we once had such a friend."

The identity of this protectress is not known. The Edinburgh biography of Jones supposes it was the Princess de Marsan, governess to the royal children; but as she survived till after the French Revolution, it was probably one of the ladies of the court who benevolently watched over this love-affair between a daughter of Louis XV and the young American sailor.

Jones's letter to Aimee continues:

"Present my best respects to your sister. You did not mention her in your letter, but I persuade myself she will continue her share of her sweet godson and that you will cover him all over with kisses from me. They come warm to you *both* from my heart."

Buell thinks this does not necessarily indicate a close tie between the young Frenchwoman and the Commodore, but Mrs. de Koven believes "it is impossible to come to any other conclusion that the 'sweet godson,' whom Jones wished Madame T. to 'cover all over with kisses from him,' was his son.". . . .

He {John Paul Jones} left Russia as a man without a country. The United States, in the midst of its struggles to establish a stable government after the inauguration of Washington as first President in April of this same year {1789}, could give him no employment. France was too absorbed in the labor-pains of her approaching Revolution to pay attention to him. From the country of his birth he had cut himself off with finality. As an admiral still in the pay of Russia, he had been warned, for political reasons, not to go to Denmark or Germany. He had no home, not even a center where among friends he could rest and recuperate. His relations with Aimee de Tellison were such that he apparently felt no impulse to hurry back to Paris, where she was living in the little house bought by him with borrowed money. And, so alone and introspective, he wandered back toward Western Europe, where in the atmosphere of courts, so congenial to him, he was watched every step of the way lest he sell his services to this power or that, thus upsetting that hair-thin Balance of Power assiduously nursed by England and her shifting allies.—From Phillips Russell's *John Paul Jones*, by permission of Brentano's

CONUNDRUM

Was life henceforth to be but days, days, days,
That a few hundreds make into a year?
Like coins to measure out with bargaining hand,
Enough for roof, cloak, so much weight of bread?
Had we been stripped for this and nothing more?
For nothing more at all?
Yet what was lodging without loveliness?
Cloak without laughter, loaf without a song?
Could one brief grave out in the autumnal wet,
Serving such scarceness, strip us down to this?

—From Lizette Woodworth Reese's *Little Henrietta*, by permission of Doubleday, Doran & Company

The Parting of Lindy and The Spirit

FOLLOWING his historic solo flight from New York to Paris and his subsequent air tour of Latin America, last Spring Colonel Lindbergh and The Spirit of Saint Louis *dissolved partnership when the plane was placed in the Smithsonian Institution. As they parted company, the noted aviator murmured "I am sorry." An attendant who witnessed the leave-taking on Bolling Field, while installing night lights on the trans-Atlantic flyer's new plane, observed: "Boy, he sure hated to see her go. You can believe that."*

SLIM

Well, good-by, old girl!
You've earned a rest;
You're very tired.
It'll be very quiet here.

THE SPIRIT

What? Is this a joke, Slim?
Tell me you're just fooling.
I need a rest? I'm tired?
Where am I going?
What's this all about?

SLIM

Listen, old girl—
You're going into a nice
Warm, comfortable, clean,
High-class museum—
The Smithsonian Institution;
It's run by nice people;
You'll love it.

THE SPIRIT

Slim, you can't mean it;
Me in a museum!
Me in a musty old hall
With a lot of stuffed lizards
And skeletons and armored
Dummies, spinning wheels,
Death masks, Colonial skillets
And ball gowns of
Dolly Madison and Mrs. Cleveland!

SLIM

I know it'll seem strange
At first, girl. But
You'll come to like it
After a while.

THE SPIRIT

Do you mean it, Slim?
Me bolted to a floor
Never to rise again?
Never to leap in the
Cool of the morning air
And soar through the sunlight
Into the skies?
Never to see the stars again,
Know adventure, overcome odds
And feel the joy of triumph?
Tell me it ain't so, Slim!

SLIM

Don't rub it in, old girl!
I'd rather do anything than
Leave you like this.
They've made me do it
With a lot of talk about
Custom, tradition, history,
Education and such stuff.
They say "we" owe it to
Future generations.
It's a kind of duty, old girl.

THE SPIRIT

Duty, eh? Well, all right . . .
I'm game, boy. I'll go through;
But I'll be mighty lonely
Without you, Slim.
There'll be no kick in
Mixing with crowds of
Sightseers, museum nuts,
Old ladies and noisy children.
Make it easy for me, Slim . . .
Drop in once in a while
For old time's sake.

SLIM

Sure I will! I'll come in
Often. But I'd better be
Going now, old pal.
This ain't making it any
Easier for either of us.
G'bye . . . pal!

THE SPIRIT

G'bye, Slim . . . and good luck!

—H. I. Phillips, in the New York *Sun*

As Van Loon Sees America

HENDRIK VAN LOON, being a Hollander by birth and an American by adoption, can hardly be expected to see America as it is seen by the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution. His book America *is a chapter added to his epic* Story of Mankind, *dwelling upon the European origins of our history and switching rapidly from America to Europe and back as he explores the chasm from which our present times have emerged.*

The author is no optimist. This country, to him, has floundered through materialism and found it wanting, as Europe did in the World War. For the moment "the outlook is chaos," but "the future of civilization is in America's keeping, and the hope of America is its Younger Generation."

THE management of foreign affairs in England is to-day {and always has been} the private affair of a small and highly compact group of people. Such a policy has an enormous advantage. In the field of international politics, the Englisharethe only people who really know what they want and who year in and year out can go after the things they want with a singleness of purpose that is entirely lacking in most other nations.

All of which Germany discovered, to her great mortification, in the year of Grace 1914.

The issue of course was so terribly befogged by the professional ballyhooers of both sides, that the strangest rumors were soon afloat about the original cause of the conflict. But the war was not brought about by the murder of an Austrian grandduke or the violation of a solemn treaty or the love of England and Russia and France for the rights of small nations. Austrian granddukes had been shot before and nothing had happened. Treaties had been violated regularly once or twice each year and no one had said a word about it. And as for the love of England and Russia and France for the rights of small nations—why, the subject is almost indecent in its hilarity.

No, that war was bound to come and intelligent historians might have predicted it on that memorable day of the year 1871 when the halls of Versailles resounded with the first hurrahs for the newly reestablished German Empire.

The immediate cause might have been anything—a fishery concession in Greenland—a tariff on hogs in Serbia—a third-rate coal mine in the valley of the Meuse.

The real underlying cause was the belated attempt of the unfortunate Teutons to get their share of the world's spoils, to find a cheap and abundant supply of raw material that was not controlled by another nation.

And because the United States contain

IN history as in life it is success that counts. Start a political upheaval and let yourself be caught, and you will hang as a traitor. But place yourself at the head of a rebellion and gain your point, and all future generations will worship you as the Father of their Country.

These things may be good and they may be bad. I don't know and, the historian should not turn moralist. It is his duty to try and tell what actually happened, what actually "was" as accurately as he possibly can, and with the help of all available evidence. As for the final judgment upon the acts of his ancestors, he had better leave that to Jehovah, for that ancient Deity alone possesses that true perspective against which all the acts of mortal man can be judged with a fair degree of accuracy.

—Hendrik Van Loon.

more coal and more iron and oil than any other land, it was inevitable that the people of America should be dragged into the turmoil.

They did not take down their guns until the European rivals of Germany were on the very brink of ruin and defeat. Up to that moment, all the fine speeches of all the impassioned war orators, all the atrocity stories, all the blue books, the green books, the purple books, explaining the nobility and sacredness of all the different national causes had left the greater part of the populace only mildly interested.

But the moment the average man began to feel somewhere in his subconscious soul "This thing is going to hit us too. If the Germans are successful and defeat England and France as they have already defeated Russia and Roumania and Italy and their other enemies, then we shall be next on the list and because we have more of the raw materials the Germans need to keep their machines going, they are going to come after us and they will try and grab what we need for the sustenance of our own Iron Monsters." The moment the average citizen became dimly aware of the fate that awaited him and his children if Germany broke through the cordon of the besieging European nations, then at last the American people were ready to enter the war on the side of the allies and when that happened, the fate of Germany was sealed. . . .

REVOLUTIONS are usually made up according to the following pattern:

Ten per cent of the people are willing to hang for their principles.

Ten per cent are willing to hang but are not particularly happy at the prospect and therefore wish to know if the purpose for which they are fighting cannot be achieved in some less violent fashion.

Forty per cent (who call themselves "practical" men) sit on the fence until they know which side is going to win, when they join the army of the victors.

That makes a total of sixty per cent. The other forty per cent believe in "law and order" at all costs and either execute their former neighbors if those happen to be unsuccessful or themselves get hanged if it is proved that they have guessed wrong.

—Hendrik Van Loon.

Up to the year 1916 we were merrily jogging along the commonplace road of prosperity with no thought of to-morrow. The Iron Men who worked for us performed their daily tasks smoothly and contentedly. We were all of us comfortable. If we worried about anything at all, it was about the new regulations for rural free delivery or the incessant desire of the people of Haiti (or of Chicago) to do murder upon each other—all of them negligible details that could be settled in a jiffy if we ever really paid some serious attention to them.

Then came the great upheaval that destroyed the older forms of European civilization and wiped away the accumulated wealth of an entire continent.

Suddenly the truth of the situation dawned upon us.

Europe too had worshipped before false altars.

Europe too had made the accumulation of Inanimate Matter the highest of all civic virtues.

And the end was —what we had just seen.

Chaos.

Chaos, complete and absolute.

Thus ended America's first and only participation in a European war, and what had been meant as a great and glorious crusade developed into a painful and disheartening voyage of discovery.

Evidently something was wrong with the world. By an accursed turn of luck the American people were called upon to set it right.

By an accursed turn of luck, or by the

grace of a merciful God. We can take our choice.

But upon our answer depends a great deal more than the future of our own people. . . .

Thus far we have been a great country rather than a great people. The unbelievably rich heritage of land and raw materials which had fallen into the lap of our fathers has often made us forget that it was luck rather than merit which is making us the wealthiest and most powerful nation of the world.

The downfall of Europe was not the result of our foresight. We merely profited by it as, in our geographic isolation, we have been able to profit by almost all the calamities of the rest of the world.

But what of the future?

What of that most uncomfortable duty which the fate of war has suddenly placed in the bewildered hands of the younger generation? Will our children be able and willing to assume a responsibility which has proved too heavy for the most courageous and experienced of their fathers?

Will they?

If they refuse they shall be rich and prosperous and smug and dull and our history shall remain what it is to-day, a fairly interesting episode in the history of the world and no more.

If they accept they shall be called upon to make every sort of personal sacrifice—to indulge in every form of hard physical and mental labor—but they shall gain such fame as never yet has been achieved by any other race of mortal men. . . .

When the young men of our country enlisted in the war—generously—enthusiastically—they were filled with an unselfish ideal of service to humanity.

What was really a struggle for raw materials between two powerful nations became a clash of devils and angels. On the one side Magna Charta and Joan of Arc and La Fayette and democracy and on the other side "Schrecklichkeit" and Nietzsche {whoever he was} and the despotism of a demented tyrant.

Indeed, the issues seemed so simple and so clearly defined that no one deemed it necessary to ask for a bill of particulars or to demand a definite program for the future settlement of such difficulties. When an honest fellow sees a ruffian attack a little boy and knock him down and rob him of his pennies, he does not stop to discuss the merits of the case. He pitches in and knocks the brute down. This image had been so consistently held up before the eyes of young America that several million men hastened to the other side of the Atlantic to perform what they considered a most holy duty.

The moment they landed the disappointment began, and soon they learned that Europe was a strange land, inhabited by strange people—a universe in itself and for and by itself—which had never been successfully explored by the American mind.

And when the war came to an end, when half a dozen empires were overnight wiped off the face of the earth, when that outward form of European civilization with which the Americans had been more or less familiar was suddenly destroyed by the exasperated masses of the hungry and the disinherited, the glowing enthusiasm of the year 1917 made place for the chilly disillusionment of the year 1918. . . .—From Hendrik Van Loon's *America*, by permission of Boni & Liveright

I can't share the opinion expressed by some ocean navigators that the increasing use of radio is causing the storms that have swept the north Atlantic with particular violence of late. All the radio energy circulating in the atmosphere is so small in comparison with the vast energy of the elements—winds, differences of temperature, lightning and the like—that its effect on the weather, if any, would be inconceivably small. The energy tied up in a change of weather over a large part of the country is tremendous alongside of the mere ripple caused by broadcasting. The electrical energy released by a single lightning flash is perhaps millions of horsepower. —Dr. Lee De Forest, Veteran Radio Engineer and Inventor.

America Welcomes German-Irish Flyers

NEW YORK gave the Atlantic fliers, von Huenefeld, Fitzmaurice and Koehl, a welcome which could not have been more wild if they had discovered America from Spain instead of having flown to it from Ireland.

"Vunderful!" said Koehl.

"Marvelous!" said Fitz.

And von Huenefeld was most eloquent of all, for he was wordless and, screwing his monocle into his right eye, spoke with silence.

New York had one of the strange heartquakes which it has had in recent years—at the signing of the armistice, the arrival of Marshal Foch, the homecoming of Lindbergh—and the city was left a little dumbfounded by the size of its own voice.

The demonstration was second only to Lindbergh's, and in some parts of Manhattan even exceeded Lindbergh's. This time the immense vibration of the city had strange overtones that were almost mystical in meaning.

Three men who ten years ago were enemies and had dueled in the air above France went up Broadway with their arms over each other's shoulders. They stood stiff at attention in the reviewing stand in Madison Square and watched American regiments go marching by with banners whipping in the breeze which had holes torn in them by German bullets.

Americans dipped these flags in salute before the two Germans and whole companies of the soldiers who marched behind had the letter A on their shoulders, the insignia of those troops who only five years ago were getting ready to evacuate the Ruhr Valley—the diminishing army of occupation, the enemy.

As Koehl and von Huenefeld, both war birds, the former having been shot down and made prisoner by the Allies, stood with right hands rigidly at foreheads, an infantryman went marching by up Fifth Avenue with a Congressional Medal of Honor on his chest, and just below the ribbon was hung a German Iron Cross.

The people in the stands knew just as well as the German flyers how most of those iron crosses were come by on the battlefields of France. . . .

In the space of three hours the dashing Irish flyer saw more people than there are in all of Ireland.

There were gaudy side lights all along the way. The trio moved in a paper storm. Colored ticker tape unrolled from the highest windows in Broadway's grand canyon and went curling down until occasionally it touched the saluting arms of the three men in the open car like long telegrams of welcome covered with invisible words. People were perched on forty and fifty story window ledges. They peered over parapets and waved from cornices. Riveting hammers stopped and ironworkers perched on up-ended girders made confetti of their lunch wrappings and threw it down gayly with the rest.

The procession passed Tombs Prison and gaunt arms reached out wildly at the three men down below who had won the world with a pair of wings, who had

"SLIM"

To all his fellow Airmen he is "Slim"—
This slender youth with bright, unruly hair,
Who learned—before the world beleaguered him—
The secret and the silence of the air.
Though bronze medallions bear his sculptured face
And he is praised and sung and set apart,
He wears his laurels with unconscious grace,
The saving salt of humor in his heart!

The smiling eyes of "Slim" are keen and young;
Guarding the strength of old simplicities.
He is not spoiled by fortune's trumpet-tongue
Sounding his name across the Seven Seas.
Though Kings and kingliest men have honored him,
Still to his fellow Airmen he is "Slim"!

—Agnes Kendrick Gray, in *United States Air Services*

known the freedom of mid-Atlantic and the Labrador wilderness.

The flyers passed faces, endless masses of friendly faces, that swirled and flowed on either side of them till they lost their human semblance and appeared to be another kind of colored confetti. . . .

When the three men reached Madison Square they laid wreaths of roses under the light which burns always and the two Germans stood with bent heads before the memorial to their former "enemies," on the base of which is carved:

"An eternal light. An inspiration and a promise of enduring peace."—Dudley Nichols, in the New York *World*

BIRDS THAT OUTFLY LINDBERGH

WHAT imagination can follow, even in this day of aviation, the marvelous flight of 7,000 miles which the little six-inch black-poll warbler makes from its Winter home in Brazil to its nesting site in Alaska, only to fly back again to Brazil in Autumn? Or the amazing journey of a common tern from our coast of Maine to the mouth of the remote Niger River in British West Africa? Or that of the kittiwake gull, which is known to have flown from the Farne Islands, Northumberland, England, across the Atlantic Ocean to Horse Island, N. F.?

These facts are known to man largely through the systematic international research work carried on by operators of bird-banding stations, under the direction of the Bureau of Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture.

Bird banding is a comparatively simple process. Wire mesh traps are built and baited with various foods attractive to birds to catch them alive and unharmed. When a specimen is caught, a small aluminum band, furnished by the Biological Survey, is placed on one of its legs.

These bands are serially numbered. The operator, after banding a bird, sends complete data regarding each individual to the bureau, where an indexed card file is kept. The band number, the date and the locality are given to the bureau.

The bird thus banded may be found soon after release, or years after, near the place where banded, or thousands of miles away. The finder of such a bird immediately notifies the bureau, giving the number on the band which is the key to complete information about the bird's origin. The bureau then notifies both the finder and the bander, giving to the former the circumstances of its banding, and to the latter the particulars of its capture. Thus a complete record is made available.—Walter Fox Allen, in the New York *Times*

YEARS from now, centuries from now, though perhaps not as many years or centuries as we think, after many tragic disappearances into the blackness of the ether, the first world aviators, shot out of some fantastic rocket, will effect a landing upon Mars. Once more, crowds will storm the landing-field, yell themselves hoarse, endanger the lives of the gallant fliers, and detach pieces of their apparatus as souvenirs. The goggle-eyed, nine-legged Martians, for all their nightmare exterior, will behave much like anthropoid, white-collar bipeds.

The aviators will find the scene vaguely familiar, and will hang around the plane, or the rocket, for some minutes, waiting for a usual and lucrative event. They will wait in vain. No duly accredited Martian press representative, with a contract, a fountain pen and a cashier's check, will step up to buy each human aviator's "own story." It won't be necessary. The Martians {as might be expected, more advanced than ourselves in the technology of communication} will, unknown to the aviators, have extracted the "own stories" from inside the aviators' minds by means of patented psycho-telepathic antennae. While the aviators are still looking for the Martian from the Mars-wide Syndicate, the "own stories" will already be traveling across the air to the thrilled membranes of a million Martian homes.

If the aviators behave themselves, and attend all the banquets and parades arranged for them, perhaps the Martians will give them a slice of the profits resulting from interplanetary syndication. —*The New Republic*

PARENTHOOD: AN ART OR SCIENCE?

THIS month {April, 1928} will see a Parents' Exposition held in New York City—so far as can be learned, the first event of its sort in history. Parents present and potential {and these two classes, when you stop to think of it, include a large proportion of the population} will be invited to come and see how the modern father or mother of a child should equip himself to perform his responsibility adequately.

Is there any other country in the world where such an exposition could or would take place? Perhaps Germany or the Scandinavian countries might be interested; and Russia, of course, could conceivably hold a conference, which would, perhaps, center on the problem of making good little Communists out of the rising generation.

In most of the other countries, parenthood is still thought of as an art to be practised instinctively, and no more to be conned out of a book than love-making—with which, indeed, it has some sort of distant relationship. The upper classes in Europe, as a rule, ignore their children, a process which tends to produce {though never so completely as our cliche-writers believe} the familiar types: in England, the neurotic little Spartan, in France the pale and intelligent potential sensualist, in Italy, the child Fascist. The lower classes have their children always underfoot and strive to adjust two incompatible elements by an incessant, more or less genial warfare of kicks and curses, until the offspring are old enough to escape to the more hospitable rigors of the street.

It is probably fair to say that only in the United States is it a commonplace for a family to build its whole scheme of existence around its children. In any other land, the news that a father had given up a business position in one city to go to another where the schools are better, would be received with incredulity or a call for the psychopathic squad. The *per capita* output of books, periodicals, daily syndicated articles, lectures and conferences on the care of the child, in the United States, is probably ten times as great as in the rest of the world combined.

This is true, even while the conduct of the average American child remains a byword for badness, elsewhere around the world. Every traveler from afar notices and delights in mentioning to us, in that superior way which travelers affect, the "freshness" of our children, their assumption that they may interrupt our conversation at any time, their casual and instant overruling of all parental decisions as to what is good for them and what is not.

The European firmly believes that the typical American child is as bad as the hotel child of any other nationality; and that the American hotel child is something so dreadful that it must be experienced to be believed. Nor are these conditions characteristic merely of the lower middle-class home; the higher the standing in the community, the worse the behavior of the child is likely to be. This is perhaps more true today than ever in the past; for now the "new education" has come along and taught many parents {who perhaps have a little misunderstood the dictum} that they must not thwart the free activity of their children. . . .

If the American anxiety over the welfare of the child is perhaps greater than is wholly justified by the results it has thus far produced, it is at least more appropriate in this country than it would be anywhere else. In no other part of

GRADE CROSSING

There are some literary critics
{Said the Old Mandarin, sipping a petit verre}
Who remind me of a gong at a grade crossing
Clanging loudly and vainly
As the train roars by.

—Christopher Morley, in *The Saturday Review of Literature*

the world has modern industrial civilization been carried so far; and say what one will, this era is the enemy of the child. Life today is increasingly urban, increasingly lived in terms of automobiles and apartment houses, under conditions to which children can only passively submit. Even among persons of a considerable degree of wealth, it grows harder and harder for the child to have his own life outside the boundaries of the adult world, as he once could and still does, at least to a larger extent, in rural communities.

There is an amazing parallel between what the most advanced experimental schools try to do for the child, and the life which was lived by the Indian boy or girl in the midst of the tribe, five hundred years ago, before the white man had come.

In both cases, the child learns by imitating the activities of the adult amid a group composed of persons of his own age.

The Indian teaching was even more efficient and successful than that of the modern school. It went on constantly, and was taken seriously because on the child's understanding and successful performance of the tasks laid out for him life itself might depend.

The reality of this experience, which has existed not only among savages the world over, but to a large degree among peasants in civilized lands, is reproduced inadequately even in the best of the new experimental institutions; and the public schools, through which the rank and file of our future citizens still are sifted, have as yet made hardly any use at all of the new techniques which have lately been not so much invented as rediscovered. . . .

—*The New Republic*

DISTRIBUTION OF CREDIT

It is certainly true
(Admitted the Old Mandarin)
That a great proportion of meritorious poetry
Was inspired by beautiful women;
But it would never have been actually written
Without black coffee.

—Christopher Morley, in *The Saturday Review of Literature*

BIOGRAPHY is king! Since Lytton Strachey introduced his new technique of "lives," gossip-hungry readers are soaking up biographies of Washington, Barnum, Vanderbilt, John L. Sullivan and Horatio Alger faster than the presses can pump them out. Novelists and poets, finding things dull in their own lines, are sharpening their quills for a biographical killing. Rupert Hughes and W. E. Woodward have retouched Washington; Carl Sandburg has given us a new portrait of Lincoln, and Sinclair Lewis may, at any time now, contribute a life of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Every age recasts its traditional heroes in its own image. That is why the ultimate biographies of Napoleon, Goethe and St. Ignatius will never be written. Our own age has a particular passion for debunking its national heroes; our writers delight in gossiping about the idol's cloven hoof, false face, and paraffin spine. After an exclusive diet of saccharine lives, a salty reappraisal of our famous men is most certainly a healthy corrective. But the danger lies in rubbing the salt in too hard, thereby opening the old wounds of frailty and error that every hero carries on his person.

Biography is a protest against the sterile monotony of everyday life. Most of us have never seen the flash of a really great eye; not many of us will get our feet off the treadmill long enough to scale the glass mountain of fame. Hence we are avid for details of the life on Olympus, and strain our eyes upward for a glimpse of the golden city. Yet because we are tainted with envy, we rejoice noisily when occasionally we discover that the boots of heroes are dunged with the same mortal mire that clings so tenaciously to our own humble shoe-leather.—Table Talk, in *The Century Magazine*

Woodrow Wilson and Ellen Axson

THERE are public men of whom it can be said that love and marriage are incidental to their careers. In Woodrow Wilson's case exactly the opposite is true. His career, according to his authorized biographer, Ray Stannard Baker, cannot be understood without a knowledge of his affections, and in particular, of his affection for Ellen Axson, the Presbyterian preacher's daughter whom he met for the first time in Rome, Georgia, in 1883. He had "come to himself," in a religious sense, in Columbia University at the age of sixteen. He had taken up his work as a scholar in Princeton University at nineteen. Now he was to experience one of the deepest awakenings, if not the deepest, in his entire life.

IT WAS in the month of April—the most enchanting of all the year in Georgia—that the junior member of the "potentially great" but poverty-stricken firm of Renick & Wilson, attorneys-at-law of Atlanta, set off for a visit to Rome. A tall, well-groomed young man, "with a silky moustache and short side-whiskers," he carried himself with a dignity of assurance certainly not warranted by the eminence of his position in the legal world of Georgia. In his bag he had a slim packet of papers, including a power of attorney, dealing with the affairs of his only important client—his mother. He was going up to confer with his uncle, James Bones, who had until recently managed her affairs. He took with him his typewriter—a calligraph—that he might draw up any necessary papers, or copy out further paragraphs from his stenographic notes of an essay which he was then preparing upon his favorite theme of cabinet government as it might be adapted to the American system.

> A MAN who lives only for himself has not begun to live—has yet to learn his use and his real pleasure, too, in the world. It is not necessary he should marry to find himself out, but it is necessary he should love.
>
> —Woodrow Wilson

No doubt the trip also promised a pleasant diversion from the cares of 48 Marietta Street, for he would find himself among some of his relatives and oldest friends. As a boy, he had spent much time in the home of his aunt, Marion Woodrow Bones, and his cousin Jessie, now married to A. T. H. Brower, had been his playmate. The journey itself through the rolling green hills of Northern Georgia, with the apple trees in blossom, must have been a rare delight: and the fine old town with its broad central street market, and its great trees and stately old houses, a charming relief from the vexed life of Atlanta.

His fame had preceded him—well published by his enthusiastic cousins and the uncle who had crept into the back of the crowded room at the University of Virginia to hear the famous oration on John Bright. No doubt the number of the *International Review* containing his article on "Cabinet Government in the United States" was not too deeply buried upon the library table of that reading family. There had also been recent reports of his appearance before the Tariff Commission at Atlanta and, finally, who would not turn to look at the son of so famous a preacher as Dr. Wilson, the nephew of so noted a scholar as Professor James Woodrow! Family meant much in the South in those days.

He visited the Bones family, who lived in East Rome, and called upon the Browers. Not far away dwelt the Tedcastles, also newly married, Mrs. Tedcastle having been Agnes Vaughn. Agnes Tedcastle and Jessie Brower numbered among their most intimate friends one of the "rarest and most beautiful girls that ever lived in Rome" —Ellen Louise Axson. She was the daughter of the

Manse. Her father was the minister of the First Presbyterian Church of Rome; her grandfather, the "great Axson," was pastor of the famous Independent Presbyterian Church of Savannah.

Ellen Axson was not only the daughter of the Manse, but its mistress as well, for her mother had died two years previously and left a family of four children, of whom Ellen was the oldest. At twenty-three she was thus the head of a considerable household. A cousin who knew her well thus describes her:

"She always had a flower-like appearance; her hair was a bronze gold, her eyes were a deep brown, and her face was all aglow with the marvellous color that she never lost."

It was Ellen Axson who first saw Woodrow Wilson. She and Agnes Tedcastle were standing on the porch of the Tedcastle home. A young man was passing in the street below.

"Who is that fine-looking man?" asked Ellen Axson.

"I don't know whether to tell you or not, you man-hater," replied her friend. "That is Tommy Wilson."

The young man passing in the street was wholly unaware that he was being observed; he was unaware of Ellen Axson, though he had heard of her as the daughter of a friend of his father. Indeed, he himself once related that, during a visit in his childhood, when he was a child of some six or seven years, and she not more than two, he had insisted upon holding her in his arms.

It was not until the following day, which was Sunday, that he saw her. The Bones family went to the Presbyterian Church, in which James Bones was an elder. We have Wilson's own account of that great experience:

"The first time I saw your face to note it was in church one morning during the first of my last spring's visits to Rome—in April, wasn't it? You wore a heavy crepe veil, and I remember thinking 'what a bright, pretty face; what splendid, mischievous, laughing eyes! I'll lay a wager that this demure little lady has lots of life and fun in her!' And when, after the service (I think it had been a communion service) you spoke to Mrs. Bones, I took another good look at you, and concluded that it would be a very clever plan to inquire your name and seek an introduction. When I learned that this was Miss 'Ellie Lou' Axson, of whom I had heard so often, quite a flood of light was let in on my understanding and I was conscious of having formed a small resolution. I took an early opportunity of calling on the Rev. Mr. Axson. That dear gentleman received me with unsuspecting cordiality and sat down to entertain me under the impression that I had come to see only him. I *had* gone to see him, for I love and respect him and would have gone to see him with alacrity if he had never had a daughter; but I had not gone to see him *alone*. I had not forgot-

QUITE the most remarkable of discoveries was a package of (Wilson) family letters that came into the writer's hands after he had been for some months digging in the larger collections. He recalls vividly the very look of the wooden box, safely corded and sealed with red wax, which was placed upon his desk. How could one wait to open it—to take out tenderly the packets of yellowing letters, all in delightful confusion, with never a mark upon them of the cold processes of the organizer or the student. Here among other voluminous family records were some 1,200 letters that had passed between Woodrow Wilson and his wife, mostly in long-hand, beginning in 1883, two years before they were married, and reaching for nearly thirty years down to the political campaigns in New Jersey.

—Ray Stannard Baker

ten that face, and I wanted very much to see it again: so I asked rather pointedly after his daughter's health, and he, in some apparent surprise, summoned you to the parlor. Do you remember?—and do you remember the topic of conversation? how your father made me 'tackle' that question that was so much too big for me. 'Why have night congregations grown so small?' "

It was a fast and furious courtship; there were long walks and longer talks, and boat rides and picnics. The youth "could not keep away"; he "had to call every afternoon." We have the first three little notes that Ellen Axson ever wrote him, preserved through the years, the first two on stiff black-bordered cards {for she was still in mourning for her mother} and primly addressed "Mr. Wilson," and the third on plain paper with the more intimate "Mr. Woodrow."

Mr. Wilson,

I am sincerely sorry that a previous engagement will deprive me of the pleasure of your company tonight. I would have been glad of the opportunity to welcome you back to Rome.

Sincerely your friend,

Thursday. Ellen Axson

Mr. Wilson,

I have no engagement for this afternoon, and it will afford me pleasure to take the drive. I will be ready at the appointed hour.

Very sincerely,

Monday. Ellen Axson

Mr. Woodrow,

Very unwillingly, and with the firm conviction that I am the most unfortunate of mortals, I write to tell Jessie with my best thanks, that I won't be able to go on this picnic either.—I last evening made an ill-timed engagement to take a boat-ride on that afternoon, and like Sterne's starling "I can't get out" of it.—Excuse my keeping Lefoy so long, but all this time I have been trying in vain, to devise ways and means of escape.

There is no reason nor even—strange to say—*disinclination*, to prevent my saying most truthfully that I will be happy to walk with you this afternoon. With love to Jessie, I remain

Your sincere friend,

Monday morning. Ellen L. Axson

She was a girl of interests and aspirations not less high and fine than those of Woodrow Wilson. She had grown up in "a home of books and religion." She was then, and all her life afterward, a wide reader; her mind was alive with the best thought of the world. She had broader interests than the young lawyer of Atlanta with his intense, passionate, consuming devotion to his political studies. She opened to him at once the world that Wordsworth knew, and Sidney Lanier and Robert Browning and Laurence Sterne. She opened to him also the world of art, of which he knew nothing, for she had not only an interest in painting, but a real gift which she was to cultivate in an art school in New York and then sacrifice, as many another talented woman has done, to the career of her husband.

The friendship of Ellen Axson and Woodrow Wilson ripened swiftly. In September, 1883, on his way north to Baltimore, the young lawyer stopped at Asheville, North Carolina, and, walking up the street, saw by chance a girl sitting on the upper porch of the hotel. She was wearing a hat with a peculiar braid upon it which he knew at once. He sprang up the stairs to meet her. She had been summoned home by the serious illness of her father and was stopping to wait between trains. The youth carried everything before him. They walked up and down the porch, he quoted to her Bagehot's remark that a bachelor is "an amateur in life," and before they parted they were engaged.

It was in many ways the most important experience of Woodrow Wilson's life. It was not until he met Ellen Axson, as he himself said, that he became "fully himself." It discovered to him, at length, how he was to use his "unguided strength." It was a love "true and fit for foul weather."

It was an attachment such as the youth himself had never dreamed of, such a

"new realization" as he could not have imagined. His conception of women had been founded partly no doubt upon Scott's and Cooper's novels and partly built upon the chivalrous Southern ideal. He had sought to "cherish that chivalrous, almost worshipful, regard for woman which seems to me the truest badge of nobility in man." He sits willingly now at her feet. . . .

From the very first, Ellen Axson entered into every thought, every plan of Woodrow Wilson. She influenced his life at many of its critical moments. To an extraordinary extent, she protected him, guided him, established the environment in which his intense nature could best function. "I am the only one who can rest him," she told a friend. She lacked somewhat of gaiety; she was perhaps over-earnest; but she understood him from the first. She held him back when he was willing impetuously to cut off his work at Johns Hopkins in order to marry her. She mitigated the intensity of his likes and dislikes; she was the wise counsellor at every turn of his life. "My salvation," he once told her, "is in being loved. . . ."

He was essentially a lonely man: and his dependence upon his wife grew with the years. He was never away from home more than a day without writing to her, writing often at great length, and not mere letters full of dusty cares, but love letters. And the first thing he did upon his return from a journey, no matter how short, was to sit down and give "Ellen" a full account of it. Beginning in 1883, their correspondence continued for thirty years—hundreds upon hundreds of letters—and to the end they were love letters. There seemed never to have been a failure upon the part of either to take the other, with absolute truthfulness, into full confidence. . . .—From Ray Stannard Baker's *Woodrow Wilson—Life and Letters,* by permission of Doubleday, Doran & Company

PARIS WAS THE COMELIEST MAN

Paris was the comeliest man
That ever filched a wife,
But for each time he kissed his love
A Trojan lost his life.

Helen was the fairest lady
That ever bore the name,
But when she gave her to her love
All Troy burst into flame.

O I have died a Trojan's death
For every smallest joy.
Is it not time, my very love,
To fire the walls of Troy?

—From Robert Hillyer's *The Seventh Hill,* by permission of the Viking Press

WE have run education to earth because we are thinking of education as so much knowledge. A certain cocksureness on the part of our teachers and our rectors is a symptom of the sin of arrogance. The views of English scientists contending that death is an eternal sleep cannot but make a deep impression upon our young men and young women because we have encouraged them to believe that men in the chairs of our universities are the real potentates of thought.

The true scientist recognizes the fact that scientific knowledge is a narrow thing, it rules out the ecstasy of life. It can only speak of that which it can handle with its hands and see with its eyes.—Rev. Dr. Robert Norwood, of St. Bartholomew's, New York

THERE are two subjects that cannot be discussed on their merits among us. One is prohibition. Those who speak in its behalf are set down as prudes. Those who are against it are marked as sensualists.

So also is the matter of birth control. I offer no brief for it, but when we see what is happening in our slums—lives snuffed out as motherhood comes on—why is it that we have no open minds on the question?—President William P. Faunce, of Brown University

Society and the Individual

In the pioneer days of our history it was easy to love one's neighbor and respect his rights, when possibly the neighbor lived at a distance of four or five miles and the relations were not intimate enough to occasion a clash of interests. Now one finds that society rather than another individual is his neighbor. It is not the problem of adjusting his liberty to that of the liberty of another, but it is the problem of exercising his freedom so as to make it a contributing factor to the welfare of the whole social mass. In the amazingly rapid growth of our country, we have been thrown together in relations that are so intimate that we find ourselves not so much a collection of separate individuals as a group of individuals bound together as elements of an organic whole. The centripetal forces of life have forced us more and more closely together. There is a superficial antithesis which sets the individual over against society, the one in seemingly natural opposition to the other. A more profound view inevitably rises to a higher synthesis, which recognizes and emphasizes interdependence of all individuals in working out a common lot and destiny. . . .

The first and most compelling duty of citizenship is this recognition of man's true relation to the society of which he is a part. There are two points of view which are possible. The first is illustrated by the following incident:

A miner in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania, with great sacrifice to himself and his family, sent his eldest son to one of our universities. When asked by a friend of his why he was willing to make such sacrifice in order that his son might obtain an education, he replied: "I am determined to give him every advantage of an education in order that when he finishes his university life he may be able to look every man in the face and tell him to go to Hell."

The other point of view is contained in a remark made by one of the characters in a novel of Dostoievsky — "We were born in order that we might be together."

The one is an illustration of extreme individualism, the man for himself, and society about him to be ignored, defied, or exploited to serve his own interests. The other, the recognition of the solidarity of the social mass, which recognition at once integrates the individual with his fellows. This solidarity is daily brought vividly to our minds through the common experiences of traffic regulations. We are stopped abruptly by the signal of traffic command, and while we may be impatient and fret under the delay, we regard it as no infringement of the liberty of the individual but as a necessary provision for the common safety. We feel ourselves for the moment one with the crowd. . . .

The real value of a man to a community depends not upon his being a so-called law-abiding citizen; his conduct must also conform to the standard of some

> WE hear it sometimes stated with a certain complacent pride that democracy in America has passed beyond its experimental stage and that the stability of our government is assured for all time. But no form of government can be assured of permanency; no gathered momentum of the past, no perfection of governmental machinery, are able of themselves to guarantee over an indefinite period of time the well-being of the commonwealth. There must be a constant renewing of its sources of power, if any government is to adapt itself to the swiftly changing conditions of our modern age, and prove itself capable of withstanding the various influences which tend to the deterioration of the national life.
>
> —Dr. John Grier Hibben

self-imposed law. One who is realizing his responsibilities as a citizen lives for the most part in a sphere quite beyond legal right and wrong. The man whose conduct is directed solely by a shrewd consideration of how he may escape legal responsibilities is to be classed among the undesirables in any community.

There is an interesting record in George Washington's Diary which illustrates this point:

"Visiting at Col. Colfax's and was informed that Clifton had sold his land to Mr. Thompson Mason for £1200 sterling, which fully unravelled his conduct on the 2d and convinced me that he was nothing less than a thorough-paced rascal, disregardful of any engagements of words or oaths not bound by penalties."

Fear of penalties at best can be only a restraining influence. Respect for law based upon fear alone has little or no value in the life of the community.

LIKE the phrase, "one hundred per cent American," there is another abomination, the phrase "America first." During the World War we lost no opportunity in expressing our violent disapproval of the war cry, "Deutschland uber alles." This latter phrase, however, has the same import: it means "Germany first," just as many are saying to-day, "America first." And in the minds of those who say, "America first," they mean America not only first, but also foremost and all the time, to the exclusion of every other consideration. I believe most enthusiastically in the idea of America first, if only America can be first in contributing to the progress of the world civilization, and to that sympathetic understanding between nation and nation which shall assure the permanent peace of the world.

—Dr. John Grier Hibben

The stability of government depends upon the health of the social organism, and the health of that organism depends upon the disposition of every individual to so order, govern, and direct his own life that he contributes something to the community of far more significance and value than any course of conduct that can be compelled by law. In an address a few years ago by Lord Moulton, of England, before the Authors' Club, the suggestive distinction was made between law and manners. Law enforces its demands upon us by appropriate sanctions; by "manners," Lord Moulton defines all phases of conduct which cannot be enforced by law, but are self-legislated. This kind of behavior goes beyond law and contributes something to the welfare of society, which law is powerless to command.

In time of war it is the duty of a soldier to obey, whatever may be the command. It often happens, however, that for some particularly hazardous enterprise the commanding officer calls for volunteers. The man who offers himself for such an undertaking is at once beyond and above all law. He is under the law of his own nature, which prompts the service and the sacrifice.

In a community where there are citizens whose lives are informed and directed by standards of conduct which cannot be enforced from without but are compelled from within, we find the most powerful of all influences which tend to form the true buttress of law and to secure the integrity and stability of our institutions. In Plato's *Republic,* VI, 497, we find this observation, which is particularly significant: "You may remember my saying before, that some living authority would always be required in the State having the same idea of the constitution which guided you when as legislator you were laying down

the laws." This living authority rests primarily in the keeping of those who are not content merely with "common law honesty" but who live daily under a self-imposed law of a higher order, and thus create a "standard to which the wise and just may repair."

The influence of moral standards throughout society at large, continuously maintained and realized in customary behavior, forms the essentials of "law stuff." It is the raw material out of which positive law is evolved and perfected. Judicial decisions are not merely interpretations of law as it exists, but of all the prevailing moral ideals and customs of the community as well. . . .

It becomes more and more evident that no government can make man moral by law. On the other hand, however, moral standards and practices generally followed, becoming customs and having the force of an approved tradition, tend toward the modification and perfection of law.—From *Self-Legislated Obligations,* by Dr. John Grier Hibben, president of Princeton University, by permission of the Harvard University Press

CHARTING IMMEASURABLE SPACE

LIGHT and wireless signals travel at the same rate because, of course, they are essentially the same thing; and this thing takes a seventh of a second to travel round the world, and probably something like 100,000,000,000 years to travel round the universe. The ratio of these times {2×10^{10}} measures the dimensions of the universe in terms of the familiar dimensions of the world; incidentally, it also measures the expansion of our spatial ideas since Copernicus. The disparity of size is too great to be easily visualized. Suppose the size of the earth represented by a single atom. Then the range of vision of the biggest telescope is about represented by the whole earth, and the size of the whole universe according to the theory of relativity is represented by a stack of a thousand million earths.

Scarcely less bewildering than the immense extent of space is the immense amount and variety of matter it contains. The sun, which is a million times as big as the earth and 300,000 times as massive, proves to be something less than a grain of sand on the seashore. It forms one of a family whose number must certainly be counted in thousands of millions; Seares has estimated it at thirty thousand millions. This is not the only family of stars in space. Each of the great spiral and other extragalactic nebulae is either a family of stars or consists of stars in the making or of matter which is destined ultimately to form new stars.

We can estimate the masses of these great nebulae by gravitational means, and each is found to contain enough matter to make a thousand million suns. This of itself will give some conception of the vast size of these nebulae, but to tell the whole story it must be added that their colossal masses are so tenuous that each millionth part of an ounce is, on the average, as big as the Matterhorn. Think of a body which is bigger than the Matterhorn by as much as a thousand million suns is heavier than a millionth part of an ounce, and we have the size of any one of these great nebulae. . . .

Hubble estimates that about two million such nebulae are visible in the great 100-inch telescope at Mount Wilson, and that the whole universe has about a thousand million times the volume of that part of space visible in this telescope. Let us now multiply 1,000,000,000 by 2,000,000 and the product by 1,000,000,000. The answer {2×10^{24}} gives some indication of the probable number of stars in the universe; the same number of grains of sand spread over England would make a layer hundreds of yards in depth. Let us reflect that our earth is one-millionth part of one such grain of sand, and our mundane affairs begin to appear in their correct proportion to the universe as a whole . . .

—Dr. J. H. Jeans, in *The Scientific Monthly*

Theodore Thomas at a Rehearsal

HALF a century ago there was only one orchestra in the United States. At the present time, practically every large American city supports its orchestra. The most important single factor in bringing about this cultural revolution has been the influence of Theodore Thomas, who traveled up and down the land for forty years and shaped American musical taste. The difficulties overcome by the great orchestral leader are vividly recounted by the veteran journalist, Charles Edward Russell, in a biographical study of the American orchestra and its pioneer leader. It was awarded the Pulitzer prize of $1,000 for "the best American biography teaching patriotic and unselfish services to the people, illustrated by an eminent example, excluding as too obvious the names of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln."

ONE of the secrets of his extraordinary command over his players . . . was simple enough. He never once assumed the attitude that he wanted anything done only because he wanted it done.

"Do this because I tell you to do it," was never once suggested or hinted. His attitude was always, "We shall do this a certain way because we all know it is the best way and we are equally interested in having this work perfect." He did not say these words, you will understand, but conveyed always the sense of them: an odd illustration of spiritual democracy, if I may use that phrase, for nothing else can express it. From reading Stephen Fiske and others I had been led to expect Termagant; a kind of shouting, brow-beating, fault-finding, foot-stamping mogul of the baton. I was astonished to find that ordinarily he was the gentlest and most lovable old autocrat that ever went in shoe leather. At the same time, he was absolutely businesslike, absolutely certain of himself, firm, rigorous, insatiable of effort, but even when he called an individual player to task for error, I think he never aroused resentment in the wandering one. There was no humiliation in his corrective ardor, and that made the difference. After this I hardly have need to say that he never raved up and down the stage tearing his hair and cursing, as conductors of the old time were pictured, perhaps libelously. The Thomasian idea of venting wrath upon one that had forfeited his esteem was the sentence of excommunication. "Let him never speak to me again." . . .

> NO delver after the titbits of scandal need climb out of his garbage barrel to tell me that the leaders of the American Revolution were men. One might as well break into my house with trumpetings to inform me that grass is green and snow is cold. No more does the normal mind care for trifling defects in the man it is reading about. The only real question is what did this man do, of what use was he, what did he contribute?
>
> —Charles Edward Russell

One morning he was rehearsing D'Indy's "Symphony for Piano and Orchestra founded on a French Mountaineer's Song," and Rudolph Ganz, later the admired conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, was playing the piano part. The first harpist was Enrico Tramonti, that marvelous master of a beautiful instrument, and the second harp was played by Walfried Singer, an excellent musician, who at times appeared in the second violins. D'Indy's symphony has a long cadenza in which strings, harps, wood winds, and everything else let go. They were swinging down this with great and glorious sound, it seemed to me, when of a sudden, Crash! went the baton on the stand, and everybody stopped short.

A dead and awful silence ensued in which Mr. Thomas was observed to be standing, baton in hand, glaring down

upon the unfortunate Singer, who gazed back with eyes of mild alarm.

"Well?" said Thomas at last.

"It was only a wrong note, sir," piped the penitent one.

"O-h-h," said Thomas, transfixing the culprit with his eyes as one might spear a butterfly, "that was {pause} A-

L-

L- {pause} was it?" . . .

The principal 'cellist in those years was Bruno Steindel, who had no great claims to personal pulchritude {some persons said he looked like a German bartender} but played the violoncello like an angel from heaven. I am not to be understood from what follows as implying that Mr. Steindel was more careless about his personal appearance than another man; so far as I can learn no one has ever been able to devise a posture of perfectly Apollonian grace while operating upon the violoncello. One week he was to be the soloist, playing Boellman's "Variations Symphoniques." He was rehearsing with the orchestra when I came in. After a time Mr. Thomas called someone to take the baton, left the stage, and came and sat down in the parquet near me.

"Well," he whispered, "what do you think?"

Of course I said that the performance was great.

"H-m-m," said he. "Do you see anything wrong?"

I said I did not.

"Hah," said he, "poor eye—very poor."

He strode down to the front, reached over the footlights, grasped Mr. Steindel's two feet, one in each hand, lifted them and planted them in positions far from those they had before occupied. Then he stepped back and observed the effect of the changes, Mr. Steindel {with pathetic gravity} and the whole orchestra continuing the while to saw away. Next Mr. Thomas took a pencil from his pocket and marked on the stage the place for each Steindel foot. The difference was that before, the posture of Mr. Steindel had seemed a little awkward, not quite right, not sufficiently graceful, and now it seemed at ease and admirable, I doubt if anybody else, save possibly some specialist in such things, could have told what was wrong with the first pose, but certainly it gave one a vague discomfort of inharmony and therefore opposed one of Thomas's pet theories. Most conductors would have deemed it a thing too small to bother about. Thomas held that nothing was too small to bother about if related to the transfer of the feeling of the music.

> WHO among us can tell or measure the power of good music? Who shall say how many hearts it has soothed, how many tired brains it has rested, how many sorrows it has taken away? It is like the power of conscience —mighty, immeasurable.
>
> —Theodore Thomas

He had a galvanic sense of humor but it was sometimes slightly saturnine. By the time he had reached sixty he had encountered the all-but-universal misfortune of civilized man and was becoming bald. The great stage of the Auditorium was a drafty place and his preternatural physical sensitiveness embraced the belief that he was an easy victim of colds; more than ever now because of the thin thatch left on his head. He determined to wear headgear at the rehearsals, and after the manner of a grim humor, appeared one day in a kind of jockey cap, light blue and velvet, I think, with a long peak. So helmeted he led the rehearsals. The next week a more orderly headgear, a black silk cap made by Mrs. Thomas, was to be observed. But as this did not provide for the concerts, where the stage drafts were all unabated, he came finally to admit that he must resort to a toupee. He got it, unusually well made and of a handsome gray. The

first time he was to appear at a rehearsal thus accoutered he waited in his room until the players were in their places. Then he marched out before their astonished gaze and turned his back.

"Now laugh," said he, and added with peculiar emphasis, "once!" . . .

He had funny little ways. At a concert, if the orchestra acquitted itself well, he would leave the score on the stand and make to the players a slight bow before he turned to acknowledge the plaudits of the audience. If the playing did not suit him he would drop the score on the floor and omit the bow. In that event it was fairly certain that the composition would reappear before long on his program, and meanwhile there would be diligent rehearsing and some rebukes.

Cool reasoning lay back of some of his noted peculiarities. Thus he always had two of everything—carried two watches, two pencils, two keys to each lock. The stopping of a watch or breaking of a mainspring was not to be allowed to interfere with the Thomasian punctuality. Two batons were always laid upon his stand with his scores. . . .

One reason for his potent influence upon his men was the deep respect they had for his musicianship, first, and then for his transparent integrity. The world at large is easily fooled by pretentious incompetence, but two bodies here below are not fooled at all. A ship captain may fool his passengers, his owners, his underwriters, the press, and the public; he cannot fool his crew. With them, either he knows his business or he does not. It is so with the members of a grand orchestra and their leader. Conductors have been known in orchestral annals that lived and had honor and grew fat and died renowned whose men would crouch behind their stands that they might not see the baton's eccentric gyrations. Some there have been that were the subject of their players' everlasting mirth, and some whose players ran habitually half a beat behind. No such filigrees adorn the story of Theodore Thomas. Baton and men proceeded in faultless harmony and at the end all sound seemed cut off as if with one huge knife, sharp and clean.

At one of the last rehearsals I attended everything went well, the difficult points were smoothed out easily, the tonality seemed perfect. About half-past eleven Thomas laid down his baton, made his little bow, and said, "Well done, children, well done! We can all go home now. Thank you, children!"—From Charles Edward Russell's *The American Orchestra and Theodore Thomas,* by permission of Doubleday, Doran & Company

ORCHESTRATION

There is no music that I have not heard
Moving beneath our strange, unquiet speech,
Old melodies that tremble toward a word,
And turn and break like silver on a beach.
It is no wonder, then, if we be found
Listening beyond the casual things we say
To flutes and horns, again, and the far sound
Of strings whose players all are hushed away.

Their ghostly bugles, blowing thin refrains,
Seek here again the long-belated ease
From old despairs that stirred their troubled strains;—
And still such lingering interludes as these
Wake with faint bells whose tolling out of time
Haunts through our speech like chime on ghostly chime.

—From David Morton's *Nocturnes and Autumnals,* by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons

Civilization Committing Suicide?

THE struggle for existence has become, through the operation of the mechanical and industrial age, so keen and so fierce that more and more of the less sturdily equipped members of the race have been forced out of the running. They have simply broken down nervously. They have either become derelicts and dependents or they have become marauding rebels against the system which their nervous constitutions could not support—criminals, in other words.

Every one understands, to be sure, that it is only a part of the population which cannot keep the pace and which breaks down under the strain. These individuals are what the neurologist calls the less stable or less balanced creatures of the times. They are undone at various stages of their lives. Some droop and fail in adolescence. Others manage to keep up the combat for some years, only to crack under the strain before middle life or to sink into early decay when happier men and women are at the height of their powers. But a vast number of others is already ruinous at birth and it is this fact which again gives us the clue to the general causation of these weaknesses and faults which distinguish individuals doomed to disaster from those able to meet and conquer life—or wring some sort of endurable compromise from it. We must recognize that, with such exceptions as are obvious, these defects are the result of prenatal conditions Hence we are forced to look once more at the mothers of the race and carefully observe the manner in which they bring into the world the countless misfits.

> TODAY in the United States, to every ten workers gainfully occupied there is one public employee or public charge. This proportion is steadily rising and the day is not far off when every average family will be supporting an official or a dependent. . . .The number of criminals, of wasters, of idlers, of cranks, of halfwits, idiots, madmen, emotional defectives—of undesirables and weaklings of all kinds—which already is tremendous, will and must, unless radical remedies are used forthwith, become so great as to overwhelm the world.
>
> —Dr. Max Schlapp and Edward H. Smith

For a long generation, in the course of which the evil flower of feminism was brought to its present poisonous bloom, we have been assured by various indiscreet ethnologists, travelers, anthropologists and amateurs at sociology, that woman is the equal of man, that in many tribes she has taken the active and man the passive part, that her so-called subjection is a purely social and economic matter and that if her mental and physical faculties are not in all respects on a parity with those of the male, this must be charged to the circumstance that for many centuries she has been denied the privilege of using and developing her latent powers and perfections.

There is no need of engaging in feminist or anti-feminist polemics and we need not concern ourselves in any way with the comparative virtues and potentialities of men and women. The sexes are not and can not be equals for the reason that they are biologically and unalterably different. Not only have they been equipped physically for very different functions in the natural scheme but their whole nervous and glandular constitutions have been, through uncounted centuries of development and adaptation, peculiarly fitted for the special labors and functions which are theirs. More than that, woman cannot undertake the work and the social habits of man without defeminizing herself and making herself unfit for the all-important labors which are her chief responsibility to the race. . . .

Nature, in working out her human economies, evidently found it necessary

to assign one part of the activities vital to the preservation of the species to one sex and the other part to the opposite. To make possible the performance of these two activities she delegated to one sex a special chemical and nervous constitution which fits it for the reposeful and quiescent task of reproduction, for brooding upon and nourishing the offspring. To the other she gave a chemical and nervous mechanism which equips it for activity, for conflict, in short for the meeting of the strains and competitions of life, the struggle for survivial. . . .

We know, anatomically and from general clinical observation, not only that woman should not but that she can not compete with man or attempt to expand her zone of activity into his. Finally, we now understand the full tragic results of such aggrandizement on her part. It is the women who, whatever their actuation, enter into competition with men or are subjected to the strains and stresses of life who become the mothers of these uncounted defective, insane and criminal individuals who are the scourge of the world and a torture to themselves.

In making this assertion, one is conscious of having been frequently and sharply reminded that woman today is forced to make her own living and that she is the victim rather than the promoter of modern social and economic conditions. There are two answers to this common sally. The first is that women are upset and ruined for the purposes of maternity as much by feverish amusements and social competitions as by working for their living. The economic and industrial factor is by no means solely responsible for the evils in question. The second and complete answer is that if the conditions of modern life are responsible, as no one questions, then these conditions ought to be changed, no matter whose comfort or desires such changes may invade. If we fail to correct them nature will do the work with a ruthless hand as is her wont. We must simply and impartially recognize the causes of the situation and realize their catastrophic possibilities. . . .

Shocks, terrors, fears and all grave alarms have a tendency to produce glandular upheavals in women, particularly during pregnancy, though by no means exclusively at that time. More important still is the discovery that strains, thrills, unsuited employment, grief, worry, unhappiness, constant nervous tension and other emotional stresses are likely to bring about disbalances of their glands and that these troubles are more than likely to persist and affect the health and mentality of subsequent children. Thousands of cases examined and investigated at Post-Graduate have revealed that, with only the most obvious exceptions, the birth of deficient children has always been attended by emotional upheavals in the mothers during pregnancy, and it has been easy to demonstrate that gland disturbance was present. . . .

The poor woman who must go out and drudge while she is nourishing a new life in her womb stands at one extreme of the line. At the other stands the wealthy and indulged woman who exhausts and debilitates herself with social rivalries, excitements, dissipations, political activities and all the multitude of interests and concerns with which women of neurasthenic tendencies have burdened themselves in this day and age. It is, of course, notorious that numbers of the stupid, neurotic, abnormal, worthless and insane are born to women of great wealth, who have had every possible advantage that culture and luxury can provide. The birth of these children is commonly put down to the vague term, decadence. It is popularly believed that the son of an eminent man is frequently a dunce because the father reached the apex of development in his line and used up the last vitality of the stock. Pretty as the theory may be, the facts are on the other side. The true reason for the prevalence of decadence among the children of the rich and the elect will be found in the indulgences and misguided activities of the mothers.

The modern girl of the lower and lower middle classes, who goes out of her parents' home to make her own

way, or is forced to adopt this course, presents a broader and still more serious problem. Such young women, through the stress and strain of industrial and commercial life, very generally become glandularly and emotionally disturbed...

It must be said in conclusion that the present environment of woman is not in the main of her own making, though she has undoubtedly contributed to the situation by her revolt against nature, by her absurd quest of equality with a totally different creature.—From Dr. Max Schlapp's and Edward H. Smith's *The New Criminology,* by permission of Boni & Liveright

SONG OF A THOUSAND YEARS

METHUSELAH!
Methuselah!
When he hit three hundred years
He was sort of feeble in his walk
And gray around his ears.
"I ain't so spry in my j'ints," says he,
"And I'm kind o' low in my mind,
An' my specs don't fit no more," says he,
"An' mebby I'm goin' blind!"

Methuselah!
Methuselah!
When he hit four hundred years
He squeaked a little when he stepped;
"An' I'm deef," says he, "in my ears;
My teeth, they ain't much good," says he,
"And I never pick no fights.
And I don't care much for the gals, says he,
"And I'm always to home of nights."

Methuselah!
Methuselah!
When he hit five hundred years
His eyes were gummed and glazed with rheum
And the wax was hard in his ears,
But he'd got a kind of a pride in himself
Because he'd lived so long—
"B'gosh," says he, "I am here b'gosh!
I am here, an' I'm goin' strong!"

Methuselah!
Methuselah!
How much the mind will do!
Before he had reached six hundred years
He'd changed his point of view!
"I ain't so old for my age," says he,
"I swan, I'm feelin' spry!
And I'm gonna get me a couple of wives—
At least I'm gonna try!"

Methuselah!
Methuselah!
The Mind is more than Glands!
The day that he reached six hundred years
He walked upon his hands!
"You hush that talk of age," says he,
"When I am strollin' by—
The first five hundred years is hard,
But after that it's pie!"...

Methuselah!
Methuselah!
When he was in his prime
The glandular theory hadn't emerged
In medicine or in rhyme.
"It's what ye thinks," says Methuselah,
"As regulates that ye be!
An' the way fer to live a thousand years
Is to live, it is," says he.

Methuselah!
Methuselah!
He never need have died,
But a jealous husband bumped him off
For flirting with his bride!
"I wisht that I'd lived for a thousand years,"
He said as he expired,
"Fer I was gittin' along to the place
Where I was much admired!"...

—From Don Marquis's *Love Sonnets of a Cave Man and Other Verses:* by permission of Doubleday, Doran & Company.

"What the War Did to My Mind"

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, the famous Kansas editor and publicist, calls this "a most frank and touching statement by a distinguished convert to Christianity." Dr. Steiner, known internationally as a sociologist, was born in the Jewish faith, just over the Austro-Hungarian border from Russia. As a young man he came to America, was a Congregational minister in Ohio and Minnesota, and for some years has taught applied Christianity at Grinnell College. Because he would not "spit hate words in the Christian pulpit," Dr. Steiner says, he "was declared disloyal by his community" during the World War.

THE sweep of war over Europe was not unexpected. I had lived through half a dozen wars which raged in various corners of the continent, and I had come to believe that war was an unavoidable disease, like the cholera which followed it, and as unexterminable as lice and war profiteers.

I had this irrational hope: that America was different. A new young world, avowedly a Christian nation, therefore improvable and redeemable.

In such a mood the declaration of our entrance into the war found me, and on the Sunday following I went to church for the comfort of Christ and heard the minister as he began his children's sermon say: "Well children, we have entered the war and I am glad of it," after which he twisted a peace text from the book of Isaiah into a war sermon. Then I became one of the war's unnumbered casualties. . . .

The universities were drunk from war lust and I saw historians who were hysterical, philosophers who had no worthy philosophy of life, psychologists and psychiatrists who were rattle-brained, and biologists who were accurate in reporting the growth of a cell, but who did not have a brain cell working when they observed human affairs.

It was difficult enough to have to say good-bye to young boys in their teens, with the best of life still untasted, leaving the peaceful college campus for the angry war camps. This also I had experienced before, but there had been solemn stillness in the Carpathian village, broken by the weeping of women and the beating of the drum; the churches were places of mourning, not of rejoicing; no distorted peace text bade us be glad in this coming again of the most terrible of all terrors which seemed to have passed but yesterday and under whose shadow we were constantly living.

I expected, foolishly I suppose—or did I have a right to expect?—that a Christian minister would say in such a crisis: "The

DOCTOR STEINER'S attitude is the only honest, decent and intelligent attitude which the Christian church can take during a war. If it fights against the State during a war, it will perish by the sword—if it shrieks for slaughter and whoops for carnage, its sincerity will be smothered in the blood it calls forth. . . .

The American ministers who demanded that Germany be turned into a shambles and the kaiser hanged, the German ministers who straffed the English and applauded the Zeppelin raids, the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the bombardment of Scarborough, equally besmirched and disgraced the cloth.

War is all too frequently a dirty and a necessary piece of business, but it should not be of the Church's making, and the Church should not make its advent an occasion for rejoicing.

—William Allen White, in *The Emporia Gazette*

war is upon us; it is not of our own making and willing; we must help in healing the wounded, comfort the bereaved, provide abundantly for the men who bear the brunt of the battle, and pray for the soon coming of peace." That is exactly what I remember a Jewish rabbi saying in a similar crisis.

No wonder that when I heard the minister thrilling two front rows of young children by his war gladness, and twisting a Jewish prophet's peace message into a Christian war sermon—no wonder that I left the church in agony. . ..

I am of course an American, and should I be deported I would indeed be a man without a country. My ardor, however, is cooled by my war experience, for I have had to learn through bitter disillusionment that nationalism is everywhere the same force for good and ill, and in this crisis of the world's history the ill is the greater.—Rev. Edward A. Steiner, in *The Christian Century.*

BIG-NAVY TALK REPUDIATED

THE United States had to go to war because we were unprepared and we paid $26,000,000,000 for our foolishness. The business man has awakened to the fact that where he would sell he must deliver. There will never be a great nation that is not great on the sea. And you are going to have war sure if you contest the control of the sea with your goods—not with your guns.

War is inevitable so long as we travel along the lines we are traveling today. And what of it? We are not going to leave this heritage of George Washington to any question of luck. We may not get a reduction in taxes if we carry out our naval building program, but we'll never get stung in the same place a second time.—Rear Admiral Charles P. Plunkett, U. S. N., addressing the National Republican Club, in New York, January 21, 1928

President Coolidge today disapproved of statements attributed to Rear Admiral Charles P. Plunkett warning that an outbreak of war was not far distant. The President holds that no nation has any intention of attacking us, and that certainly the United States has no hostile attitude toward any power.

Big-navy talk or inflammatory statements by naval officers, the President feels, not only create wrong impressions abroad, but do not influence sentiment in Congress in favor of larger appropriations for national defense. Such statements appear yearly, the President indicated today, about the time Congress is considering the military and naval bills. . . .

If the President were to attempt to put a muzzle on service men, he believes, there would be a nationwide protest against interference with the freedom of speech. Therefore, while disapproving statements that may contain "alarums of war" or which picture the army and navy as ineffective, the President has found no way to stop it.

—Authorized statement of President Coolidge, January 24, 1928

Your Vice Admiral's provoking President Coolidge into his statement has put us on a better plane than we were on when we started.—J. Alfred Spender, editor of the *Westminster Gazette,* {London} addressing the Pilgrims, in New York, January 25, 1928

NEVER before in history has any country sent overseas an army larger than it was able to supply; yet that is exactly what America did. If the Germans had broken through, separating the French and British armies, our great forces in France would have been unable to subsist themselves. This hazard weighed heavily upon us all up to the very day of the Armistice.—Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War, in his introduction to Captain Thomas G. Frothingham's *The American Reinforcement in the World War.*

The Why and Wherefore of the Navy

PERIODICALLY during the year the navy has had the newspaper spotlight focused upon it because of the series of naval tragedies, such as the S-4 Submarine disaster, and there have been printed many discussions for and against increases in armament. Here a younger officer gives his views of the navy and the part it plays in the theater of peace as well as of war.

THE central mission of the navy . . . is preparation for war. Obsolete cruisers may land marines to safeguard the property and lives of residents abroad, a foreign squadron may delight the American colony in some distant port, a battleship may transport travelling officialdom with impressive dignity, but these are at best relatively unimportant sideshows. In the main tent, we are always rehearsing for battle. If indeed the age of universal peace has dawned, and no longer need nations fear war or the threat of war, then the time has come to sell off the splendid paraphernalia and pension the last of the faithful actors.

If, however, there exist the remotest possibility of conflict, it is the navy's duty to prepare for victory. That is its *raison d'etre.* If the acceptance of this simple truth be militarism, then militaristic ideas are unavoidable. If, on the other hand, it be true that the possession of a military force ready to achieve victory is the best assurance against a threat which might lead to war, the advocate of adequate armaments is in truth a pacifist. Adequacy, however, presupposes strength at least equal to the probable enemy and a definite plan of war. Navies to be sufficient unto their allotted tasks must be built with an eye to specific policies envisioning the purpose and extent of war at sea which each nation thinks best in its own interests to seek, be it the defense of limited regions or the greater world mission of victory on the high seas.

Ships are building to-day that embody the modern application of these ideas rooted in the warfare of past centuries; for France, submarines and powerful cruisers of great speed, designed to protect her coasts and keep open the sea lanes to North Africa, to forbid close blockade, and at the same time to harry the enemy's commerce. In England, on the other hand, we see the advent of a super-offensive battleship type, the *Rodney* and *Nelson,* carrying their nine sixteen-inch guns all forward, ships that will form the spear head of the British battleline, to win again her historic objective: smashing victory on the blue seas. The very essence of the immortal admiral's signal: "Engage the enemy closer," is indelibly wrought in the design of the ship that bears his name, while the flash and delicacy of seamanship, the *gloire de manoeuvre* of the frigate captains that sailed the last ships of the Bourbon navy, live again in the latest types of the French fleet.

President Coolidge has often expressed the hope that the day of competitive armaments is passing. Yet the very essence of the naval profession is competition. In times of peace we vie with prospective enemies against the day of battle. Competition rules all human activity, be it in the search of what will best alleviate and ennoble life, or be it, alas, in the quest for better weapons of destruction. It is against and in competition with foreign ships that the naval designer must build. And were it possible to disarm by mutual agreement to the last few decrepit cruisers, if honesty and loyalty, or even pity for those who might be called on to man them in action, still inspire the

UNCLE Sam wants the world to abolish submarines. The suggestion ought to prove popular. A submarine doesn't even win a nation any credit in the news reels.

In time of war a submarine is at best an undersea crime wave, acting as a boomerang to the nation employing it, and in time of peace it is like non-floating soap in a bathtub, no use and a great source of worry. —H. I. Phillips

last captain and the last constructor of the vanishing navy list, this remnant of our fleet will be designed and trained to be at least equal to the last of foreign navies.

The existence of war-ships, however few or limited in type, presupposes the possibility of battle, and no more cruel design can be conceived than the ship predestined to perish under the enemy's blows. Such was the sad fate of Cradock and later of his destroyer, Von Spee, vainly to attempt to close an enemy of superior range and speed, and, his own shots falling short, to await certain destruction. The gallant count well knew the helplessness of his armored cruisers against the faster, harder-hitting ships that would hunt him down long ere he could hope to break through eight thousand miles of hostile oceans, and steam in at dawn past the friendly ramparts of Heligoland.

"I take these flowers," he said to the enraptured German colony at Valparaiso, gathered to fete his victory over Cradock's luckless squadron. "They are for my funeral." And he sailed next day toward the Falklands—and, let us hope, to those Elysian Fields beyond, where gather the brave sea-fighters of the ages, commanders who, through the welter of blood and passion, have kept untarnished the ideal of military chivalry that runs like a fine gold thread through the gruesome tapestry of war.

Ours is a crowded and grasping age, in which opposing fleets, despite the bonds by which the statesman would seek to restrain the naval expert's natural enthusiasm, tend to grow more powerful, ship by ship and gun by gun, following the quickening pace of modern life. And many are the hostages we as a nation have given to fortune.

Our standard of living is the envy of the world. We have long since announced that the political affairs of the western hemisphere are peculiarly our concern. In forbidding entrance to those from less fortunate lands, who seek only to share our wealth of opportunity, we have used the dangerous formula of race discrimination despite a hint of serious consequences. Yet we demand economic equality in the Orient, and, unbound by military or political alliances, we insist on facing the world from a position of "glorious isolation."

On the ability of our navy to win the next war, if war there must be, rests the integrity of these basic tenets of our foreign policy. To protect the national greatness which we sincerely believe dependent thereon, that, and that alone, is the central function of the navy.

To accept ability to win the next war—and this is the inevitable point of view of the military profession, as the sole criterion of the navy's composition, training, and employment—brings one to the brink of dangerous logic. For just this was the ideal of the German army and navy of 1914, the militarism we fought to destroy, and on whose ruins we hoped to build a new world free from the foreboding of conflict that haunted the foreign office and admiralty during the first decade of the twentieth century. Each year then saw bigger guns, heavier armor, more powerful engines, the multiplication and improvement of flotilla types to carry deadlier torpedoes; patience, genius, loyalty, and devotion, bounded only by wealth of competing nations pledged to the creation of armaments instantly ready for attack.

Those were the days of militarism rampant in the vicious circle of threat and counter-threat. The man-made monster bid fair to destroy all that was best in the civilization that gave him birth, and to blot out the beginnings of freedom of thought and action, and the gradual betterment of conditions for those who had so long been but hewers of wood and drawers of water. That other generations might build anew, secure from the menace of war, was the high hope of many a nameless comrade in arms, who gave and gladly gave to a cause that transcended national interests, implicit obedience, youth, and life itself. How can we best keep the faith with them that died, yet hold withal to the soldier's duty, preparation for war?

The Washington Conference was the first tentative and perplexed attempt to

ALFRED EMANUEL SMITH
From the Painting by Douglas Volk

This is the latest portrait executed of the Governor of New York and Democratic nominee for the Presidency of the United States. He gave a number of sittings to the artist, whose war portraits of King Albert, General Pershing and David Lloyd George are in the National Gallery at Washington. (*See* Alfred Emanuel Smith. *Page* 294).

solve the problem of competing armaments. Through its work the navies of the world were so reduced that none could hope for easy and immediate victory. If in establishing naval equilibrium at the point chosen no vital national interest was jeopardized, the *via media* between the pacifist, who calls for complete and immediate disarmament, and the equally sincere soldier, who prepares for victory, within the limits set by his country's policy, has been found.

It is said that in the German ward rooms before the war they drank to *Der Tag*. It was a soldier's toast, cruel and cynical, yet gallant almost to bravado, and, like so much German thinking, brutally honest. Must every soldier drink the same toast or be false to his calling? Our eager youth, our manhood is spent in preparation, and yet it is not for us to hope that the day of battle shall come. It is a long tour of duty from ensign to admiral, a life given to the dress rehearsal of war. We labor in the faith that our very readiness will make less likely a threat to those vital interests we hold in trust for our country. That is our justification. But unlike our brothers in civil life, we must not wish for the crowded hour that would be the tremendous realization of a life's work.

We leave Guantanamo Bay to-morrow. I go on deck. Below in the ward-room returning revellers are singing: "And we won't come back to Soubic any more." The winter cruise is nearly over. A gallant fleet indeed, these many vessels in port, the long rows of lights vaguely outlining the power and majesty of the ships we know so well.

Will we come back to the southern drill-grounds year after year, old men in command of other ships as different from these as the *Colorado* was from Dewey's *Olympia?* Or, bursting in on a busy life of military make-believe, will it come some day in earnest, and the decks where we have drilled and danced splinter under falling shells whose deadly destructiveness we can only imagine? Will the picture of one's wife, fastened above the desk in his cabin, be blown into eternity, and, down in the plotting-room, will he feel a great blow that has reached the ship's heart, then the gradual heel, with the telephone gone dead, and the lights out?

Shall we be ready then?—Lieutenant Melvin F. Talbot, U. S. N., in *Scribner's Magazine*

FROM the standpoint of humanity and civilization, all war is an assault upon the stability of human society and should be suppressed in the common interest. The Government of the United States desires to see the institution of war abolished and stands ready to conclude with the French, British, Italian, German and Japanese Governments a single multilateral treaty open to subsequent adherence by any and all other Governments, binding the parties thereto not to resort to war with one another.

Permanent peace is now within the grasp of humanity.

—Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg to the French Government, on the proposed treaty to outlaw war.

WHAT is the matter with *ain't I?* for *am not I?* Nothing whatever, save that a number of minor grammarians object to it. *Ain't* has a pleasant sound, once the ears are unstopped of prejudice; precisely the same sound is in the impeccable *mayn't*. The contraction is rightly formed, it is easily spelled, it is old in the language, it is even fashionable in certain circles, and it belongs as a brother to *isn't* and *aren't*. Most of all, it is needed. Yet it lies under the damnation of the logogogues, though they offer no reason for damning it....

In self-defense let us form an Ain't I Society.—Wallace Rice, in *The American Mercury*

Modern Religion and American Citizenship

In one sense of the word, it is inaccurate to speak of any American religion. The organized religions of America are mainly three: Judaism, Romanism, and Protestantism—I cite them in order of their appearance in time rather than in the sequence of the census. It is nearly twenty-seven hundred years since Judaism first conceived of itself as a universal religion, and in many ways Judaism still remains the most universal of the religions which we know. Romanism is frankly international in its organization and supernational in its aspiration. The many Protestant sects of America are, for the most part, the offspring of parent kindred sects in the fatherlands of Europe. Ecclesiastically there is no such fact as an American religion.

In another sense of the word, no American Jew, Catholic, or Protestant would wish to achieve an American religion, if that religion proposed a revival of tribal gods, Caesar worship, or established churches. The world has everything to lose and nothing to gain from religions so intensely local that they deny fellowship with all sorts and conditions of men. America has no desire to achieve any such religion in defense of its isolation and self-sufficiency.

In a further sense, it is, however, inevitable and right that we should concede to the diverse faiths and practices of American religionists certain characteristic tempers common to them all. We are made aware of these qualities when we travel and worship in other lands. The American Jew abroad seeks out his synagogue, the Catholic goes to his cathedral, the Protestant attends the meetinghouse of his denomination. Yet no one of these men finds there precisely the worship to which he is accustomed at home. The words may be the same, there is a subtle difference in the inflection with which they are spoken and in their intimation. They have there Old-World memories which are no part of the New-World hopes. There is a difference in identity. As a stranger in a strange land, this American traveller wonders whether he is not spiritually nearer to fellow citizens of other faiths than to fellow religionists of other nations. . . .

> MAN is not yet so transfigured that he has ceased to keep the window of his mind and heart open towards Jerusalem, Galilee, Mecca, Canterbury, or Plymouth. The abstract proposal that we worship at any place where God lets down the ladder is not yet an adequate substitute for the deep desire to go up to some central sanctuary where the religious artist vindicates a concrete universal in the realm of the spirit.
>
> —Willard L. Sperry

There is no prospect that this vague uniform religiousness of America will ever receive any single institutional expression. But there is every prospect that all the faiths represented in this land of prodigal ecclesiastical variety will be touched by the genius of our distinctive culture. This religion of America, whatever its church, will manifest outward-mindedness, courage, self-confidence, optimism, sociability, invention, efficiency. No age-old, Old-World faith of another temper can remain permanently immune to these dominant strains in the American temperament, which reveal themselves uniformly in the affairs of both church and state. We may expect, therefore, a religious type which will be recognized the world around as the exponent of the spiritual intimations of our particular civilization.

A prophetic formulation of this religion brings us into highly controversial fields, but we may not shirk the logic of our thought. The word religion is a

word like friendship; it is used to describe a relationship, in this case, the relationship between God and man. The word requires, therefore, two theories, a theory of God and a theory of man.

We may well hesitate to prophesy the content of the doctrine of God as it may be matured by the religion of America. The traditional doctrines of God held by Jew, Catholic, and Protestant alike have not yet conceded the truths about the nature of the universe or the course of history as the modern sciences envisage them. Indeed, these truths are meeting in many quarters the most stubborn theological opposition. But the very stubbornness of the opposition suggests apprehension rather than conviction. . . .

Every religion requires also a doctrine of man. If we consult the emergence of religion in history, we cannot escape Professor George Foot Moore's conclusion that there is "a correlation between what man wants and what he thinks about the Being or beings of—or in—which he seeks the satisfaction of his wants. The relation is reciprocal, but the precedence is on the side of man's wants. This is the path along which religion advances from stage to stage in the progress of civilization." These words mean that a doctrine of God is not enough for religion, indeed, that the religious doctrine of man is no less important and perhaps more important than the doctrine of God.

This suggestion is very significant since it hints at the solution of a problem which many persons profess to find insoluble. Natural scientists, atheists, agnostics, heretics, liberals, modernists, and emancipated persons generally, say that they do not understand how orthodox religions live on with such antiquated and inadequate doctrines of God. The answer is plain. Such religions survive not by virtue of the adequacy of their doctrines of God but by virtue of the accuracy of their doctrines of man. A religion which knows much about human nature will not soon die. . . .

Now, it is just here, at this neglected yet important point, that the present and the future religion of America is most problematic. We have, in America, no single clearly enunciated doctrine of man to which we all subscribe. Until such a doctrine is achieved, we shall never have an adequate religion for America. Conceivably we might make a place in our doctrine of God for all that the sciences are teaching, so that heretics and liberals should be satisfied up to the hilt, and still fail of the religion to which we aspire for the want of an equally adequate and corollary theory as to the human creature.

The difficulty is not that we have no doctrine of man but that we have two rival doctrines of man, which are mutually exclusive. The traditional religion of our churches is uniformly Puritan in its account of the human stuff. Orthodox Jews, Catholics, and Protestants alike believe, with Newman, that "the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. It is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator." Our nature is a fallen, evil thing, as we inherit it, which must be coerced, disciplined, and even suppressed. This uniform Fundamentalism faces the human creature in a minatory mood. In their Hebrew original, most of the Ten Commandments begin with the negative particle. This Decalogue sets the standard for all ethical codes. It is as though an Eternal Lawgiver confronts humanity forever on the verge of translating its instincts into action, and just as the instinct is to be realized says, "No." Few Americans are so far removed from the rock of the religious orthodoxy whence they were hewn, that they do not know what it is to feel, with Carlyle, the authoritative peal through all the recesses of their being of this "Everlasting No." The authentic Puritan speaks in Emerson "I like the sayers of No better than the sayers of Yes."

American citizenship, on the other hand, is essentially naturalistic, if not frankly pagan in its doctrine of man. Our political institutions came out of an eighteenth-century philosophy which passed a vote of confidence in human nature. Unreflecting human beings must have acted upon this confidence in the

days when they heard old Triton blow his wreathed horn. Rousseau's republicanism and the French Revolutionary Declaration of the Rights of Man attempted to give full moral sanctions to the instincts of the natural man. As a formulated doctrine, this theory was a new fact in the history of thought. Lord Bryce has much to say of it in his Yale Lectures on Citizenship—"I ask you to note that these perfectionists based their ideal of democracy on a view of human nature which had been held neither in the ancient world nor {so far as I recall} by anybody in the Middle Ages." According to this perfectionist view, human nature will go right if left to itself, and has gone wrong only because of the officious intermeddling of incompetent and unnecessary authorities. This political tradition requires that the functions of government shall be kept at a minimum...

During the last hundred and fifty years, since the Puritan tradition in religion was supplemented by the naturalistic tradition of democracy, there have been many mixed marriages and much cross-breeding between these two doctrines of man. Being mutually exclusive, it seems strange, in retrospect, that they have managed to live together so long and on the whole so amicably.

But just as America came to a time seventy years ago when it was clear that the nation could not continue half slave and half free, so now we seem to be coming upon a time when the country must decide whether its whole maturing culture says "Yea" or "Nay" to human nature. Most of the controversial issues of our civil life are to be interpreted as tentative trials of strength between the yea-sayers and the nay-sayers to determine which of them is finally to possess the land.

Plainly the general drift of our life for the past quarter of a century has been away from the orthodox democratic confidence in man towards the orthodox religious distrust of man. We have been increasingly subject to censorships and legislative acts regulating both public and private morals. There is in America no established church decorously represented in our upper house in Washington, but it is doubtful whether there is any modern country in which the "church vote" exercises such influence upon legislation. Highly efficient lobbies of professional reformers enable the convinced nay-sayers to find political direction out through these indirections. The war did a good deal to encourage these habits of regulating the human creature, since in times of such extremity human nature has to be conscripted and coerced. . . .

The danger in America is that we shall regard this battle between nay-sayers and yea-sayers as one in which we are warranted in risking our lives and fortunes as members of church and state. The truth would seem to be that the issue year by year becomes less and less real, more and more incredible. No thoughtful man can be permanently satisfied by the fluctuating fortunes of this conflict. He must get the case off this ground and on to some more stable ground unless both armies are to be mired together. Lord Bryce saw this, at the last. He said that the time had come, now, when we must turn from our too hasty definitions of the nature of social and political institutions to "a study of human nature itself."

Modern religion and American citizenship face, therefore, the common task of arriving at a doctrine of man, derived from biology, history, psychology, and the social sciences, which shall furnish a single basis upon which both may proceed. The answer no longer lies with either the Puritan or the pagan but with that more dispassionate person whom we know as the man of science. Until we invoke him or follow him, to learn what sort of a being the human creature is, we shall have an inconclusive religion and patriotism.—Willard L. Sperry, Dean of the Harvard Theological School, in *The Yale Review*

It seems rather doubtful to me if we should prevent Nicaraguans from killing each other by killing them ourselves.—The Rev. Arthur Slaten

Joseph Conrad and His Publisher

HERE is an interesting account of the friendly relations which existed between the great Anglo-Polish writer and his American publisher. Joseph Conrad had all the simplicity of greatness that is found in great men and seems never to have lost it.

In The European Scrap Book *appear passages from a number of letters written by Conrad during the golden years of his authorship. It is most interesting to read them in the light of what Frank N. Doubleday, his American publisher, says.*

SOMETIME after 1908 I received a letter from Joseph Conrad saying that a novel, *The Rescue,* which he had begun to write, would not "come off" and he was afraid he could not finish it. He was very sorry, and he would give us what there was of it, in the hope that some day he could come back and complete it. I read with the utmost pleasure the chapters already written. I thought them very, very fine, but as he could not go any further, there was nothing to be done. The manuscript was tucked away. I have no idea what ever became of it.

ONE of the most dramatic happenings in publishing history was the sale of Conrad's manuscripts, most of which had been purchased by John Quinn for fifty dollars apiece and upwards. They were sold at auction in New York for one hundred and ten thousand dollars, of which Conrad got, of course, not one cent beyond the price of the original purchase. I tried to get Quinn to divide with J. C., but without success.

—Frank N. Doubleday

After twenty years, during which many things happened, I received a letter from Conrad saying he had now found a way to complete *The Rescue,* and he was immediately going to work to do it. So it fell out that after two decades this famous novel was completed, and nobody can tell where the old part ended and the new began. It was, I think, as good as anything he ever wrote. Fifty thousand copies were sold—an unheard of sale for Conrad.

Meanwhile we had been publishing other books of his. One day a friend said to me that she had been reading a really great book called *Lord Jim,* by Joseph Conrad. I had not read the book nor thought much about it; but I was impressed with what she said, and found that it was one of the five books we had purchased from the McClure Company when we took over that business. I immediately read it and was much impressed by it, and the conviction came to my mind that in Conrad we had a great author, although not one of his books had sold, I think, above two thousand copies.

My partners agreed with me that we should try to get into our own hands all the Conrad books published, although they probably would not pay for the cost of the plates. I remember that I went to various publishers, who were willing to help us to get the books complete, and asked them if they would sell.

So finally we had Conrad and most of his books, but we made few sales.

In 1912, I think, he wrote and put into the hands of James B. Pinker, his literary agent, a book called *Chance.* George Doran, happening to be in London at the time, took the contract for its publication, with a small advance and a reasonable royalty. We were much distressed at this, because we had counted on having all of his other books; but Conrad and Pinker, it seemed, had the impression that we had lost enough money on the author and that we would not like to continue.

I went to Doran and frankly told him the whole story—that we had this ambition to make Conrad successful, and that we controlled most of his volumes. He was extremely good and said that if we

would refund him the advance, he would transfer the book to us. This he did, along with *'Twixt Land and Sea,* the publishing rights of which he had obtained at the same time.

If I am any judge of books, *Chance* was the hardest of all the Conrad books to read. I should have said it was the most unlikely book to make a success with the public of all his long list. But how little one knows! The critics as well as readers took up *Chance* as they had not taken up any other of the Conrad volumes. I think we sold eight or ten thousand copies in a few months—a record at that time.

This was the beginning of Conrad's popularity. I flatter myself that we took advantage of it, and did Conrad a service.

I tried to see Conrad in London a number of times, but he was so shy that he would not permit it. When *Chance* became a success, however, I insisted with Pinker that I should have an opportunity to talk with Conrad. I shall never forget the day when he came to lunch with me at Brown's Hotel in London, nervous to the last degree and hardly able to talk intelligently at first. I asked him what work he was doing, and he became interested in telling me about the new book which was on the stocks at that time. He forgot himself. In fifteen or twenty minutes we were thoroughly at home together. We were intimate from then until the date of his death. It is a great satisfaction to think that we were able to earn for him a substantial amount of money, so that he escaped from the whip of poverty.

In the fall of 1922 we were in London, and I said to him: "Mr. Conrad, we have made you many visits, but you have never made us one. Don't you think you should return our calls?"

"When would you like me to call?" he asked.

I said, "The first of May," and the first of May he came.

As a visitor in Oyster Bay, he was both a most delightful person and a great care. His personality was charming, but the newspaper reporters flocked around, and we were deluged with letters, telegrams, and telephone nessages.

Of all the foreign visitors who have made the journey to New York, I think Conrad was perhaps the most successful. This came about through his perfectly simple and open manner. The reporters asked him, for instance, if he was going to lecture, and he replied that the people of the United States had always been very kind to him and he saw no reason why he should lecture them—as a matter of fact, he had come only to visit a friend, not for business. . . .

A curious thing about Conrad was that, while he wrote the most beautiful English, he spoke it in such a way that it was extremely difficult to understand. Two stenographers tried to take down his speech at Garden City, but they could understand only a few words.

One of the most trying things that ever happened to me was Conrad's effort to make a talk at the home of Arthur Curtis James and to read from *Victory.* It was given to me to introduce him to the audience. He was in a state of nervous collapse, and I was not far behind. I remember that I was almost in a trance when I got up to make the introduction, and I was surprised to hear myself say, "This is the first time that Mr. Conrad has ever spoken in public, and please God, if I have anything to do with it, it will be the last."

It was the last. It nearly killed him, because of his extreme nervousness.

During his visit we took him on a journey to New England, which he enjoyed beyond words. He had never been to the United States before, one must remember, and the experience was unique. He was the sweetest natured, most delightful man that one would meet in a year's journey; he took his part in the family affairs, and when there was entertaining to be done he was sure to carry his end of the load. Eventually we took him home and delivered him to his wife and got a receipt for him. She admitted that he was in better health than when we took him, and it is one of the pleasantest memories in my life that we should have been able to be of service to him.

JOSEPH CONRAD AND HIS PUBLISHER

It is a great pleasure to think his books have always been sold in quantities much larger in America than in England. I like to think that American readers appreciate him more than the English ever have, and I think that Conrad felt the same way. . . .

There was one episode in his life which, so far as I know, he kept secret except from me and possibly a few intimate friends. I never heard anyone else speak of it. Several universities in England wished to give him degrees, which he would not accept. He said he was a plain sailorman, and, if he accepted degrees, he would more or less cast aspersions on the value of this distinguished honor. Nothing could induce him to change his mind.

In 1924 I received a letter from Conrad saying he had received a communication from the Prime Minister in the shape of a long envelope which looked very official, and he was sure he had violated the income tax laws and would probably go to jail. He opened the envelope with great trepidation to find that he was to be known thereafter as Sir Joseph Conrad. This threw him into a tremor of excitement; he did not want to be known as Sir Joseph Conrad and was absolutely opposed to having a title. Just how he got out of it, I never heard. He told me to keep it to myself, which I did. I do not believe that many people knew that the honor had been proffered to him.—Frank N. Doubleday, in *Personality*

Maternal affection should be permissible; it ought not to be obligatory.—Heywood Broun.

STRANGERS

They cannot love a lesser land
Who once have gazed too far
Beyond proud blue horizons
Where perilous cities are.

There is a strangeness in their talk;
Their words are light and thinned;
As if the meaning had been blown
Through by some fatal wind.

Their eyes look past all other eyes,
They stare beyond the sky;
Their smiles are lost like silver birds
That eerily flash by.

They cannot love with lesser love
Who proudly once have known
The perilous high way of love;
And so they go alone.

—Marjorie Meeker, in *Color of Water* (Brentano's)

THE late Governor Hadley, of Missouri, was a good deal of a philosopher and historian, as well as a politician, and he used to say that politics was one of those things which one rarely learned late in life and then only imperfectly and with difficulty.

Take a man out of the business or professional world in middle life and the chances were that he would bungle in politics. To succeed in politics one had to do the right thing politically by instinct, or perhaps it would be better to say mechanically. It would not do to think out what was the right thing politically; one had to do it as easily and naturally and with as much inevitability as breathing.

The instinct for politics was not so much born in one, he would say, as acquired by early experience and much practice, much knowledge of human nature, the habit of dealing with the imponderables of life.

To take an illustration which he did not use, the difference between the late politician and the early politician was the difference between the man who took up golf at forty-five and the man who had been handling a club ever since he was big enough to swing one.—Clinton W. Gilbert, in the New York *Evening Post*

Business may not be the noblest pursuit, but it is true that men are bringing to it some of the qualities which actuate the explorer, scientist, artist: the zest, the open-mindedness, even the disinterestedness, with which the scientific investigator explores some field of pure research.—Earnest Elmo Calkins, in *The Atlantic Monthly*

EZRA POUND

COINCIDENT with the award to Ezra Pound of a $2,000 prize for his services {as a poet} to the art of letters during 1927, comes the publication of his collected poems under the title of Personae. *In accepting the prize, the poet, who is a native of Oregon but for many years a resident of Paris, specified: "It is impossible for me to accept an award except on* Cantos *or on my verse as a whole. . . It would be stupid to make the award on prose-basis, as my prose is mostly stop-gap—attempts to deal with transient states of murky imbecility or ignorance."*

W. B. Yeats and Rabindranath Tagore, Nobel prize winners, have expressed their admiration for the work of Ezra Pound. Ford Madox Ford, the noted English man of letters, says of Pound that "He assumes more and more the aspect of a poet who is far more truly the historian of the world than any compiler of any outline of history."

FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS

COME, my songs, let us express our baser passions,
Let us express our envy of the man with a steady job and no worry about the future.

You are very idle, my songs.
I fear you will come to a bad end.
You stand about in the streets,
You loiter at the corners and bus-stops,
You do next to nothing at all.

You do not even express our inner nobilities,
You will come to a very bad end.

And I?
I have gone half cracked,
I have talked to you so much that I almost see you about me,
Insolent little beasts, shameless, devoid of clothing!

But you, newest song of the lot,
You are not old enough to have done much mischief,
I will get you a green coat out of China
With dragons worked upon it,
I will get you the scarlet silk trousers
From the statue of the infant Christ in Santa Maria Novella,
Lest they say we are lacking in taste,
Or that there is no caste in this family.

BALLAD OF THE GOODLY FERE*

Simon Zelotes speaketh it somewhile after the Crucifixion. *Fere-Mate, Companion

HA' we lost the goodliest fere o' all
For the priests and the gallows tree?
Aye lover he was of brawny men,
O' ships and the open sea.

When they came wi' a host to take Our Man
His smile was good to see,
"First let these go!" quo' our Goodly Fere,
"Or I'll see ye damned," says he.

Aye he sent us out through the crossed high spears
And the scorn of his laugh rang free,
"Why took ye not me when I walked about
Alone in the town?" says he.

Oh we drunk his "Hale" in the good red wine
When we last made company,
No capon priest was the Goodly Fere
But a man o' men was he.

I ha' seen him drive a hundred men
Wi' a bundle o' cords swung free,
That they took the high and holy house
For their pawn and treasury.

They'll no' get him a' in a book I think
Though they write it cunningly;
No mouse of the scrolls was the Goodly Fere
But aye loved the open sea.

If they think they ha' snared our Goodly Fere
They are fools to the last degree.
"I'll go to the feast," quo' our Goodly Fere,
"Though I go to the gallows tree."

FRIVOLOUS SAINTS

"Ye ha' seen me heal the lame and blind,
And wake the dead," says he,
"Ye shall see one thing to master all:
'Tis how a brave man dies on the tree."

A son of God was the Goodly Fere
That bade us his brothers be.
I ha' seen him cow a thousand men.
I have seen him upon the tree.

He cried no cry when they drave the nails
And the blood gushed hot and free,
The hounds of the crimson sky gave tongue
But never a cry cried he.

I ha' seen him cow a thousand men
On the hills o' Galilee,
They whined as he walked out calm between,
Wi' his eyes like the grey o' the sea,

Like the sea that brooks no voyaging
With the winds unleashed and free,
Like the sea that he cowed at Genseret
Wi' twey words spoke' suddenly.

A master of men was the Goodly Fere,
A mate of the wind and sea,
If they think they ha' slain our Goodly Fere
They are fools eternally.

I ha' seen him eat o' the honey-comb
Sin' they nailed him to the tree.

—From Ezra Pound's *Personae,* by permission of Boni & Liveright

FRIVOLOUS SAINTS

REMEMBERING Nora Bayes and my friendship for her, there suddenly flashed into my mind the phrase "Frivolous Saints." What an absurd contradiction!

A saint is solemn, a saint is sad, a saint is dignified, a saint, above all, is pious and saintly! Chivalrous saints there are, I conceded, but whoever heard of frivolous saints?—and I reproved my mind for this daring thought.

Yet these queer saints of mine—one finds them in such unexpected places—theaters, hospitals, night clubs, business offices and sometimes pulpits! They are no respecters of places or professions.

Words and professions are so inadequate when one measures them against deeds and reality. Solomon was right when he valued an understanding heart above all other gifts. Everything else is of very little value.

One night the telephone summoned me to an apartment in the lower Fifties. A young woman lay gasping for breath. A nurse tiptoed out of the room as the dying woman began speaking:

"Father, I know I am going. Will you do this for me? My husband is hopelessly ill in a sanitarium. I have kept him there for five years. I have earned the money, father, at the cabaret and with my body. There was no one else but me to care for him. I loved him so. I could not bear to see him suffer, to go without care. There seemed no other way. I have danced and sung and gayly played my part and sold myself over and over again. But he has been cared for and now I am dying. I have an insurance that will keep him as long as he lives. Will you see that he is taken care of?"

She finished, and, smiling, died. She had sacrificed all for love.

Another one of my saints is a black man. I never knew him. A jolly, carefree Negro, devoted to his white boss. One day a man was found murdered in the fine old home where he served. Suspicion pointed strongly toward the son of the household, devotedly loved by this Negro. Then one day he confessed and was hung, singing cheerily till the last. Years after the white man told me that John had deliberately taken the guilt upon himself and died for a heinous crime that he had never committed. Certainly greater love hath no man than this.

A great modern preacher said sometime ago, "Whatever may be the truth about theology, goodwill is religion."

—Rev. Dr. Randolph Ray, rector of the Little Church Around the Corner, New York, in the New York *Herald-Tribune*

LIFE, DEATH AND THE NEGRO

IN August, 1619, a boatload of Negro slaves was landed at Jamestown by a Dutch man-of-war. Booker T. Washington has somewhere poignantly remarked that the *Mayflower*, which "brought to America the first seeds of civil and religious liberty, reached Plymouth a year later, 1620, so that Negro slavery is older than Anglo-Saxon liberty on the soil of the United States." With varying degrees of intensity, the slave trade flourished for nearly two centuries, until it was prohibited by law in 1808 and actually stopped by the Emancipation Proclamation in 1863. . . .

> THE future will see but small change in the relative numerical importance of the Negro, unless, of course, some unforeseen circumstance should distort the picture. He is here for good, and the years to come will probably see him playing an increasingly important and worthy part in the affairs of the country. His achievement in America will be ultimately recognized, not only as the greatest experiment in racial adjustment ever undertaken by man, but as the most encouraging and gratifying episode in our national life.
>
> —Louis I. Dublin

At the beginning, the Negro was fairly evenly distributed along the Atlantic seaboard. But the experiment soon showed that he could be used advantageously only on the Southern plantations. He was not well adapted to the small, individualistic farms of the North, but the warm climate and the mass method of production in the South made him a most desirable and profitable laborer. Practically all the tobacco exported from Virginia, and all the indigo and rice of the Carolinas, were the fruit of his toil. But it was only after the invention of the cotton-gin, patented in 1794, that slave labor in the South became indispensable, and there began that concentration of Negroes in the cotton-growing States which lasted down to the end of the Civil War.

About 25,000 Negroes were brought into the country during the Seventeenth Century. In the first half of the century following the importations numbered approximately 100,000. It is probable that the total number brought into the colonies prior to the establishment of independence was 200,000. The survivors of these and their descendants accounted for somewhat over a half million in 1776. During the Revolution the importation of slaves was checked, and, because of the added hardships, the mortality of those already in the country was undoubtedly very heavy. With the close of the war, slavery was practically at an end in the North. By 1787, it had been legally terminated in all the States north of Maryland except New York and New Jersey, which followed suit a few years later.

The South, on the contrary, witnessed a post-war revival of the slave-trade, marked by a significant change in popular temper. Slavery was no longer an experiment, but a vital and permanent necessity. In the rest of the country there was a widespread feeling at the time of the adoption of the Constitution that the whole theory of slavery was unsound, that it was morally indefensible, and that slave labor was uneconomic. This sentiment was accompanied by a strong movement to prohibit the importation of additional slave labor. The South refused to accede to this demand, although in the border States and in Virginia there was much anti-slavery feeling. But the opposition forced a compromise and after much debate it was agreed to incorporate a provision in the Constitution that the continued importation of slaves should cease in 1808. There is no accurate record of the number of Negroes imported during the last twenty years of the legal slave-trade. Beyond question, the traffic was very brisk dur-

ing this period. In the three years 1804 to 1807, for example, there were landed in Charleston no less than 39,075 slaves. One estimate has put the number imported between 1790 and 1808 at 90,000. The actual number was probably much larger. . . .

The Constitution provided for a regular census every ten years, and consequently, since 1790, our successive population figures have been fairly trustworthy. The first census showed that there were in the United States over 750,000 Negroes, of whom almost 60,000 were free. In other words, about one-fifth of the nation's total population was colored. Ninety-one per cent of this number were living in the Southern States. Every succeeding census thereafter showed a rapidly increasing number. By 1800, there were already over a million colored people. The Louisiana Purchase in 1803 brought in an additional 50,000, of whom six-sevenths were slaves. By 1810, there were nearly 1,400,000. The number had, therefore, almost doubled in the preceding twenty years—a very remarkable record.

It has always remained a difficult thing to account for this immense growth. The importations and the additions through the Louisiana Purchase, heavy as they were, could hardly account for more than a quarter of the increase. The rest was the result of the excess of births over deaths. Life on the whole in the colonies was still not severe enough to interfere with a rather free increase of the race. Food and other necessities were plentiful and there was as yet too little concentration of population to cause serious inroads from disease. Taken by and large, health conditions among the Negroes were probably not much worse than among the great mass of poor whites living in the South.

From 1810 onward we are concerned primarily with these 1,400,000 people and their descendants. For, on the whole, the increase of the Negro population in the United States since that date has been due to the reproduction of those then enumerated. In the early part of the Nineteenth Century, the increase was at the rate of about 2½% a year, which means that the population doubled in thirty years. The 1840 census showed 2,874,000 Negroes. They again doubled in the next thirty-five years. By 1880, the population had increased to 6,581,000. Since then, the rate of increase has markedly slowed up, and it will probably take until 1950, or a period of seventy-five years, for the population to double again. During the first sixty years of the last century, the increase was almost three and a half millions, or 343%. In contrast, the first sixty years of freedom showed a numerical increase of over six millions, but at a rate of growth of only 136%.

From 1810 onward, when the colored people constituted 19% of the total American population, each succeeding census has shown them forming a smaller percentage of the whole. By 1860, that percentage was reduced to 14.1, and by 1920 to only 9.9. But this relative decline must not be misinterpreted. The steady numerical increase of the Negro from decade to decade has been almost altogether the result of the excess births over deaths. The increase of the white population during the same interval has been due to two forces, first, the excess of births over deaths {natural increase} and second, immigration on an unprecedented scale. The millions of new-

TO A CAT, PURRING

Pansy-face and raspberry-paws,
Hidden thorns are these your claws:
Moist and cool is your tiny nose
As tight-knit bud of a hedge wild rose.
Sleek as the crow's wing, back and side;
Green as a leek, your eyes, and wide
With diamond and mysterious stare;
The treacherous tiger slumbers there.
So still, you dream, and your whiskers stir;
You purr and purr and purr and purr.
With a breath as soft as a shadow's wing,
You think of killings when you sing.

—Florence S. Small, in *Harper's Magazine*

comers from Europe since 1850 have added tremendously to our white stock, and it is this fact that is primarily responsible for the proportionate decline of the Negro to one-tenth of our total population. Although the importation of Negroes was legally stopped in 1808, the contraband slave trade continued for a long period without marked abatement. Charleston, Mobile, Galveston and other ports were the centers of a flourishing and highly organized slave traffic. Dr. W. E. B. DuBois in his very interesting book, *The Suppression of the Slave Trade,* shows in great detail the amount of Negro smuggling practiced before the Civil War, and proves beyond question that thousands of Negroes were illegally brought into the United States every year. Other authorities confirm these facts from naval records and point out that the official efforts to stop the trade were utterly inadequate. Newspaper clippings, consular records, Congressional debates, Presidential messages, and other executive documents speak frankly of the situation.

The decade between 1850 and 1860 witnessed the peak of this activity. It was estimated that during eighteen months in 1859 and 1860, eighty-five slave ships were fitted out in New York harbor, and that these boats alone transported from 30,000 to 60,000 slaves annually. Probably the last slave ship was the *Lawrence,* which ran the Federal blockade during the Civil War and landed a boatload of slaves in Mobile in 1862.

All records prove the great fertility of the Negro race. Of all the native stocks in America, it is and has always been the most prolific. What its actual birth-rates were in the early days it is almost impossible to say, but they probably represented the very limit of reproductive ability. In Africa and in the United States later on, no restraints were practiced by the Negroes themselves; and during slavery days there was every incentive on the part of the slave-owners to stimulate childbearing, since the offspring were of considerable economic value.

The problems of Negro health and longevity came to a head, not during the period of slavery, but with the Civil War and the years of Reconstruction. There is general agreement that, after the war, the plight of the Negro was pitiful indeed. Neither in the cities nor on the farms were there adequate work, food, and shelter for him, and so destitution was general. The Richmond *Enquirer* for November 22, 1867, remarked that "at no period during the existence of slavery in Virginia was the physical and moral condition of the great mass of the Negro population worse than it is at present." The newly freed slave was undisciplined, he lacked sufficient food and clothing, and was forced into the most unsanitary habitations. During the last years of the sixties and in the seventies he was dying off at a truly appalling rate.

But it should be kept in mind that the Negro is physically a well-organized individual with a marked capacity for a long life-span. Even during slavery days many Negroes attained to extreme old age. Under present conditions there is evidence on all sides of the capacity of the Negro to round out a good expectation. At about the age of fifty, the expectation of life of Negro males is under one year less than that of white males, and of Negro females a little over two years less. The recent gains in the average length of life are entirely commensurate with those of the white population. This fact alone holds out the greatest promise for the future of the Negro in America.

Possibly the very best indication of what has happened to him in recent decades is afforded, not by the scanty records from official sources, which cover only a fraction of the Negro population and which are much belated, but by the current experience of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which has on its books more than two million individuals of the race, a fifth of the total colored population.

The extent of the increase of American Negroes in the future is largely a matter of conjecture. We can only be guided

by the history of the race during the last century and a half, by our knowledge of the habits of the people and by present tendencies of birth and death-rates. . . .

By the year 2000, the Negro population of the United States will be approximately fourteen and a half millions, that is, about a half million short of the ultimate figure. The next three-quarters of a century will, therefore, see an increase of about three and a half millions in the present Negro population, or about 32%. But this increase will be largely concentrated into the first half of the period, gradually diminishing until at the end of the century a stationary population will be reached.

At the present time, the Negro population is increasing at the rate of close to ½ to 1% a year, in contrast with a rate of about 2½% a year a little over a century ago. But it must not be supposed that this decline is limited to the colored people. A similar change has occurred in the entire population. The rate of natural increase is rapidly declining. If we continue our present immigration policy, as seems very likely, the American people will, in the year 2000, number under 185,000,000.—Louis I. Dublin, Ph.D., in *The American Mercury*

A LINGUAL BABEL

SINCE the birth of our nation, demoralizing vocal seepings, from every part of the globe, civilized and savage, have muddled the clear stream of our mother tongue. Even in England it has had to struggle through the handicaps of a dozen different dialects to sustain itself as English pure and undefiled.

In our own country the diversity of vocal tang is perhaps not so noticeable, because it is spread over such vast areas and our ears have grown callous to a universal sloppiness of utterance. We do not forget that we are a democracy, and in our great Republic every man has a right—a constitutional right—to free speech, and "age can not wither nor custom stale its infinite variety."

In the potpourri one hears the puritanical nasality of New England, the shrill and raucous emphasis of Pennsylvania, the soft negroid of Virginia bred of generations of black mammie's crooning to the babies, the drone of the mountaineer, the flat tones of Kentucky and Tennessee, the assertive "r" of the Middle West, the Scandinavian lilt of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and—God save the mark!—New Yorkese. Upon the speech of these sections has been superimposed the influence of every known language from Polynesia to Kamchatka. It is shot at our ears from the lips of public servants, saleswomen and our charming girl graduates, from Rotary and Kiwanis gatherings, from legislative halls and women's luncheon clubs. Its most devastating influence is all too frequently found in the unchastened accents of instructors in our public schools.

In this welter of mispronunciation—this catarrhal Babel—we must seek the material of which the future hope of the American theater is formed. The first step in the development of our young actors is to rid them of the influence of linguist neglect, and it is astonishing to find how tone deaf most of them are.

There is something fascinating in linguist crime. Many of our youngsters in cultured families think it a bit unmanly to speak with care and accuracy.—Otis Skinner, {who in 1928 was awarded the gold medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters as the exemplar of good speech on the dramatic stage}, quoted in the New York *Times*

TWO-VOLUME NOVEL

The sun's gone dim, and
The moon's turned black;
For I loved him, and
He didn't love back.

—Dorothy Parker, in *Sunset Gun*, by permission of Boni & Liveright

A Lynching Bee

THERE has been a second trial for three negroes—one of them a woman—in the local court. The State Supreme Court had reversed their first convictions. And the present presiding judge has directed a verdict of not guilty for one of the prisoners, a man.

This night automobiles gather about the local jail, by prearrangement, evidently. Some one has the key to the jail. Figures enter, ascend to a tier of cells and unlock a door. A dark woman knows that her hour has come. Her piercing wail echoes through the stone corridors, followed shortly by the screams, prayers and entreaties of two men who know that they are being taken to their death, although a judge had that afternoon declared one of them innocent of the crime charged.

There is the roar of automobiles leaving hurriedly. The procession arrives at a clump of pines. Two dark men and a dark woman, their eyes rolling in terror, their limbs almost paralyzed, are dragged into the obscurity of the trees. There are shots, two bodies fall. The woman is crawling on the ground, leaving a trail of blood. She is begging for her life, moaning in anguish. There are further shots—and then silence.

The next morning the country learns that a jail has been "stormed," and that there has been another lynching. The opinion is freely expressed that no one will be punished. . . .This is a rough picture of the lynching that took place on October 8, 1926, in Aiken, S. C. With variations it might apply to many others. In Clarksdale, Miss., a mob resenting the acquittal of a colored man, took him in broad daylight from the steps of the courtroom after he had been freed, and murdered him.

> PEOPLE vote their resentment, not their appreciation. The average man does not vote *for* anything, but *against* something. There are exceptions to this generalization, of course, but it is fundamentally so true that it may be set down as another law of politics.
>
> —William Bennett Munro, in *The Yale Review.*

Obviously, where women are lynched, as two were within a month, in 1926, there cannot be any question of "the usual crime" of rape. In fact, ninety-two women have been lynched in the United States in the past forty years. In the entire records of lynching, less than eighteen percent of four thousand known victims were even accused of rape. And it should be borne in mind that an accusation of rape before a mob is far from the evidence that would be required by judge or jury before convicting the accused. A hysterical accusation, later recanted, has often brought an innocent man to his death, a death by burning at the stake, accompanied by cruelties and mutilations that cannot be described in print. Moreover, the Commission on Immigration in 1911 found that the percentage of the crime of rape was lower for the negro than for either the native Americans or the foreign-born white population.

It should be known that in the British West Indies, where the blacks and mulattoes largely outnumber the whites, attack by colored men on white women is virtually unknown; and there is practically no lynching. Lynching, therefore, as it is known in the Southern States, does not concern mainly, if at all, the alleged criminality of the negro. It is a relic of slavery. It represents the determination of a class, deprived of caste superiority formerly affirmed by law and slave code, to continue the assertion of its dominance by force.

White mobs have lynched negroes for offenses so trivial that the mob-murders seem absolutely incomprehensible, if the social background is not understood. In some Southern communities, for example, possession of any automobile,

other than a Ford, by colored people, is frowned upon. It is a breach of the social code for a colored man driving an automobile to pass a white. For violation of this unwritten law, colored men have actually been lynched. They have been lynched for not turning out of the road for a white person driving an automobile; for "talking back" to white people; and one negro who came to the door of a house to ask for a drink of water, was lynched because the white woman, being hysterical, ran screaming from the house claiming the negro had come to attack her.

Lynching is known as an American institution the world over. Our moral position in international relations is seriously compromised by the reflection that the United States is the only civilized country where human beings, in the presence of men, women and children, can be burned alive at the stake or done to death in defiance of the courts and with the connivance or actual assistance of officers sworn to uphold the law.—James Weldon Johnson, Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, in *The Century Magazine*

ON THE ROAD TO SKULL HILL

In Nazareth, I think, his home;
His name? I never knew.
He was an enemy of Rome;
Besides, he was a Jew.

The soldiers, when they saw him fall,
Beckoned me, but I ran;
Then, seeing I was out of call,
Took a Cyrenian.

Skull Hill looks hot . . . this road's a glare. . .
How very long the way!
The cross I would not help him bear
I bear alone today.

—Ellen Glines, in *Poetry*

ORIENTAL RUGS

THE Weavers' Street is very dark. All the streets in Damascus are dark, but the Weavers' Street is very dark. I walk slowly through its gloom. I go slowly partly because I wish to see, partly because the uneven, mucky surface underfoot makes caution a necessity.

The sun's rays never strike down here, even at high noon. The only light comes from the smoky oil lamps in the tiny cubby-holes which line the way on either side. By this dim light, in these niche-like workshops, the weavers of Damascus ply their trade.

The looms used in the Weavers' Street are interesting machines. They are made one half of wood and cord; one half of human child. Mechanically, they are very simple. The weaver sits at one end of the wooden frame on which the cords of the warp are strung, and plies his threads as the shuttle carries them back and forth. The shuttle is carried back and forth by a child.

The child is, perhaps, six years old. Perhaps he is seven. It is difficult to judge his age with any accuracy, for he never stands erect as he runs the shuttle to and fro. He must crouch far over to reach it as he slides it from one end of the loom to the other.

Seven hunched steps he darts. That brings him to the end of the frame, and he whirls about. The handle of the shuttle is grasped by the right hand instead of the left, and it slides swiftly back along the frame. Seven steps. Then another whirling turn, and the left hand has the shuttle again. The pattering feet take their seven short steps and turn. The right hand has the shuttle. Then the left. Then the right. Then the left. Seven steps and turn. Seven steps and turn.

The child's face is a mask, a blank. It says nothing, it thinks nothing. The pattering feet, the flashing hands have no relation to that face with the little, dead eyes.

The weaver's face says nothing. It is intent on the warm, exotic design which the red and yellow and blue threads are forming as the busy shuttle carries them to and fro.—Philip Clark, in *The Bookman*

JAZZMANIA

"JAZZMANIA" has become practically a geographical term covering the whole territory of modern extravagance, absurdity, exaggeration and distortion of values. While based upon a species of musical technique, the application of the slang coinage, "jazz," has become general, fitting almost every abnormality of the age. . . .

The origin of the term itself need not cause any sleepless hours. No one knows exactly where it came from, although its Negro parentage is fairly obvious. No matter what the explanation of the slang phrase, its meaning is clear enough. Jazz is not a musical form; it is a method of treatment. It is possible to take any conventional piece of music and "jazz it up." The actual process is one of distortion, of rebellion against normalcy.

Jazz, therefore, may be practically defined as the distortion of the normal or conventional in music; or in anything else, for that matter. A caricature is a jazz portrait, and a burlesque is jazz drama. "Jazzmania" is simply the habit of thinking and acting in distorted terms; in a manner of life consistently at war with conservative tradition.

The reasons for this state of affairs are not hard to find. It is a part of human nature to rebel against anything orthodox after it has been so long established or so strongly emphasized as to seem burdensome. The whole history of art, and of civilization in general, shows merely a series of revolutions. There has always been a reason for form or technique of any kind, but once that reason was forgotten, and formality became an end in itself, the rebellion of the Liberals was inevitable.

In the field of music, the blame for jazz {if it is indeed culpable} may be placed squarely upon the shoulders of the Conservatives, the hidebound, intolerant scholars, artists, critics, highbrows, self-appointed guardians of taste and standards, who have insisted that music is a matter of rules, regulations and formulas, and refused to admit the significance of any opinions, responses and reactions but their own. These reactionary formalists of music have had their parallels in all other lines of art and life, and the immediate effect of their activities today is Jazzmania.

The self-sufficient "expert" of music is a familiar figure, and always has been. Most of the "artists" belong in this class. They surround their trade with an ectoplasm of mystery and crown it with a halo of transcendental hokum. They are afraid to admit that they make their living through perfectly intelligible abilities, shrewdly developed to a point of commercial value, and maintain the pose of ineffability chiefly to avoid embarrassing investigations. Within their own fraternity, their methods are well known and discussed, but not for the benefit of the public. . . .

Jazz melodies have been mostly simple and obvious, easily remembered after one or two hearings. "Popular music is familiar music," and when recognition is made easy, it is a tremendous asset. Again the distortion of melody serves as an incentive, an encouragement to individual attention and a stimulator of personal

ANOTHER YEAR

Now that Spring is here
And the usual lyric allusions
Are in order:
Now that April is mentioned,
And a tree and a bird and You—
You being the Alpha and Omega
Of all Spring's songs—
What is there left for me to say
That hasn't been said?
However well-intentioned
The season, I cherish no delusions
Concerning it.
It's just another year, another Spring
The same as the last,
Except that last year I, too,
Sang of You . . .
And this year I am mute. Remembering
The song . . . instead. . . .

—Elisabeth Clarke, in the New York *Herald Tribune*

pride in its mastery. The distortions of jazz, however, are not merely rhythmic and melodic. They also deal with harmony and tone color.

Jazz harmonies are quite in line with the freedom of modern harmonizing in general, and actually fall short of the liberties constantly taken by the "serious" composers of music. Tonal coloring also has been revolutionized by the development of muted brass, of virtuosity in the wood wind, and of a never ending variety and versatility of percussion. Here again the jazz band is merely presenting in an obvious and insistent form the whimsical individuality which is characteristic of all ultra-modern music.

Jazz effects are, in truth, nothing new in the musical art. Distortions of some sort have figured in composition of all kinds for several centuries. Every revolutionary composer has started with apparent distortions which to a later generation seemed entirely logical and necessary.

Monteverde, putting a deliberate dissonance into Ariadne's lament to express its tragedy, becomes perhaps the first of all jazz composers. Beethoven definitely jazzes the choral melody in the Finale of his *Ninth Symphony* when he orchestrates it for a combination of brass, bassoons, cymbals and triangle, and at the same time breaks up the tune into a sprightly skipping rhythm. Schumann's love of syncopation is continually apparent, and this is accentuated in his greatest follower, Brahms. Chopin uses jazz rhythms, jazz melodies {many of which have been stolen by modern popular composers} and jazz harmonies, actually finishing one of his Preludes on a "blue" chord {containing the interval of the minor seventh}. Liszt was a jazz composer *par excellence*, and a good showman to boot. Along conventional lines he would hardly have been noticed. Neither would his son-in-law, Wagner. Tschaikowsky and Dvorak both introduced jazz effects into their most popular symphonies. Debussy's harmonies are the very essence of modern jazz, and in such a piece as the familiar *Golliwog's Cake Walk* he distorts melody and rhythm as well. Stravinsky and all the ultra-modernists revel in jazz instrumentation.

Most of them have tried to write jazz in the American style, but without much success. Stravinsky's *Rag Time* and jazz movement of his piano concerto cannot compare with the work of Gershwin, Souvaine or Grofe; on the other hand, the jazz effects in *Petrouschka* are thoroughly delightful. {One of the best bits of modern jazz, incidentally, is in the Scherzo section of Schoenberg's *String Quartette in D minor.*} Schubert was jazzed to create the operetta of *Blossom Time*, and *The Miracle* represents a jazzing of all kinds of material, musical, pictorial, literary and religious.

Jazz painting and sculpture have become so common that their distortions are almost accepted as normal. The artist who wishes to emphasize color generally does so at the expense of form. If there is some detail of outline that he considers particularly important, he does not hesitate to exaggerate, quite in the jazz spirit of the cartoonist. Ultra-modern statuary is full of the same kind of distortion. Sometimes it is all head, sometimes all legs, sometimes merely a combination of curves or angles to give the effect of motion or rest. . . .

It cannot be argued therefore that distortion is fundamentally unnatural and illogical. Its spirit enters in some degree into every art and beauty to which the elements of selection and composition contribute at all. Even the photographer consciously applies the principles of emphasis and accent in selecting his subjects, his lights and his angles.

Basically, the new jazzmania need not be considered a menace to civilization. The powers of truth and universality are not to be denied for long. Ancient Greece delivered her drama through absurd masks and in stilted, artificial phrases, but they have given way to natural, human expressions of face and language. The honest, normal painting of Rembrandt, Raphael and other masters of the brush survives today, as do the music of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms and the poetry of Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Goethe, Schiller.

"The good, the beautiful, the true," they are all essentially the same, and no distortion of real values can continue indefinitely unless it has a permanent significance in emphasizing such values. This has been the case with every radical change in the conventions of all art, and particularly of music. The mere fact that such changes have met with contemporary opposition does not prove that distortion as such is an admirable thing, or that the opposition to change is always wrong. Time alone can show what contains the elements of permanence and hence of truth and beauty.

Jazz seems to be the modern folk-music of America, a unique phenomenon in that it has sprung from a fully established and, on the whole, a highly civilized nation. It exhibits all the characteristics of primitive folk-music, but in a complex and distorted form. It has essentially a monotony of rhythm, a simplicity of melody, a neutrality of mode {neither major nor minor}, a distinctive tonal coloring, and, most important of all, the spirit of improvisation; and all these traits are to be found in naive folk-music the world over.

If the normal processes of the past are to repeat themselves, as has always been the case, then the best elements of this new folk-music will survive in the art music of the future, and the worst will be eliminated, by the simple law of evolution. . . .—Sigmund Spaeth, in *The North American Review*

MUSIC AND THE CROWD

ACROSS the courtyard a youth played a musical phrase over and over on his silver trumpet. I wondered what possible meaning it could have for him or anybody else; and at last I closed the window to shut the lonely, empty voice out of my ears.

Sometime afterward I went to a symphony concert. The leader waved his wand, and the orchestra lifted its mighty voice. High, clear and triumphant, atop the body of tone, rode the voice of the trumpeter singing his familiar song. Strengthened and interpreted by the great orchestra, its meaning came plain to all who had ears to hear.

The violins took the *motif*, drenched it in tears and sent it on in sweetened sorrow; the wind instruments put gay trills of gladness into it, so that it danced ahead; the drums rolled its rhythm, and the cymbals clashed its climax. Always the silver trumpet tones floated above it all, leading on—the soul, the reason, of the whole movement.

I think that apart from the crowd none of us means much. We must have the press of the crowd to draw virtue from us. It is necessary for many lives to touch ours, necessary for ours to touch many, if there is to be meaning and power and understanding in what we do and what we are. Isolation is emptiness to the soul of man. . . .

You who feel alone, misunderstood, unappreciated, go out to the crowd. Sense their tragedy; know their joy; ache with the pain of their labor; taste the salt sweat of their days. Feel with them. Apart you have no understanding, and none is shown you. Among them they become part of you.

Then if you carry a silver trumpet, if you really know the *motif* of a great movement, you can play it, and they will do the rest. History records their doing so. Moses might have stayed in the king's palace, Lincoln might have remained quietly in his law office, Wilson in his study, but their songs would have remained unsung.

I do not say they were understood, always. I say only that while they played their parts in the orchestra, their meaning came clear, and that at the end of the piece there was an instant's hush in which their trumpets rang truly. It was for that instant they cared.—Angelo Patri, in *The Red Book*

Jazz demands that a player be able to extract a tune from anything that produces a sound.—Paul Whiteman

It may be observed that a girl with cotton stockings on never sees a mouse.—Stanford {Calif.} *Chaparal*

American Gates and Hurdles

MIGRATION to America is the most stupendous human mass-movement in the world's history. Nothing even faintly approaching it, either in volume or variety, has ever been known. No other nation has had to deal with such a vast and continuous human flood. And no human flood of similar magnitude has ever arisen so unexpectedly or deluged a country within so short a space of time.

* * *

Dr. H. H. Laughlin, recognized as being one of America's leading specialists in his field, made a careful study of the mental capacity of immigrants, as a result of which he testified before the Congressional Committee that between the years 1900 and 1923 we had admitted over 6,000,000 immigrants who ranked so far below the average intelligence of our white population that they must be graded as either "inferior" or "very inferior."

Think of it! Over 6,000,000 individuals let into America, who must be considered not only as "undesirable" from the special American view-point of assimilability, but also as "inferior" or "very inferior" from the general scientific standard of mental soundness and capacity! Under decent immigration regulations, properly enforced, not one of all those 6,000,000 and more gross undesirables should have ever been allowed to pass our gates.

* * *

At the close of the Civil War the negro population numbered about 4,500,000. For a while the emancipated negroes bred with tropical fecundity, so that by 1880 they had increased to over 6,500,000—a gain of nearly 34 per cent. But by 1890 their rate of increase dropped to 14 per cent; by 1910 it had dropped still further to 11 per cent, while the last census {1920} showed a gain of only 6.5 per cent. To be sure, in 1910 the negro death-rate, which in the preceding decades had been enormous, showed a decided improvement, which was maintained by the census of 1920. But that factor was more than offset by a steady decline in the birth-rate. Everything seems to portend that the negro's former high fecundity will not return. According to the census of 1920, the negro population is increasing only one-third as fast as the white {6.5 per cent as against 16 per cent}, and the weight of expert opinion predicts that the negro element will henceforth be nearly stationary, if it does not absolutely decline.

> WE Americans cannot conceive of a war without a moral background. . . . It may now be accepted as a principle that any weak saddle-colored nation that happens to be situated near us and also happens to possess a lot of mahogany or hemp or cocoanuts or gold mines had better look out. We have our moral eye on such people and are likely to introduce American morality at any moment.
>
> —W. E. Woodward, author of *George Washington, the Image and the Man.*

* * *

Radicalism has never made much of a dent on the thinking of either the old American or "Old Immigrant" stocks.

It is composed chiefly of East and South Europeans, with leaders who have pooled their efforts for common ends.

We should therefore frankly recognize that certain immigrant groups are temperamentally predisposed to radicalism. However, we must not make the mistake of thinking that every member of those groups is a born revolutionist. Many individuals of such groups have proved conclusively that they have accepted our ideals and are staunch Americans.—From Lothrop Stoddard's *Re-Forging America*, by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons

Alfred Emanuel Smith

ONE of the interesting things about politics in America—and everywhere else, for that matter—is the extreme difficulty the people have in getting a clear view of their public men. . . .

The real man may still be known to a few intimates and attaches, but so far as the people are concerned, the personality of the President, for instance, is concealed behind a screen, his actual proportions no longer visible. The picture they thereafter get of him depends upon the angle from which they look, their inherent and inherited prejudices and predilections, and the newspapers they read. It is never an accurate one. . . .

Alfred Emanuel Smith, Governor of New York. . .always dresses immaculately, but he can hardly be called polished, cultured, scholarly or refined. He was not born with these qualities, and he has not acquired them. On the other hand, he has courage, capacity and clear-headedness. Those he was born with, and those he has developed as he journeyed through life until he possesses them today in a degree so unusual as to compel their concession by his most implacable foes and severest critics.

The ideal public man is, of course, one who combines the qualities Smith lacks with those he has. But such men are not often found.

The truth about Smith's manners is this: in private among his friends or in a room with a small group, relaxed and natural, he is—not to put too fine a point on it—rough: loose as to his language, free as to his metaphors, informal to an unusual degree. But in public he is quite different.

In his official capacity as Governor of New York, on any public occasion or at any public function, no one has ever had reason to criticize Governor Smith for lack of dignity or decorum. As Governor he has an entirely adequate supply of both. As Governor he measures fully up to every requirement of his office. As Governor no one can recall a single instance in four terms in which he failed to act as a Governor should, when he lapsed either in grace, grammar or the grand manner. It is a matter of intense pride with him to measure up in these respects. . . .

It is perfectly true that Governor Smith is an extraordinarily vibrant, vigorous, forceful fellow with a rare gift for pungent political phrases and a fine salty flavor to his speeches. These, coupled with an amazing ability to dramatize a situation and to use language and symbols that soak into the average mentality, are extremely effective in a campaign. If, however, there were no more to him than that, Smith would never in the world have made any such record in New York as he has—either in the remarkable triumphs achieved at the polls or the even more remarkable

> I BELIEVE there should be fundamental changes in the present provisions for national prohibition, based on the fearless application to the problem of the principles of Jeffersonian democracy. While I fully appreciate that these changes can only be made by the people themselves, through their elected legislative representatives, I feel it to be the duty of the chosen leader of the people to point the way which, in his opinion, leads to a sane, sensible solution of a condition which, I am convinced, is entirely unsatisfactory to the great mass of our people.
>
> Common honesty compels me to admit that corruption of law enforcement officials, bootlegging and lawlessness are now prevalent throughout this country. I am satisfied that without returning to the old evils that grew from the saloon, which years ago I held, and still hold, was and ought always to be a defunct institution in this country, by the application of the democratic principles of local self-government and States' rights, we can secure real temperance, respect for law and eradication of the existing evils.
>
> —Alfred E. Smith, in a telegram to the Democratic National Convention that nominated him for the Presidency

achievements in the way of legislation and reforms obtained in the face of uniformly and bitterly hostile Republican legislatures.

The fact is the Smith personality has been somewhat overplayed as the chief factor in his success. He says so himself. It isn't a question of magnetism at all. Smith isn't the sort of man anyone falls in love with on sight. There are times too when he is not in the least magnetic, but merely truculent. Not always is he attractive and engaging, and though he can be both he is by no means in a class by himself in these respects.

The basis of his success is far deeper than that, and failure to understand it is the real reason he has been able practically to ruin the Republican organization in New York, defeating it and defeating it with mortifying ease in practically every fight he has waged against it in eight years.

Under his system, even when he loses he wins....

The essential facts can be outlined as follows: most men ambitious in politics fight, work and sweat until they are elected. Getting in, in most cases, completely satisfies ambition, and their disposition is then to take it easy. They had to work to get the job. It seems all wrong to work after they arrive—and very few do.

Smith happens to be one of the few. A really intelligent man, with a quick, clear, keen mind thirsty for facts, capable of comprehending any problem of finance and government and trained in legislative and political ways, he has not only worked at his job but worked much longer and harder than anyone else who ever had it. As a result he unquestionably knows more about the business of the State of New York, its finances, its machinery, assets, liabilities and problems, than anyone else in the State now knows or ever did know....

The people respond to Smith in matters like constitutional amendments, and in other things, not because of his personality—though that is, of course, an asset. It is primarily because they are convinced beyond question that Al is not only always on the level and talks straight, but that he knows what he is talking about when he talks about New York affairs.

He is the only Governor who ever prepared and submitted a financial message to the legislature that anyone other than a deputy comptroller could understand. His messages are understood by the people because he understands them himself—understands them so well that when he rises to explain them over the radio or on the stump he does not have to read from a typewritten page figures prepared for him by some clerk in the comptroller's office. He has the whole business clearly in his head, and he got it there by work.

He does not read books, it is true. Novels and essays, history and poetry do not attract him. But his friends say he just "eats documents up." Messages and reports are his meat. Figures talk to him. He understands them without trouble and can handle them with con-

> BE sincere. Be simple in words, manners and gestures. Amuse as well as instruct. If you can make a man laugh, you can make him think and make him like and believe you. Make sure that you know what you are talking about. Feel and see your audience, even when you are in a broadcasting room, speaking over the radio. Keep your audience in suspense like a story writer does—then you will hold his attention until the end. Maintain close contact with men, women, children and even animals. You will invariably learn something from such contacts to enable you to play on human emotions. Get stage experience, if you can.
>
> —Governor Alfred E. Smith, on public speaking

fidence and speed. Facts he can analyze and arrange. . . .

He is an organization man and a party man. His belief is that the function of the organization is to nominate party candidates, but not to frame party or executive policies. Those who know him best say he makes a distinction between the organization and the party. He does not, for instance, consider the organization the whole party. It is his view that the organization candidate for Governor after election becomes the leader of his party, entitled to the support of the organization for his policies and in his fights. Only by such support can he make a good record, and only a good record in office promotes party chances for continuing in power through the support of the people.

In brief, the Smith political philosophy is that the best possible government is the smartest possible politics: best not only for the people but best for the party and best for the organization. This is not piety with Smith, and he makes no pretenses that it is. It is enlightened and intelligent politics. And he is an enlightened and extremely intelligent politician.

It is true that the unshakable probity of the man, his instinctive right-mindedness and decency, his inherent belief that the great common American people {of whom he is more completely one than any other public man in America we now have} are entitled to a square deal, make him naturally a proponent of cleanness and proficiency in government. Even if he were not intelligent, Smith's nature would keep him on the side of decency in politics. But his intelligence would suffice.

Complete failure to grasp these basic facts as to the man's mind and heart more than anything else accounts for the regular Republican collapse in front of his attack. Unable to understand that Smith is much too smart to lie in politics, far too clever not to keep his word, far too clever to do discreditable things, to enter into off-color political deals or to double-cross either the people or the politicians —unable to understand a Tammany politician {or any other sort of politician for that matter} not only too straight but too intelligent to do any of those things— the Republicans have spent most of their time in every campaign against Smith charging him with all sorts of political iniquity, trying to uncover him in some organization knavery, to catch him in some political obliquity. The net result has been to pretty well ruin the Republican machine and thoroughly to discredit Republican leadership in New York State.

They never seem to believe the simple truth—to wit, that so far as Smith is concerned no taint of organization knavery touched him, and his politics are never oblique. These facts completely protect him against every assault. If they were not facts, he would long ago have been found out. They don't find him out because he has nothing hidden. . . .

He is, of course, a Tammany man, has been all his life, still is. Tammany, so far as New York City is concerned, is the organization, and Smith is an organization man, a believer in organization. So is every other clear-headed man in politics. Only the thoroughly impracticable think it possible to get along with no machine.

It is absurd to say that Tammany has become, or will become, sanctified through Smith or through any other influence. It has been improved and restrained but not basically changed. . . .

Today Smith is the best asset Tammany has, and it follows, supports and obeys him. It knows better than not to. It is, however, no secret that among the Tammany leaders there is not now—nor has there been for some time—much love for Smith.

There is more than a little grumbling and growling in the clubs. There is a disposition to think he has the "big head" {which is not true, though certainly he does not undervalue himself personally or politically}; that he considers himself bigger than the organization—which he does, and is. They do not like the fact that he so often and so freely goes outside of the organization to make appointments; that some of the most lucrative and powerful places in

the State government are held by men not "regulars"; that his closest advisers and friends are not of the organization; that in the matter of appointments as well as policies he does not always "consult."

But he could do twice as much to them as he has and not lose their support, for the very simple reason that he is much more necessary to them than they to him.

It is undoubtedly true that he takes himself—and naturally so—far more seriously now than he ever did before; that he tolerates familiarity from few people; that neither Tammany politicians nor any one else rush in and out of his office calling him Al; that he can on occasion be disagreeably irritable and abrupt; that he is not always either lovable or prepossessing; that there are times when his undoubtedly keen sense of humor appears to sag. But—and this is the important thing—whatever he may be in private, in public and in his official capacity he is never coarse, common, vulgar or ungrammatical. He adapts himself with complete poise and ease to any society and has an instinct for the right thing to do as well as for the right word to use.

Would the Catholic Church, of which he is a member, influence him as President? No more than the Baptist or the Methodist Church would. . . .In eight years as Governor of New York, with numerous political and personal enemies vigilantly alert to take advantage of every opening, no single instance where Smith favored a Catholic because he was a Catholic, supported or opposed a bill because of Catholic interests, or was swayed in any direction on any question at any time by church influence, has ever been noted or even alleged. . . .

He would make the sort of President of the United States that he has made a Governor of New York—in brief, an industrious, effective, genuinely constructive, honest, able and enlightened one. Also as President he would be the real leader of his party in the nation just as in New York he has been its leader as Governor. There is no doubt of that.—Frank R. Kent, in *Collier's Weekly.*

RADIO VOTERS

THE average American is a pretty astute critic of bombast when isolated in his armchair from the emotions of an organized mob. He has a large fund of native logic, a quick resentment of empty rhetoric and an acute perception of sincerity. He is apt to demand of his radio candidate a fine balance between interesting ideas, clearly put, and an effective verbal delivery. He is apt to notice very quickly if his family listens contentedly to one candidate and grows restless under the oratory of another. . . .

The radio will undoubtedly increase the independent vote by a very considerable margin—to the same degree, in fact, that it makes the speaking personality of a candidate a familiar figure in millions of homes.

The best indication of this new current is the feeling so often expressed by editors and writers that there are no longer any "great figures" in American life. The real point is that there are fewer great legends, but probably more really great men.

The cumulative effect of modern publicity—of tabloid news pictures, of movies and of radio—is to strip a public man to his true proportions, to intensify his leadership, but only if it is true and manly, to multiply the force of his personality, but only if it springs from his inborn gifts, and is not the fiction of press writers and party managers. Time was when a legend was easy to create and not difficult to maintain. In the days of Webster, Sumner, Jackson, Calhoun and many other alleged giants, the imagination of a people received full vent. Except to the few who might know, hear or see the great public man, his voice might be straight from Olympus, his figure that of a god and his personality that of a Caesar. But the modern candidate on the air will be a candidate in the home, stood up there for intimate scrutiny, to be appraised by the cold eye of hum-drum and common sense. He will be a great man indeed who can win his way to confidence and leadership at the firesides of American homes.—*The Commonweal*

DEMOCRACY IN CHICAGO

CHICAGO has repudiated its "Big Bill" at the polls but he personifies a type of politician that distinguishes our history from time to time. The author of this article knows his subject, having been born "where Halstead crawls under the Lake Street 'L' " and sold papers in the "Loop." For a time he was a hobo and adventurously "beat his way" about the country, later graduating from the University of Chicago with an M. A. in sociology.

A STOUT red-faced man stood at the entrance of a West Side labor hall bawling through a megaphone at the passing crowd. "He's here! Big Bill the Builder, in person-n-n! See Bill Thompson, friend of the plain people!"

Three thousand plain people scrambled for seats inside, packing the aisles and the gallery. The atmosphere was charged with suspense. A lean, bald-headed man mounted the platform which, but for a few chairs and a table, was bare. Across the rear wall was draped a large American flag. The bald man raised his hand and except an occasional ripple of youthful laughter or the growl of argument, the buzz of inattention ceased.

"Fell-o-o citizens," he paused. For the briefest moment there was silence. "Our speaker-r-r, the Honorable William Hale Thompson, is on his way. While we are waiting we will hear from some onei n the audie-e-ence. I see before me our friend and neighbor-r-r, champion-n-n of the plain people, Tony Caponetti."

Women screamed and waved their handkerchiefs. From the gallery came a blatant, "Atta boy, Tony! Atta boy!" A commotion started in the center of the house and a short dumpling of a man was boosted to his feet. He beamed about, bobbing his head to the applause which did not subside until he made the third attempt to speak.

"Thank you, folks," in a high barking voice. He touched his hip pocket, grinning. "Sorry, folks, I got nothing to offer you." They laughed uproariously. Rapport established, he plunged into the subject. Short sentences, sharp like dagger points; he was hitting home. Every moment or two he was interrupted with whoops of delight. Personal liberty was coming back to Chicago. Big Bill would free the plain people from the shackles of reform. He was getting nicely warmed up when a bugle blared forth outside.

A man in uniform jammed through to the center aisle. Another uniformed man followed, carrying a gold-trimmed silk flag. Across his breast ranged a row of medals—the most decorated soldier in Chicago. Following them came a huge florid man carrying a cowboy hat. At a gesture from the beaming Caponetti the audience came up shouting for Big Bill the Builder. The trio swung through the aisle to the bugle tune: "You're in the Army now; you're not behind the plow." On the platform they right-faced to the line of chairs. The big man bowed and sat down. The audience settled back for the show

THE Chicago papers have been exposing William Hale Thompson as hard as they could for a dozen years; but more powerfully still, he has been exposing himself. He is no shrinking violet who seeks the shade; exposure is what he lives on, and he feeds himself a good dose of it every day. . . .

It seems to me that Chicago has come in for a good deal of unjust derision in connection with "Big Bill" Thompson. I believe he would go just as big in any other large city of the United States. . . .

Thompson may be ignorant of the art of government, but he has been an expert of the first rank in the art of getting elected; and in a democracy no man is going to have much chance to practice the art of government unless he has mastered the art of getting elected first. . .

—Elmer Davis, in *Harper's Magazine*

to begin. Expectancy was in the air.

At a signal from the bald chairman a young, sleek-looking man came bounding out of the audience and took a seat at the piano. Simultaneously another man climbed to the platform and placed a huge board in the center of the stage. He stripped away the cover revealing the bold lines of Big Bill's battle song, "America First," sold at all the news stands, hummed at every corner. After the best vaudeville fashion, the man at the piano began to wriggle and rock. The second man, dramatic as a college yellmaster, sprang to the footlights singing with such gusto through his megaphone that he swept the crowd along from the first note. Some couldn't follow the words but the sound was deafening when they came to the key line, "America first and last and always." Big Bill, the Builder, became animated as the song progressed. He swayed from side to side shouting now and again to "Sing 'er out!" The building trembled like a storm-torn tree. When the last note died Big Bill arose.

He strolled casually and bashful-like to the front of the stage, smiling a generous and confiding smile. He halted at an intimate distance surveying his audience; with hands in his pockets, and head cocked a little forward, his bigness plus physical charm, was impressive. A Santa Claus twinkle played around the corners of his eyes—a sign for the yelling and tramping to cease. He began calmly but with robust ardor. Now and then there was the trace of a chuckle that made you want to laugh about something.

A West Side audience always went to his heart. . . . He was working hard in this campaign . . . going to the voters in person because the papers wouldn't give him a fair shake. Gradually the tempo of his talk quickened. In a moment he was loose and loud as a camp meeting orator.

"Yes, they lie about Bill Thompson . . . but they rob you . . . everybody robs you!" The crowd had come to his bosom. "They call you low-brows and hoodlums . . . they call me that, too . . . we low-brows got to stick together . . . look who's against us!"

He named the enemies of the plain people: The newspapers, except Hearst's; the two universities, the social workers, the political purity folks and politicians who wanted to get their feet in the trough.

Now he was at his best, bombarding the high-brows who tried to run Chicago but were too proud to live there. They hid out in the suburbs. They were cheaters, busybodies or they were half-bakes who did not know what it was all about. The crudity of his epithets and ridicule was life giving. When he

HOLLYHOCKS

I have a garden, but, oh, dear me!
What a ribald and hysterical company;
Incorrigible mustard, militant corn,
Frivolous lettuce, and celery forlorn;
Beets apoplectic and fatuous potatoes,
Voluptuous pumpkins and palpitant tomatoes;
Philandering pickles trysting at the gate,
Onions acrimonious, and peppers irate;
And a regiment of hollyhocks marching around them,
To curb their mischief, to discipline and bound them.
Hollyhocks! Hollyhocks! What should I do
Without the morale of a troop like you!

Some lackadaisically yawn and nod;
Others, hypochondriac, droop on the sod:
Cabbage, apathetic, parsnips sullen,
And peas downtrodden by the lancing mullein;
Boorish rutabagas, dill exotic,
The wan wax-bean, bilious and neurotic;
Dropsical melons, varicose chard,
And cauliflowers fainting all over the yard.
Thank heaven for the hollyhocks! Till day is done,
They prod them to labor in the rain and the sun.
Hollyhocks! Hollyhocks! Stiff as starch!
Fix your bayonets! Forward! March!

—Lew Sarett, in *The Saturday Review*

hurled defiance, gave the lie or mocked, he plunged his hearers into rhapsodies of laughter, howling for Big Bill, the *regular* guy. In twenty minutes all the local dragons were slain and he turned abroad. William McAndrew, superintendent of schools, was charged with taking George Washington's picture out of the schoolbooks. That was King George's work. The King of England would have to keep his snoot out of America; and if the King of England didn't like it, why, the King of England could go to hell.

Then he turned to the high-brows who were thinking royal thoughts because they hated plain people. The high-brows were worried. They were spending money like water to beat Big Bill but Big Bill never worried when it came to leaving it to the American voter. He closed with a roar and made a dramatic exit down the center aisle, with bugle and flag leading the way, and the plain people on their feet shouting for Big Bill the Builder. There were other speakers but the crowd was through. They had been entertained and convinced and followed their candidate to the street. . . .

If this is democracy in a great city, what does it mean? And what is becoming of popular government anyway? Certainly this is not the kind of democracy visioned by Thomas Jefferson. Nor is it the kind that the political reform folks eulogize, yet they are the people most challenged by the extremes in the Chicago election. We have been told that bad government is due to a lack of popular interest. If we can get all the people out to vote, we will get good government. The assumption behind this is that along with citizenship goes a civic responsibility that all citizens naturally share. The good government people would be unanimous in their opinion that Thompson's election was a slip back to the spoil's system. Yet in this election everybody came out to vote. Ninety-five per cent of the eligible voters registered, five out of seven voted and five out of nine cast ballots for Thompson; and all this against the best and most responsible advice that could be given the voters.

The trouble may be with democracy. Town hall democracy is no more. It was a government of personal communication based on the fellowship of a neighborhood. In the great city the neighborhood has vanished so that only the form of democracy survives, inhabited by a different kind of fellowship, generally the gang. The gang steps in when democracy becomes impersonal, institutionalized, and when city life becomes complex and involved. It becomes a mystery to all but experts and politicians who make the manipulation of government a professional pursuit. It is called government by machine. That is essentially what has come to power with Thompson. His election is the triumph of the gang.

The gang is the antithesis of democracy. It is inclusive and face to face, every part an intimate and working part. The gang is tangible and comprehensive; democracy is an abstraction. The gang is controlled by personal contact; democracy by bureaus. Democracy is no respecter of persons; the gang is. The gang organizes around heroes; live, colorful, dramatic heroes; democracy organizes around ideals and its heroes are dead. The leader in the gang is boss, the beginning and the end of the gang. In democracy, the leader is an incident. The gang leader is flesh of the flesh of the gang; but democracy cannot recognize the gang or such leadership. To whatever degree the gang survives in democracy, marks the extent that democracy has been devitalized. . . .

William Hale Thompson is essentially a realist in his political conceptions. He has the usual politician's love for plain people. He is humane, tolerant, the angel of the under dog, and jealous of the interests of his people. The foreign born trust him; they remember that during the war he did not succumb to the mania to persecute aliens. He soft-pedals justice for a friend in trouble. He is a friend of the boys. Ten years ago he was organizing boy gangs into social and athletic clubs. This year they fought

for him at the polls. They say that Thompson believes in getting them young. He replies, "Yes, and I know of some very substantial institutions that believe the same way." To the people he is a sort of political bishop, never outraged at their shortcomings. He bears no grudges. Reform interests fight him. He smiles and carries on. He proves himself such a prince of good fellows that his constituents are proud to surrender to him their share in running the government. Now he reigns like a monarch in a conquered city. It is a purely emotional relationship, which is the basis of all mass movements. Thompson is in power because he has won the good-will of hundreds of such local bosses. He is the wholesaler, they the retailers in a government built on friendship, and this friendship thrives on trades in patronage and favors.—Nels Anderson, in *The Century Magazine*

YOUNG AMERICA COMES OF AGE

VOLTAIRE defined love as "the embroidery of the imagination upon the stuff of nature." This is the best definition of love that has ever been recorded. Socrates or Aristotle or Sir Francis Bacon might have given a better, but they probably considered the subject as beneath their intellectual dignity.

Love, really, has nothing to do with wisdom or experience or logic. It is the prevailing breeze in the land of Youth.

Youth possesses both imagination and the stuff of nature. Age usually lacks one or the other and, many times, both. Selah!

A straw indicates how the wind blows. Glancing through the jokes in a college magazine the writer had a glimpse of how the modern college boy looks upon the fair sex. Because these jokes were written by college boys. The hundreds of thousands of boys who do not go to college probably feel the same—only they do not write.

One swallow may not make a Summer and one joke may not indicate accurately a trend of mind. But when a thousand jokes run along the same line, one may be forgiven for believing that truth can be expressed in a jest.

One finds in an analysis of these jokes just about what one would have found fifty years ago if one had had a similar opportunity, in those days, of finding out. . . .

This young generation seems to take kissing and petting as the simplest and most natural phenomena of life. Which is as it should be. The only startling thing about it, to papas and mammas, is that they are so brazen about it. If, at a party, a boy and girl are kissing and "necking" on the stairs and the hostess happens to come downstairs, they merely "neck" a little more closely to give her room to pass.

In the old days—well, in the first place, they would never have selected the stairs and, in the second place, they would have been terribly embarrassed.

Yet, there was just as much kissing and cuddling and "necking" in the old days as there is today. The girls in crinoline and in long skirts were exactly the same as are the dears with the dimpled knees today. No better, no worse. Just as many get married today and settle down and raise families as in 1812. {Though, of course, "settling down" is different from what it used to be.}

But morality is just about the same. The goodness of girls and the cleanliness of boys are just about the same. The world is not going to the dogs.

The principal thing which these jokes reveal is a frankness toward matters of sex to which the old geezers are not accustomed. Youth, today, refuses to have secrets. Perhaps it is better so.

And to come back to Voltaire. All these jokes in college magazines merely betray the fact that the "young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." All young men should solemnly ponder Voltaire's definition.—Bruno Lessing, in the New York *American*

Congressmen would do better if they took their ears from the ground and listened to the still, small voice.—Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot.*

As Henry L. Stoddard Knew Them

As editor and publisher for many years of the New York Evening Mail, *the writer of these reminiscences is distinguished as a veteran American journalist. A welcome visitor at the White House through several administrations, the confidant of Presidents gives his own account of what he has seen and heard—and done—at the political center of gravity.*

Here are new facts, that have been secrets, of the Roosevelt regime; here are glimpses of Woodrow Wilson playing for the judgment of tomorrow, inexorable in his own conclusions, "breaking" with Colonel House, sacrificing himself and friendships on the altar of public duty; of Harding, "unhappy in the White House," and of other national figures down to Senator Borah.

ONE morning in January, 1908, President Roosevelt looked up from his breakfast table in the White House to find William Loeb waiting quietly.

"By George, Loeb," he declared, "what brings you here and how long have you been here?"

"Only a few moments," Loeb replied. "I'm here because I want to talk with you before you go over to the office. I want to talk about the national convention."

"What's the matter with the convention—except that it's a long ways off?" asked Roosevelt.

"The matter is that if things drift along as now our friends may lose control of it; if that occurs there will be charges that you would like to have been the nominee but couldn't get the delegates, or that you backed this or that defeated candidate. I don't think that's a good prospect. It puts you in an equivocal position and it should not go on any longer."

"It hasn't impressed me that way," replied Roosevelt, "but you may be right. What do you suggest?"

"Have a candidate," said Loeb. "You are under pledge not to run again. I propose to make people understand that you intend to keep it. Some people believe that a deadlocked convention might force you to disregard it. Others believe you will demand a nomination anyhow, and that you are manipulating things so as to force a deadlock. The air is full of such talk. The way to settle is to have a candidate."

"Do you know the man I'd like to see here as my successor?" asked the President.

"I do not," replied Loeb.

"Elihu Root. He's made a great record over in the State Department, and would make an equally great one in the White House. I would be for him against all comers, but I am told that he has no chance of being elected."

"What does Root think about it?" asked Loeb.

"I don't know," replied Roosevelt.

"Well, you have Taft and Hughes to consider, too," Loeb continued.

"Yes, and Cortelyou as well. He's in my Cabinet and is anxious to get the nomination. You see it's embarrassing when there are rivals in your own household. Now, whenever I've talked Taft to our friends I have had a battle. He is not strong with the men closest to this Administration. I think he would run well; they say not. We must above all else get a man who can win."

"MR. STODDARD," said Irwin Hood Hoover, Chief Usher at the White House, as I entered it one afternoon in response to President Coolidge's invitation to luncheon, "you have been coming here longer than any man I know, and I have been here since Harrison's inauguration."

Hoover's words startled me.

"Is it as bad as that?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "that's about right."

. . . . how noiseless falls the foot of Time!
—Henry L. Stoddard

"Any nominee can win," replied Loeb, "if you give him your support—Taft, Root, Hughes, or Cortelyou. That's my judgment."

"Well, then, you see Root; have a frank talk with him; tell him what I have said to you, tell him what you think, and let us get his idea. Of course, if we can't get Root we must agree on someone else—Taft is the next best, probably; but see Root."

That same morning, when Secretary of State Elihu Root walked into his office, he was surprised to find William Loeb there. Like Roosevelt he asked why.

"I've been talking with the President about the convention, insisting that we ought to straighten things out," said Loeb. "We ought to have a candidate. He authorizes me to say to you that he would rather see you in the White House than any other man, and that he is ready to endorse you."

If Elihu Root is ever surprised by anything he sees or hears his imperturbable countenance rarely gives any indication of the way he feels. But it did that morning. His face plainly reflected surprise and pleasure.

"That's very fine of him," he said. "Please tell the President I appreciate deeply every word of it, but I cannot be a candidate."

"Why not?" asked Loeb. "This Administration will control the convention and can name the candidate."

"Undoubtedly you can nominate me," replied Secretary Root. "You couldn't elect me—there's the rub."

"This Administration is strong enough with the people to elect the man it gets behind," persisted Loeb. "That's all bunk that you cannot be elected. Your record here will elect you."

"No, Loeb, I've thought it all out. I know the situation. I shall not be a candidate."

"Is that final?" asked Loeb.

"Absolutely final," replied Root. "Thank the President most cordially for me, but tell him I'm not in the running. . . ."

An hour or so later, Secretary of War Taft was closeted in the White House offices with Roosevelt's energetic private secretary. He was frankly told of the breakfast table talk, and the President's conclusion.

"The President feels that he wants to settle this nomination matter right away, so far as he is concerned," said Loeb. "He is going to throw the whole strength of the Administration back of you. This talk about his getting into the race is all nonsense. The only way to stop it is for him to declare for a candidate and he has decided to declare for you."

"I must go in and thank Theodore for this," said Taft. . . .

"Yes, Will," said Roosevelt. "It's the thing to do. Our friends should control the convention; we don't want any uncertain note sounded there. We've all talked about candidates long enough; it's time for a decision. I'm for you. I shall let it be known right away. . . ."

That, to state it briefly, is how William Howard Taft came to know definitely that Theodore Roosevelt had decided to make him his candidate.

THE LEADER

Earth listens for the coming of his feet;
The hushed Fates lean expectant from their seat.
He will be calm and reverent and strong,
And, carrying in his words the fire of song,
Will send a hope upon these weary men,
A hope to make the heart grow young again,
A cry to comrades scattered and afar;
Be constellated, star by circling star;
Give to all mortals justice and forgive;
License must die that liberty may live.
Let love shine through the fabric of the State—
Love deathless, Love whose other name is Fate.
Fear not: we cannot fail—
The Vision will prevail.
Truth is the Oath of God, and, sure and fast,
Through Death and Hell holds onward to the last.

—Edwin Markham, awarded first prize by the British Poetry Society, among 600 poems submitted, on the subject of *The Leader*

AS strange as any friendship that ever existed between two men was the friendship lasting thirty years between Perkins and Munsey. They differed in temperament and in many characteristics. Both were positive individualistic men, each had to dominate in whatever he undertook; both were quick in temper and quicker still in action. Seldom a day passed that they did not meet.

They knew each other's traits, and guided themselves accordingly. I knew both men intimately, sat with them often in discussion of public men and measures, and I never heard either of them advocate a course for a wrong motive or for his personal gain.

Frank Munsey, sitting alone in his apartment before a blaze of Maine maple logs, had a rare talent for seeing into the future, for analysis of a situation. It was there that he habitually sought the solution of all his problems and there that he made his plans. The day's work was merely carrying out those fireside decisions.

Once his course was thus determined, only actual experience would change him. He would insist upon a demonstration; no change was possible until it was proved that he was wrong. Then he would quickly change and admit his error. But he was not wrong often, though he frequently had to wait long to be justified. Let me cite one example.

I spent an evening with Munsey while Woodrow Wilson was returning from Paris acclaimed at home and abroad as a world leader. Wilson had his League of Nations covenant with him; opposition to it seemed small in number and less in hope. "The Senate will never ratify it," said Munsey, "and if it ever gets before the American people they will vote it down two to one. Every year that goes by will make us more and more thankful that we never entered the League."

I did not accept Munsey's prophecy—but it has come true.

Perkins was not so sure of himself as Munsey. He liked to confer with others and to search for facts. Once his mind was made up, however, he was never timid. I have known many men generous with their wealth but I know of no one who equalled Perkins in giving time, thought and money to the welfare of others. When he resigned from J. P. Morgan & Co., he told me he had all the money any man should possess; henceforth he would devote himself to public affairs—not public office. I know that he did so with a devotion that meant many sacrifices—in fact that really cost him his life. . . .

Perkins and Munsey, so strongly united in friendship, never had a business transaction together; each sought and gained fortune in his own way. And they knew that their friendship would endure longer if business transactions were not involved. . . .

* * *

IT is common-place to say of any man that there are none like him, but it is so true of Hughes that I cannot help saying it. You may search the careers of all the men in our public life for a century and a half and you will not find a career like his. He has never sought public office; he has never asked any individual to speak for him, or to work for his advancement. He publicly repudiated the announcement in 1908 that Hughes headquarters had been opened in Chicago, to secure his nomination for President; his silence while on the Supreme Court in 1916 was broken before his nomination only to disavow responsibility for Republican leaders who sought to create the impression that they had his consent to seek delegates for him.

In a word, Hughes has been Governor, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Presidential nominee and Secretary of State without ever having expended so much as a postage stamp and without ever having uttered, or authorized others to utter, a single word in his behalf. Here is a remarkable record. It is not one of indifference—for I am sure Hughes is not indifferent to the honors he has had. It reveals a determined purpose to let the office seek the man, uninfluenced by personal appeals or manipulation of delegates.

We have had men in our public life

who believed in that policy, but the temptation of new honors proved too strong for them. Hughes, however, has adhered to it so consistently, so firmly, that the man who would announce that he spoke for Hughes on any subject would have to show credentials stronger than his own say-so, whoever he might be.

Once Theodore Roosevelt while President acted, as he declared, to aid Hughes, then Governor of New York, in his struggle to enact anti-racetrack gambling laws. Archie D. Sanders, International Revenue Collector at Rochester, New York, and since Congressman, was believed to be the influence holding "on the fence" the votes of two Rochester Assemblymen. Sanders' term was expiring. At the suggestion of Congressman Stevens, an enthusiastic Hughes man, the President refused to reappoint Sanders unless he first brought the two Assemblymen into line. The White House frankly explained the purpose; the sincerity of Roosevelt's desire to help was never questioned. When the news was brought to Hughes at Albany, he stated that he was not interested in Sanders' fate, had not requested the President's action and knew nothing of it.

The significance of this incident was large and lasting. Hughes as Governor always refused to use patronage to pass legislation. When legislation came before him for official action, he never inquired whether friend or foe sponsored it. He looked only to the proposal. Several times while Governor he astounded his factional opponents by naming one of them for office, because he believed him to be the best man for the place. He as freely refused to appoint from his own supporters unless they could furnish a man as capable as he could find elsewhere. . . .

* * *

FRANKNESS was a strong Harding trait. And he always meant what he said. When the adjusted compensation bill—the "bonus bill"—was before him for approval or rejection in September 1922, he had decided not to sign it. He knew, however, that he had made a number of campaign speeches on the subject. Obviously, he could not recall every word he had said, but he wondered whether he had ever made any statement that could be regarded as a pledge to favor such a measure. He sent for Will Hays, then Postmaster General, who had managed the campaign.

"Will," he said, "you know my campaign speeches. Did I ever say anything that would lead anyone to charge me with breaking faith if I should refuse to sign this bill?"

"I think not," replied Hays, "but I would have to look it up to be sure."

"Then I'll give you two days to have it looked up," replied the President. "Put enough men on the job to read every word I ever uttered. I am sure my record is clear, but make doubly sure, for if I'm pledged to sign it I'll sign."

The speeches were gone over, no pledge was found, and the bill went back to Congress with a Harding veto.

* * *

I WISH that I could say I *knew* Woodrow Wilson.

I have never met anyone who makes that claim and who at the same time validates it in any mind but his own. . . .

> FATE was unkind to Warren Harding. It made him President almost against his will and certainly without his urging; it gave him the greatest popular and electoral majority ever recorded in a national election, and then, as he was growing into the bigness of his office, it robbed him of the opportunity to make good on the larger conception of his responsibilities that had slowly come to him out of the burdens and anxieties.
>
> —Henry L. Stoddard

"A cold intellectual," some folks said; "an inspiring, stimulating companion," others said; "the most curt, opinionated man of all I know," another said; "a man of superb ability and the most workmanlike man I was ever associated with," is another direct quotation to me from the leader of a group. . . .

There were those who were baffled by his swift, pitiless, unexplained changes from friendly relations to cold dismissal, and with good reason.

Those who saw the good in Wilson acclaimed him with Islamic faith and adulation; those who saw the other side were equally intense in their condemnation. The in-betweens were not so numerous during his first term as either of the extremes; during his second term, the idolaters were not so many as in the earlier years of his Presidency, but they grew more emotionally devout as their ranks grew thinner.

The groups I have quoted were in the Cabinet, in Congress, among the leaders of his party, and among those who though not in politics had contact with him on public matters. . . .

During his first year as President one of his intimates urged him to establish better relations with his party leaders in the Senate and House, to ask for suggestions, and discuss contemplated policies.

"Utterly futile," he quickly replied in decisive voice. "A waste of time. I would never get anywhere if I should do that. Every fellow has his own views; I would be swamped."

"Even if they have no ideas worth adopting, Mr. President," persisted this visitor, "you would get their cooperation in things you want to accomplish. They would feel that you at least had given their views consideration."

"Futile! I tell you, futile!" again replied Wilson, "I can make better headway by giving consideration to my own ideas, whipping them into shape, testing them out in my own way, and insuring their adoption by their own fairness and merit. I waste no time while I am engaged in such work."

It was not Congress alone that was thus held at arm's length.

One night I found Franklin K. Lane, his Secretary of the Interior, sitting on a hotel corridor lounge deeply absorbed in reading an address just delivered by the President. "Great stuff," he said to me, "great stuff that is. I like to have him talk that way."

"Didn't you know he was going to say it?" I asked.

"Not a word of it," he replied. "I haven't set eyes on the President for a month, and don't know when I shall see him. . . ."

* * *

IF you will look over the Wilson friendships, you will find that they were ever-changing. He took none of his associates out of Princeton into public life; he took only Tumulty out of Jersey political life and left only antagonisms behind him; and after his eight years in the Presidency the men remaining close to him in private life were Bernard M. Baruch, Norman Davis and Bainbridge Colby, who were of the last not the early vintage of his friendships. The separations were his choice; not the choice of his early supporters. Even Tumulty was dropped, his wonderful loyalty spurned. Wilson is the only President of the last half century who failed to honor in a conspicuous way some friend or friends of other years. In his view, friendship meant service to him and not by him; friendships were bridges burned behind as he himself moved on, a solitary traveller. . . .

During the early days of Wilson in the White House it was said in Washington, chiefly by those politically opposed, that he was a schoolmaster in public office, and that no event or experience would be powerful enough ever to take him out of the role. At the national Capitol one is accustomed to cynicism and criticism and I tried not to allow that particular estimate to take hold of me. It was to be expected that some of the atmosphere of the school-room would cling to him, but I believed that the wider outlook and contacts of the Presidency would quickly dissipate it. That belief was to be slowly shattered. As the months rolled by I

EGG-LAYING DINOSAURS (PROTOCERATOPS) AS THEY APPEARED 100,000,000 YEARS AGO
From the Painting by Charles R. Knight

This is one of a group of notable depictions of life on earth in prehistoric ages recently painted by the American artist who is most eminent in this domain, and installed in the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago. The environment is represented exactly as it is believed to have existed, according to paleontological authorities.

heard the early opinion echoed by members of his own party. But not until the memorable night of April 2, 1917, when he appeared before Congress to deliver his war message, did Wilson seem to me to justify his critics.

As he entered the crowded House of Representatives through a narrow stage-door back of the Speaker's rostrum, he was the schoolmaster beyond all question—the perfect product of the conventional mould. His pale, immobile face, his protruding chin, his long thin nose firmly supporting eyeglasses, his carefully brushed hair, his slender figure seemingly elongated by a close-fitting frock coat, his dark gray trousers painstakingly creased, his ease, the manner of one conscious of his commanding place and of the importance of what others were now to hear from his lips;—yes, he was the schoolmaster from head to foot.

When he looked out upon the faces in front of him, he saw the revered justices of the Supreme Court seated in semicircle around the "well"; back of them were ranged the somewhat less revered members of the Senate; in their seats were the Congressmen, whom no one seems to revere. Diplomats and their wives crowded their assigned gallery, important folks from all parts of the country filled the public spaces to overflowing. We knew war must come and its brutalities and tragedies even then cast a shadow of solemnity over the brilliant scene.

I studied Wilson from the press gallery. As he advanced to the space in front of the Speaker's desk I searched his face and manner for some emotion responsive to the vital importance of that moment. Not a sign! No man ever was more at ease. To the correspondent who sat next to me I remarked that Wilson took his manuscript from the pocket of his frockcoat and began his address with the calmness of a clergyman announcing the evening meetings of the coming week before service; he read it with as little emphasis. If his manner was deliberate restraint it was a masterpiece; if it was just Wilson, he certainly showed himself the coldest man that I ever looked upon.

He got from that great audience what he gave it—the coolness of an academic address. . .

Perhaps Chief Justice White had much the same thought, for after vainly waiting for someone else to punctuate the President's speech with applause, he dropped on the floor the felt hat he had been holding on his lap, and started a vigorous first round. Wilson was then halfway through. Of course, at the close, there was a wave of enthusiasm, for the peroration was thrilling, but nothing in his manner or tone gave encouragement to go much beyond respectful hearing and courteous response.

And no one did.

* * *

IT was at this time {in Paris, during the Peace Conference} that the historic "break" with Colonel House occurred. Who knows the facts of that sundering of the most intimate ties that ever existed between the Executive of the great nation and a man in civil life? The relation began in silence, it continued in silence, it ended in silence. Was it a myth—that unity of purpose and of mind? Or was it real? Mystery of mysteries! Politics never saw its like!

Strange in its beginning, stranger still in its development through seven years of momentous problems, strangest of all in the mystery that still surrounds it, impenetrable, with the darkness of the grave on one side, and on the other side the only written evidence held back in deference to request.

Was House a sage? A sphinx? A Svengali?—one or all? In his day of power such queries were whispered among gossipers as softly as a spider spins his web. Since the "break" loud assertion has taken their place. Thus the glory of this changing world passes; surely we have here new evidence that its triumphs are of the moment—a frown, and they are gone!. . .

It is said that after an unsatisfactory talk one afternoon with Wilson, Lloyd George had hurried to the Crillon to talk it out with House. While the two

men were thus engaged, Wilson entered. He excused himself for interrupting and said he would call again when House was at leisure. That later call was never made. . . .

President Wilson never uttered a word to House to indicate his separation from him. He just forgot, more and more each day, that such a man existed. No charges, no dissensions, no explanations. House saw him off for home, exchanged cables with him after he reached the White House, but there was another tone to their relation and shortly it died away entirely. I have never heard of a person to whom Wilson afterward ever mentioned the name of House. . . .

* * *

AS a Senator for twenty years, Borah has gone his own way. He doesn't know how to follow. He so seldom travels a path another has trod that, if he were hunting bears in his Idaho mountains I doubt whether he would follow the tracks of Brother Bruin, as most hunters strive to do, lest he should feel that he was travelling a beaten path. He would get the bear, but in his own way!

If you were to study the Senate roll-call you would find that Borah votes more independently of party, of friends and of opponents than any other Senator. Nevertheless, he has more friends among his colleagues than have most Senators, and his attitude on legislation sways more votes. Why? Because of confidence in his integrity and ability, and because he makes no personal issues. He accords others the privilege he exercises of having his own opinion. There is nothing vitriolic about Borah; he never assails those who disagree with him; he fights their views but not them.

You will not find Borah in his Senate seat unless something important is before that body. Most of his time is spent digging for facts in the quiet of his office. There he determines whether he will support or oppose pending measures. He enters into no deals; he gives no votes as a bargain and seeks none. In all the gossip to be heard on Capitol Hill in Washington, I have never heard anyone claim that he had persuaded Borah not to speak his mind.—From Henry L. Stoddard's *As I Knew Them*, by permission of the author. {Harper & Brothers}

IN studying the history of America for the past hundred and fifty years with relation to the so-called "common people" one fact stands out in striking significance—the loss in the power of thought. The average farmer to-day, for example {I choose him because most of the "common people" were farmers a century and a half ago} cannot, I believe, compete for a moment with his predecessor in the power of concentrated thought. He has more schooling, he reads more printed words, he has far more advantages in the way of securing news and moving about the world, he has incomparably more luxuries, and he has quicker wits, but he has less of them.

Propaganda is no new invention. Our past-masters of the present day had nothing on Sam Adams; but let anyone read the sort of arguments addressed to the farming population in 1787 when it was necessary to secure their adherence to the new federal constitution and the sort of arguments they are given in a political campaign to-day. The writings of that day, and the sermons, required a concentrated, sustained effort of thought, and the farmers gave it.

To-day the headline press, the tabloid press, the movies, and the radios give them everything in snatches or pictures. And it is not the farmers alone. It is the whole population, save those who can stand aside and think for themselves; and these are becoming rare. . . .

—James Truslow Adams, in *Harper's Magazine*

The German courts are wrestling with the question of the difference between a tip and a bribe. The principal difference is that you generally get something in return for a bribe.—*Southern Lumberman.*

Two Kinds of News

THIS veteran newspaper man is depressed over the changes which are taking place in American journalism. In his book, Ballyhoo, the Voice of the Press, *he expands the viewpoint contained in this article.*

In his studies of what is happening to journalism the author is particularly concerned about "how its changed character affects its value as an instrument of democracy."

THE newspaper is but a peephole upon the bizarre and shocking and momentous. To astonish and thrill us it reaches into the uttermost corners of the earth, with an appearance of prodigious industry and fertility of resources; yet when we come down to it there is nothing miraculous in its output. Changes are but rung again and again on the old circulation-building themes of sex, religion, conflict, suspense, violence and money.

Fifty years ago more than half the space was given to news; now only about one-fourth is devoted to it. The space allotted to features has increased, and there has been a radical change in the character of the features. More than one-third of the space now filled by reading matter goes for this form of entertainment. Fifty years ago crime occupied but 32 inches in the St. Louis *Republican*; to-day it holds an average of 161.3 inches in the *Post-Dispatch*, double the ratio and quintuple the space.

The fact about crime news, of course, is that it builds circulation, and affords opportunities for the sob-sisters and sob-brothers of the diurnal press.

One hand still washes another in the newspaper, but the advertising hand has grown to twice its former size, while the news hand has shrunk proportionately. Let us now look at their respective contributions to the newspaper budget. In 1880 the journalistic revenue from advertising, according to the United States Census, was less than forty millions, while from the sale of the papers it was more than fifty millions. The last Census figures available are for the year 1923. Read 'em, as the poker players say, and weep. The revenue from sales of papers was 222½ million dollars; from advertising, 581 millions. From unofficial reports I learn that last year, in 1926, the advertising revenue ran past three-quarters of a billion dollars, and from sales of papers less than 300 millions.

> THERE can be no permanent basis for advertising except representation of the exact truth.
>
> Advertising {rather than competition} is the life of trade.
>
> The basic function of advertising is education . . . it informs its readers of the existence and nature of commodities by explaining the advantages to be derived from their use. . . .
>
> Advertising ministers to the spiritual side of trade.
>
> —President Calvin Coolidge

If that be correct, advertising paid nearly three-fourths of the bill. These figures are for all newspapers. The fiscal affairs of the individual publication are not a matter of common knowledge, as a rule. Our great daily journals are closely held, and are usually reticent about their finances. Figures are obtainable, however, on two New York newspapers of widely different character, and they may help us to an understanding of this side of the press. One set deals with William Randolph Hearst's *Evening Journal*, the other with Adolph S. Ochs' *Times*.

The *Journal*, with a circulation of 640,000, took in a little more than $4,700,000 from the sale of the paper, and $8,472,000 from advertising. That is to say, advertising constituted sixty-four per cent of its income.

The *Times*, with a circulation of nearly 400,000, took in from sales of the paper about $3,250,000, and from advertising about $22,500,000. More than eighty-five per cent of its revenue was from advertising. The gross sales of the *Journal* paid for the white paper on which it was printed, and nearly paid

the ink bill as well; whereas the gross sales of the *Times* paid less than half the cost of white paper alone.

Mr. Ochs has formulated a definite fiscal policy which will throw some light on the status of the advertiser as the "butter-and-egg man," in theatrical parlance, of the news comedy-drama. He says that an established newspaper "is entitled to fix its advertising rates so that its net receipts from circulation shall be left on the credit side of the profit and loss account. To arrive at net receipts, I would deduct from the gross the cost of promotion, distribution and other expenses incidental to circulation." The advertiser, then, is expected to pay all the costs of news gathering, all the cost of white paper, all the costs of other raw material, all the costs of production, and all the costs of administration.

The race for newspaper circulation is a race for higher milline advertising rates. That astute newspaper manager, Jason Rogers, observes that it is much easier to build large circulations by printing features than by piling up news. The comics, he says, have been rather overdone. He thinks the "Evening Story" in the Chicago *Daily News* the best feature he knows, but various contests have his approval, and he commends Dr. Frank Crane as "a strong drawing card."

In newspaper publishing, there is always room at the bottom; and just as Mr. Pulitzer's *World* took on circulation by the hundreds of thousands without cutting into the circulation of papers "for the educated classes," so the tabloids have done little damage to the sales of their more conservative neighbors, although in New York City they have captured a circulation of more than two millions. It is a sub-circulation, among readers who revel in precisely the same sort of journalism that characterized the Hearst-Pulitzer duel of thirty years ago. The pendulum of the press has swung back, in the tabloid picture papers, to "yellow" journalism. These are the papers which are doing the crusading, which are doing their own detective work, which slop over on suicides and scandal. Yet when put to the test of mass reporting in a "privileged" scandal, the tabloid papers fall behind their larger contemporaries.

Meanwhile the general character of advertising has improved. It has improved while the general character of the news, as we have seen, has deteriorated. Fake medical advertisements have almost, but not quite, disappeared from the daily press. Powerful organizations demand truth in advertising; but there is no corresponding organized demand for truth in news. Reputable journals in many instances give a money guarantee of the good faith of their advertisers, but they give no guarantee that their news is the cleanest and the most valuable they can possibly purchase and distribute. They are engaged in a double-barrelled merchandising activity: they are selling their papers to us on the strength of the news in them, and they are selling space wherein their advertisers cry a million wares. It is safe to say, I think, that the second function has influenced the American public much more profoundly than news and editorials together.

The shrivelled authority of the editorial page is a matter of general comment, and need not be elaborated here; as to the news, the saying which one hears everywhere that "you can't believe what you read in the papers" indicates a widespread distrust and suspicion.

Readers also distrust the emphasis placed on news about tax reduction, the Philippines, and other subjects in which they surmise that the publishers or large classes of their advertisers may have a sympathetic interest. Thus the coloring of news, wherever it exists, tends to defeat itself, and need not now, I think, greatly disturb us. Veiled propaganda in the news columns in time creates its own anti-body. But advertising propaganda is unveiled; it goes forth naked into the world, to be admired by all, including the President of the nation.

"It informs the readers," Mr. Coolidge says, "of the existence and nature of commodities by explaining the advantages to be derived from their use, and creates for them a wider demand. It

is the most potent influence in adopting and changing the habits and modes of life, affecting what we eat, what we wear, and the work and play of the whole nation."

The American people's physical standard of living has been raised by newspaper advertising. But its taste in reading has been lowered as news has been debased. Formerly we worried along with almost no intelligence of sports and crime; now we have a saturnalia of gunmen, pugilists, bathing beauties and divorcees. Formerly we paid cash for most of the things we got; now we buy luxuries on theinstalmentplan.

The advertiser demands mass circulation. We get the kind of news and features which create mass circulation. There is a *noblesse oblige* between the press and Big Business. The newspaper editor may hark back with pride to the Palladium of Liberty, but that palladium has crumbled. The editor has sold his birthright for a mess of advertising. The butter-and-egg man of the news extravaganza grows richer and tonier, while the newspaper reader grows poorer in relation to the wants which advertising stimulates. Surely this was not foreseen when a constitutional guarantee of freedom was given to the press.
—Silas Bent, in *The Yale Review*

TEMPERANCE is control of all the functions of our bodies. The man who refuses liquor, goes in for apple pie and develops a paunch is no ethical leader for me. The prohibitionists say, "Let's protect the weak." I think they are the weak. They say drink is dangerous. So is dancing, so is the theater, so is life itself, and many have turned their backs upon it and entered a monastery for fear they might get hurt.

—John Erskine

UNCONQUERED DEATH

DEATH is, and it is inevitable. The flowers die, and the trees, the days, and the seasons. Man may conquer everything but himself and death. Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales, died from being hit by a cricket ball. Louis VI. met death as the result of a pig's running under his horse. Fabius, the Roman praetor, choked to death on a single goat hair found in the milk he was drinking. Otway, the poet, when starving, had a guinea given him, but he strangled on the first mouthful of the bread he had purchased with a portion of the gift. William III. died when his horse stumbled over a molehill; Napoleon died in exile; Mary, Queen of Scots, was executed by her kinswoman, Elizabeth; the great Lincoln was assassinated, and Jesus expired upon the cross of a slave.

It has been said that man fears not death, but dying. Perhaps, if we could choose our end, if we could shape the plan, we should not be troubled when we think of the great and dark event.

One has said that death is paying the debt of nature. But to those who have lived well, it is bringing a soiled and worn-out bank-note for redemption and receiving gold in exchange, accepting for a cumbersome and diseased body, health and joy, life for ever more.

Henry Ward Beecher said, "You may live a King, but you die a man." Death is a great leveler, and in dying we enter a great democracy. It was Elizabeth, the Queen, who cried, "A million of sterling for a moment of time." It is said of Alexander the Great that, coming upon the cynic Diogenes fumbling with a pile of bones, he asked the question, "What are you doing here?" and received the answer, "I am looking for the bones of your father, but I can not distinguish between your father's bones and the bones of the slaves."

—Rev. Daniel A. Poling, of Marble Collegiate Church, New York

In these days, a murderer is crazy if he doesn't plead insanity.—*Arkansas Gazette*

YOUTH NOT SO FLAMING

REPORTER, publisher, prospector, frontiersman, Governor of Michigan and ever a keen observer—from these points of vantage, Chase S. Osborn looks on life and comes definitely to the conclusion that young America today, and its elders too, are as good as, if not better than, their forbears were a half-century ago. Here are some of his observations and optimistic conclusions.

I AM just as certain as a temperament that is cock-sure can be that the young people and the world and society and old people, too, are better than they were a half-century ago.

What right have I to an opinion?

My memory is clear for a period beginning sixty years ago until the present. . . .

At a proper period in my life I was plunged by the complete failure of my father from plenty into abject, hungry poverty. That did two great things for me: it gave me a sympathetic quality I am certain I might not have had otherwise, and it equipped me to see the lower or other planes of society that I might have missed unless catapulted into them by tremendous necessity.

I might go on and state other reasons for the right to an opinion. I have been in college and in the alley, and I have earned as honest a living at newspaper work in all its phases as the average man. These experiences have trained me to see and record.

First day at school I ran home in terror. There were two teachers, a woman and a man. What they fought about I do not know. But they did fight. The woman licked the man. That gave me a new measure of women. Next time I went to school a little girl led me, and I felt safe.

Rapidly I was outfolding into a boy. By the time I was ten I began to see little girls eyeing me and preferring me. They did the same with other boys, and some of the girls at ten had four or five kids running errands for them, drawing them on sleds, skating with them, and acting as general henchboys. I must have been nearly eleven when Fatty Tyner came to me to tell me a "sekurt." He said Jane Wiggums had caught him in the hall at school and had hugged him and kissed him. He said he liked it, and wished she would do it again. I asked him if he did anything, and he said he just took it. I wondered if Jane would do the same to me, but she didn't.

Quite soon another one did, and I liked it too. But I was not boy enough to pursue the girl without offering more than myself as compensation. So I trapped a rabbit and took it to her and asked to trade it for a kiss. She told me she didn't like rabbits, because her mother said they were like cats, but that it wasn't required to trade a rabbit for a kiss. Whereupon she gave me ten or more. I liked them even better than the first ones, and they made me warm.

In a year or so more I was ready for parties. We played at first ring-around-a-rosy, and drop-the-handkerchief, and such like. A girl would circle around behind the ring of boys and girls and drop a kerchief behind a boy and run. If the boy was not too bashful, he chased the girl and kissed her right there. If he was not bold enough, he bided time and kissed and hugged her when there

OLD ACQUAINTANCE

I know those smiling lips,
Those slanting eyes;
Your voice has cadences
I recognize.

We meet tonight
Amid formality;
You bend above my hand
And smile at me—

And then pass on
As though in unconcern,
But I would meet your eyes
If I should turn.

(Concluded on next page)

was no one around; and we knew she was his girl. All this was before I was twelve. Different games came in the teens. We danced to jazzy sing-song marches and we sang. . . .

We though that devilish, and it was. Once in a while a girl would hold aloof early in the evening and would not let a boy put his arms around her to swing her. Later in the evening, when the games and dances warmed up, these girls, who never were popular, would get into the swing of things and act naturally. Some of the girls would help the boys with all their might to make a success of the dance. They would squash in and the boys would hug them until they would grunt with delight and enjoyment.

They are inconsequent,
The words you say;
As lightly I reply
And turn away.

But well I understand,
And well you know,
That we have met
In some dim long ago.

Once you were Pan!
And in that sylvan past
I was a foolish maid
Who ran—too fast!

—Roselle Mercier Montgomery, in the New York *Times*

About this time I began to hear "bad" stories and hear tough songs. Approaching fourteen, these things came swiftly with other sophistications. Newspapers advertised marriage guides, and every boy and girl had one. Big Lib had a bagnio where the program of the Moulin Rouge would have been considered religious. It was a place of tone, as those things go. So far as I know, it was never raided. The best men in town went to the naked dances. They were quite bold about it until a paper printed in Chicago called the *Street Gazette*, and which was interdicted both by the local authorities and the Postal Department, began to print the list of attendants at Big Lib's parties.

I used to walk out towards the Wild Cat Creek and get a keg in which these papers were thrown out of the baggage car. Sometimes when the party was wilder than usual I got a dollar apiece for the *Street Gazette.* Once in a while some man would buy and destroy all of them. At least he thought he had them all. A hold-out would bring ten dollars.

Chicago in those days was wide open, as Edna Ferber tells so vividly in *Show Boat.* This I saw at its height. The red-light district was where the Board of Trade is now. Milwaukee was as bad as Chicago in some ways. Saloon licenses were the lowest in Milwaukee, and the saloons were the best regulated, if anything best can be said ever to have been connected with a saloon. Girls went to Milwaukee Gardens and Schlitz Park and Buedde-mann's-on-the-River.

Then I went to the northern frontier and saw the stockades and helped organize vigilantes and shoot girl-runners and burn stockaded fortresses of prostitution. Some of them had hungry, ferocious timber wolves chained at either side of the entrance. Not twenty per cent of the frontier people in some spots would pass as decent by the low standards of that time. Sex morals were as rotten on our frontiers as in the Orient, where I once saw good John T. McCutcheon trying to rescue a twelve-year-old girl from a man who had her for sale. I think John bought her and turned her loose, only to have her gathered in and sold again. . . .

Now what became of these young people I knew? Not one went to the bad, as the saying goes. Women knew the value of their jewels, and only a cur would take advantage and desert. It is true there is less bastardy now than then, but the honor that goes with sex and love was alive then, and is now.

Sex has its high and holy place and purpose. Its direction and manifestation is a test of honor, honesty, cleanliness, purity, and sense plus religion. Only coarse people think nasty things,

and only those who are yet unrefined talk and think and act smuttily and worse. Decent girls and boys and women and men today and yesterday do not feed the mind nastiness any more than they do the stomach filth. They do not parade the unmentionable any more than they would put a garbage-pail on the buffet. . . .

Those who are recreant in sex matters take place with those to be found in every land who are not "packed right in they haid," as an old cracker expressed it to me. There are criminals, but crime is so unusual as to be news. There are departures from the pathway, but the way back is found.

The young people of my time seemed hopeless to the older blue law crowd. They came out all right. Now the young people are bound for hell in a hand basket, but they are better than the young folks who turned out all right a half-century ago. How do I know? Well, I have seven children and twelve grandchildren, and they are my intimate friends. All of them are so much better than I was that I am ashamed of memory. They have young friends, and they are as fine as mine own. They come to live with me and camp with me and live every phase of life with me, and I know them and the God in them. Look at a face and see a man of character. No person, old or young, can practice unmentionable things long and get away with it. The face becomes sensuous or diseased and coarse. In no previous age were young people so clean-looking and beautiful and wholesome as right now.

Of course the young people know. They always have. Why should they not? They are honester about it now than once they were. Society is better in every phase and plane. To doubt this is to indict the foundation of our civilization. I wish those who are continually saying things are not what they were or should be would practice a bit of self-analysis, a little introspection. Then they will have a new faith in God and in his instruments: the church and the school and the press.—Chase S. Osborn, in *The Outlook*

THE IRONICAL NEW BIOGRAPHY

UNTIL lately, it was barely conceivable that any one should choose to write the life of a person whom he did not admire: no one thought of studying a personality merely for the sake of its psychological interest. But now, any fervency of admiration in a biographer for his "hero" would be, artistically, a disadvantage. A vast field, particularly rich in the Victorian period, is opened up for any one who has an eye for character and some skill in unfolding it by a patient scrutiny of motive.

The new organon begins with comparatively unimportant people, people whose main attraction is their foibles, but it will go on to embrace the heroes of the past in literature and action, and to present them with a new and disconcerting vividness. If there will no longer be heroes, there will be no more dummies.

The Lytton Strachey method is almost of necessity ironical, in that it claims to be conversant with those secret motives, of which the subject perhaps was barely conscious, but which have come within the perception of the new psychology; for the world of the subconscious is an irrational world, inhabited by ghoulish appetites leering up out of their crepuscular region at the specious sentiments of which the subject was conscious. . . .

Almost any character, when scrutinized in isolated moral attitudes, may be made to look as odd as an instantaneous photograph makes the figure of a man in the act of walking. The Lytton Strachey method obtains many of its effects by catching the subject in such isolated attitudes, and by running a rapid succession of fixed impressions into a movie of the whole career. The result is always vivid and entertaining, but it is, I submit, by our conscious motives that we should be judged.—John Eglinton, in *The Dial*

Publishers are inclined to play too safely. They are a little too timid. They don't go to jail often enough.—Dr. Joseph Collins

The Railroads at Bay

IN 1920 the Interstate Commerce Commission set 5¾% as a fair return on railroad investments. In the six calendar years since that time the railroads of the country have failed to earn that return by more than a billion dollars. Their average profit in the years 1920-1926 was only a little over 3% and there is little likelihood that it will be much more for many years to come. This state of affairs is mainly due to the colossal and continuous reductions in passenger traffic suffered by practically all the roads. Since 1920, the year in which they handled the maximum number of passengers in their entire history, the number carried has declined from as little as 15% in the Great Lakes region to as much as 68% in the Southwest. The decline in the entire Eastern district since 1920 has been about 22%, in the Southern district about 42%, and in the Western district about 48%.

WILL the railroads win their struggle with the automobile? Will they return to the dominant position they occupied twenty-five years ago? What of the de luxe trains, and the speed trains and the buses? Do they offer the best ways of winning back the lost passenger traffic?

—Charles Angoff

Most of the general decline in passenger traffic has been in the day-coach business, brought on mainly by the competition of private automobiles and public motorbuses. One railroad president recently said that because of the automobile 30,000 miles of track would soon have to be scrapped. His estimate was probably a conservative one, for the latest figures show that the motor-bus line mileage of the country is now 270,000 miles while that of the railroads is only a little over 250,000. This devastating competition is presenting a problem to the roads that is entirely new in their history. A half century ago it was they who were on the offensive and the other common carriers—for example, the river steamers and canal boats—that were on the defensive. Now matters have taken a turn, and the railroads themselves are fighting for life. . . .

Since 1924 the railroads have accomplished a great deal in "refining" their long distance travel by going in for extremely expensive *de luxe* trains, and they have spent enormous amounts of money in advertising them. In 1926, for instance, they spent the greater part of $16,000,000 for this purpose. In the last three years they have inaugurated over forty-five such trains, and new ones are being put on almost weekly. . . .

The Pullman Company does not operate any dining-cars, nor does it own any. It makes most of them, but they are sold to the railways and operated by them. They invariably are run at a loss. The Southern Pacific recently made public the operating costs of its dining-cars in 1925, and they may be taken as typical of all the other big roads. For each meal served it suffered a loss of 52 cents. Before any food was set before the patron there was an expense of 79 cents. Since a dining-car must be carried an average distance of 4½ miles for every patron served, and since the approximate cost of hauling the car is 12 cents a mile, an additional expense of 54 cents must be absorbed by the company for every meal served. None of these figures includes the cost of food served. The average loss sustained on the food is 12 cents. The average check is 93 cents. . . .

A great deal of the loss suffered by the railroads on their dining-car service can be explained by the fact that for long trips the cars must be heavily stocked with food on the assumption that the train will be heavily loaded. In case the train is not loaded, as often happens, there is, of course, a loss. Dining-car service, especially for dinner, requires caring for the patrons in a much shorter period of time than is the case in hotels, and this considerably increases the force

necessary to serve the passengers expeditiously. About 50,000,000 meals are served annually in the diners on American railways. The heavy loss which the roads suffer on them is not due to any altruism on their part. They don't dare to increase the prices of food or service for fear of alienating long distance passengers, for whose patronage they are especially solicitous. It is all a matter of advertising to them. They buy good will by serving meals below cost.

In Europe the revenue from dining-cars is very large. Over 50% of the profits of the Wagon-Lits Company, for instance, comes from its "restaurant cars." The average check per customer on the Continent is nearly $1.25 — about 25 cents more than the average check in this country.

The dining-cars, of course, are not the only ones on which the railroads are now lavishing their talent for "refinement." They have not forgotten the parlor-cars, or the sleeping-cars, or even the observation-cars. Each road, naturally, has its own aesthetic in such matters. . . .

Despite the huge losses suffered by the railroads of this country on their dining-cars, they have gone in for more and more elaborate improvements in their construction. . . .

On the Denver Limited of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy there is a casino lounge with revolving chairs in the forward part of the parlor-car, and the general scheme of decoration is a modified Adam in green buff, black and gold. There are wide pilasters between the windows, and each of them is paneled in green and surmounted by a wide cap of Adam design decorated in black, red and gold. There is a soda fountain with a Filipino attendant. The rear half of the car is made in adaptation of the Pompeiian, in black, red, bronze, green and ivory. Between the windows are red panels with a vertical ornament of classical detail. The illumination is furnished by twelve candelabra decorated with Pompeiian designs. . . .

On the Panorama Special of the Denver & Rio Grande Western the observation platform has a movable searchlight for the benefit of passengers who wish to view the scenery after dark. The Red Bird of the Chicago Great Western Railway is painted red Venetian inside and out, including the locomotive, with gold ornamentation and lettering. The Chicago & Eastern Illinois hasn't gone in for as much gaudiness in its parlor-cars as have other roads, but it started something which will make them all get up and take notice when it adopted the practice of serving afternoon tea on its La Salle *de luxe* train, which runs between St. Louis and Chicago. Each afternoon the passengers are handed a beautifully decorated card reading: "At 4 P. M. you are invited to enter the dining-car to partake of a hot cup of tea and a sandwich."

THE purpose and policy of the United States is exactly the opposite of imperialism. It wants no smallest extent of additional territory. It has no desire to include a single alien group of people under its control. On the contrary, it wants to assist other nations, no matter how small and defenseless, to grow strong and wise and self-reliant, so that they can fearlessly, self-respected and respected by others, take their place in the family of nations.

It is perhaps primarily along the highways of trade that the influence of American principles is carried over the world. We believe those principles to be based on fair and honest dealing with all men, on frank recognition of the rights of others, and we know that if this is true the highways of trade will be highways of peace.

—William R. Castle,
Assistant Secretary of State

Of late much attention has been given to making the sleeping-cars more comfortable and swanky than they have been in the past. Only a few months ago the professional magazines were carrying an announcement that a Mrs. A. R. Rossman of Plainfield, N. J., apparently a recognized genius in such matters, had created new schemes for the comfort of the traveling free American. . . .According to the latest reports she is contemplating having windows in the upper berths, and several shower-baths in each car. Instead of the shabby curtain on the lower berths there will be a two-part flexible steel curtain that rolls on two rollers. In addition there will be an electric heating regulator in each berth, whereby the passenger will be able to adjust the temperature to suit himself. The air of the entire car will be changed every four minutes by means of an electric ventilating apparatus. This scheme of layout for sleeping-cars will probably never come to anything, but it shows which way the wind of "refinement" is blowing.

Even as they are now, the sleeping-cars of this country are far superior to those of the Continent, despite a legend to the contrary. First of all, they are more plentiful. There are 9,000 Pullman sleeping and parlor cars in the United States at this writing, while in Great Britain, for example, there are only 225. Everywhere on the Continent the allowance of towels is one per passenger per night. In America the minimum supply for a sleeper is 240 towels, and the average number of passengers traveling is 12. In Europe there is one washroom for both men and women, and it is not unheard of for a man and woman, strangers to each other, to be put into the same sleeping compartment. What is more, the rates for sleepers in Europe are much higher than they are here. Over there they are almost as high as, and often higher than, the train fare in many cases, while here, as every one knows, they are much smaller—seldom more than 13%.

Rates, on the whole, in this country are much lower than they are anywhere else in the world, considering the service rendered.

Nearly all the *de luxe* trains, of course, charge extra fares, but they are surely not exorbitant. In nearly all cases a definite and commensurate value is given in return. . . .

During the last few years the roads have put on more and more sleeping-cars between cities only a few hundred miles apart. Some of these runs are actually less than a hundred miles, as, for example, that between Baltimore and Philadelphia. The passenger goes to bed in his car, and is sound asleep by the time it starts; in the morning, though he may arrive at 4 A. M., he is permitted to sleep until 7.30 or 8. For such short trips by night the Pullman Company has lately devised a bed-car. Each passenger has a little room of his own, and in it there are a bed and a washstand. There is no room for a chair, and so the bed-car is not comfortable and was not designed for day travel. This service, so far, has not been profitable, but it shows signs of increasing in popularity. The fare charged is one-and-a-quarter times the price of a single ticket. The Pullman charge is about that for a section. . . . In all these fields the railroads of this country are far ahead of those of Europe. There still remains another matter in which they beat them, that of speed. The United States has for years led the world in long-distance and short-distance high-speed trains, especially the former, and still does. Fifteen years ago one could travel from New York to Chicago in 18 hours; to St. Louis in 24; to Buffalo in 8½; and to Pittsburgh in less than 9. The speediest trains in the world ran from Camden, N. J., to Atlantic City, N. J., making 66.6 miles an hour. All these high speeds have been cut down, but, on the other hand, many of the slower trains have been accelerated, and the number of fast trains has been increased.

The aim now is not so much to break the spectacular records of fifteen or twenty years ago, but to raise the average. The most noteworthy recent achievement occurred when five hours was

clipped from the schedule of limited trains running between Chicago and Southern California. . . .

Because of the almost savage competition among all the roads for the freight business the railroads have recently gone in for increasing the speed of their freight trains also, with a total disregard for the cost, which is, of course, terrific. Fast schedules in freight trains mean light loads at high unit cost. A number of the roads are now giving express service at freight rates on many commodities handled. The *Bache Review* points out that fruit is now being carried from California to Chicago in 154 hours, and adds, "Freight from one large commercial center to another 500 miles apart and over receives second morning delivery. . . .Often goods are received before the bill of lading arrives, resulting in demands to slow up delivery of the freight to enable brokers to receive their bills and sell the goods before they arrive and accumulate demurrage." . . .

The main effort being put forward by the roads to win back their local passenger traffic has been in the construction of buses similar to those which are taking away their business. Fifty-three railways are now operating buses, and covering a mileage of 7,724 miles, and more and more are falling in line.

Whether the buses are bringing back the lost commuters is still a moot question. Most of the Western roads find that they are helping them very little, and that their day-coach business is continuing to decline in spite of them. Others find that, though they are not gaining passengers, the cost of caring for what little they have is much smaller with buses than with trains, and thus their net loss is smaller. Still others profess to find a slight increase in their local passenger traffic business as a result of the installation of the buses.

Many of the roads have also put on freight buses in the attempt to hold on to the local freight business, which private trucking concerns are rapidly taking away from them. Here, too, the effect is still in doubt. The B. & O. which runs a fleet of trucks between Baltimore and Washington, is reporting a saving of more than $1000 a month over what it would cost it to carry the same freight by rail. . . .

As for the *de luxe* trains, it is extremely difficult to obtain exact figures on them; the railway officials are very reticent on the subject. But it is no secret that while many of them, such as the Twentieth Century and the Broadway Limited, are making lots of money, there are just as many that are not earning the wages of their crews.

As to what effect they and the extra speed trains will have in the long run, the railroad world is divided in opinion. *Railway Age*, representing one group, is inclined to think that what the roads need most right now is faster trains, more "refinement" in day coaches as well as in parlor-cars, and more buses, if they are to keep on top. It always reports the new improvements in "refinement" with much relish. But the *Bache Review*, representing an opposite body of opinion, thinks that "refinement" and extra speed are all nonsense, and persists in warning the investing public that "large volumes of traffic are now moving on the roads where the net is *nil* or very small. . . . The extravagance in running luxurious trains, more numerous than are necessary to handle the traffic, with innovations not demanded nor required by the public and indulged in by the railways themselves to outdo their competitors, {is so large} that this service has resulted in losses instead of gains."

The goat is the Pullman Company. It is bound by contract to supply whatever equipment the roads order. When a new *de luxe* is launched it is often let in for very heavy losses, for it must keep its cars in apple-pie order and pay their crews. All the railroad has to do is to haul them. When the average number of passengers carried per car drops below twelve, it can scarcely make a profit. But on some of the gaudier of the new *de luxe* trains the average of twelve is seldom reached. One of them once left Chicago for California with only one paying through passenger!—Charles Angoff, in *The American Mercury*

The Unknown Soldier

As it happens, within a span of not many months I have stood beside the graves of three Unknown Soldiers: one buried on the green slope of Arlington at Washington, one who rests beneath the stone flags of Westminster Abbey, and one buried in the middle of the swirling street traffic of the Place de l'Étoile in Paris. Italy also has her *milite ignoto,* and doubtless others lie in other lands whose troops took part in the Great War. Even making all allowance for the laws of imitation and the herd spirit which governs so much of our life today, this widespread honoring of the unknown dead is a phenomenon worth considering.

Man has always delighted to honor the great and those who have performed conspicuous service according to the ideas of their age and place. But now for the first time whole nations, and those the most enlightened, have come to honor the man of whom we know nothing, the Unknown Soldier. As a matter of unfortunate fact, the particular body may be that of one who fought the draft to the last ditch and was a slacker in service. That, however, is of course wholly irrelevant; for it is not really the Unknown Soldier who thus receives the almost religious adoration of his people, but the Common Man, for that is what he is intended to typify. . . .It is about this unknown common man that the real religion of the present day is crystallizing. No one cares a rap whether the distinguished visitor honor the God of the country he is visiting by attending worship in any of its churches, but he *must* worship, wreath in hand and with bowed head and silent prayer, its Unknown Soldier, its common man.

In literature also the common man has become the hero. Rarely now does the serious drama depict a protagonist who by any stretch of the imagination can be considered a great character. We are much more apt to find ourselves watching the insane rage of a ship's stoker or the marital complications of an utterly uninteresting and inconspicuous commuter living in a New Jersey suburb. . . .

This admiration for the undistinguished is a comparatively recent development. Of course the common man has for long been coming into his own—and some of ours—economically and politically, though perhaps he has not in reality got so far politically as he flatters himself that he has, save to muddy the waters. He has been steadily forcing himself on the world, but perhaps his most astounding achievement has been to force himself into the leading place in our arts and, at least our publicly avowed, admirations. It is a mistake to think that the Fathers of this Republic had any great regard for the common man as such. The tradition in that respect which his flatterers have tried to foist on the rest of us will not hold water. Here and there, indeed, were leaders ahead of their time, like Thomas Hooker, Roger Williams, or Thomas Jefferson, who believed in the common man and

> HAVE we suffered a transvaluation of values and is the common man now the great man rather than the sort we used to call great? If this is so, is it not evidence of that intellectual and spiritual leveling down that has been feared by so many who have, not unsympathetically, studied the possibilities of political and social democracy? Is the unknown X. Y., who worked hard to earn a scanty living, who was good to his wife and dozen children, back in Lincoln's time and country, but who never "got anywhere" beyond exercising the homely virtues, really going to be a better hero to hold before a boy's imagination than Lincoln himself?
>
> —James Truslow Adams

told him so. But for the most part the lead ersin the "great migrations" and the Revolutionary period, although they may have told him so, did not believe in him. In the colonizing days John Cotton and John Winthrop had about as much faith in democracy and the ability of the common people to govern themselves as had George the Third or Louis the Fourteenth later. Cotton Mather, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, in a fit of spleen spoke of his plebeian fellow townsmen as "insignificant lice." Alexander Hamilton's testy remark is well known: "The People—your People, Sir, is a great beast" . . .

Then along in the 1840's came Bancroft and others who began to write the heroic legend of the country's past, and the common man began his enchanted ascent in public estimation. . . . In Lincoln it was thought that the common man had at last blazed forth in a trail of glory, people forgetting, of course, that although Lincoln was born in poverty he was not a common, but a most uncommon, man. If he had not been, he would have probably remained in obscurity with the rest of the herd of poverty-stricken pioneers and rail-splitters who *were* common men and who never emerged. As for his alleged remark that "God must have loved the common people, He made so many of them," I frankly doubt if he ever said it, at any rate with serious intent. It is too silly. One might just as well say that God must have loved fleas or cockroaches or the yellow-fever mosquito, He made so many of them. . . .

But little by little the common man has got where he is and now receives the homage of poets and novelists, and his bones rest at Arlington and in the Abbey and under the Arc de Triomphe. The trades-unions key their work down to the capacities or inclinations of the lowest of his type in ability. Our public schools and, to an alarming extent, our colleges are standardized on the mental level of his progeny, so that a college degree has ceased to have the slightest cultural meaning. . . .

It does not make so much difference, perhaps, how all this has happened as what it means and what it is going to lead to. What does it signify that the world to-day worships the private and not the general?

That the common man has many admirable traits is undoubtedly true, and I would be the last to deny them. That he often deserves more praise and recognition than he gets I have also observed often enough in a life which has taken me to many places, among many kinds of people, on many different pursuits. But his qualities are for the most part the same fundamental ones of courage, kindliness, generosity, faithfulness, and so on, which are common to all decent men of all grades. On the other hand, the common man lacks qualities which the great man possesses. It is needless to say that by "common man" I intend no snobbish reference to wealth or social position or early opportunities. I mean by the "common man" merely the ordinary man who has never in his life done anything distinguished, who is incapable of high emotion, who has never raised himself, mentally or spiritually, above the herd, who has never conferred any benefit on the race, or who at death, except for the sorrow of those near who loved him, leaves no more behind him for the rest of us than a pet dog. I know plenty of common men among the rich and heralded, whose possessions and chance position have nothing to do with their qualities. But, on the other hand, I doubt if there are many great or even talented men among the people who do not somehow make themselves known or felt in time by their services or achievements. . . .

If instead of the great man we worship the little one, if instead of occupying our thoughts with the rare and the fine and the great we devote all our time and admiration to the petty, the commonplace, and the plain common, are we not likely ourselves to become more and more like the objects we worship?

Why spend laborious nights in study to train our minds, why attempt to mould our characters to something higher than the mob, why strive for high thought and

action, why dream of high endeavor, why strive to fit ourselves to lead, if, after all, we are still no better than the led, and the world's leaders and benefactors are really outranked by Sal the sandwich slinger and Bill the stoker? And if they are not really outranked, if the leaders are really more worthy of admiration and imitation than the led, if the great and the noble are really finer than the common man, then why all this hypocritical pother? Is it that the common people now in truth have the power, that man always worships what controls him, and that the qualities of Demos are those which from now on must more and more command the world's homage?

If that is so, then Democracy has indeed failed and the upward progress of civilization has come to an end, and in worshiping the Unknown Soldier we are worshiping at the grave of a far greater dead, the corpse of man's aspiration for something finer and higher and nobler than himself, the corpse of man's aspiring soul.—James Truslow Adams, in *The Atlantic Monthly*

CAUSES AND EFFECTS OF TORNADOES

THE cause of the tornado is essentially the same as that of a severe hail or thunder storm. From the West or Northwest comes cold air which overrides warm, moisture-laden air from the South or Southwest. The surface of contact of the two winds is a slanting one, so that about a hundred miles east of the trough, as the line of contact at the ground surface is called, the two winds clash at a height of about a mile. It is at about this point that the so-called funnel-shaped cloud usually forms, whirling like a top and carrying within it reduced pressure which causes houses in its path to literally blow up because of the released pressure within them. The warm air beneath, charged with moisture and immense energy, sets up a most violent convection and vertical overturning of the atmosphere which results in the typical tornado vortex, an immense eddy in the ocean of air.

About a hundred tornadoes occur each year in the United States, and they take a toll of about three hundred lives yearly on the average. The tornado season for most of the country is from March to October.

Little can be done to protect against the tornado, but meteorologists give this advice:

If you see the tornado cloud advancing toward you, run northward or toward the northwest, in the direction of your left hand as you face the coming storm.

If there is a "cyclone" cellar or tornado cave, get into it as soon as possible.

In a frame house the best thing to do is to go to the southwest corner of the basement. A frame house is likely to be taken off its foundations intact.

In a brick and masonry structure, do not go to the cellar as that is the most dangerous place. The tornado will disintegrate the brick house at once, whirling the debris into the basement.—*Daily Science News Bulletin*

EDDIE FOY

"IT is dusty on the river to-night."

We shall never hear that line again—in the inimitable voice, with the lift of the shoulders, the swagger of the elbows, the haughty raise of the eyebrows that were dear old Eddie Foy. No funnier comedian ever delighted young and old in these United States. From the Atlantic to the Pacific two generations of Americans laughed at him and loved him. New York thought it owned him, and in a way it did. But Chicago and San Francisco were under the same happy impression. He was everybody's Eddie Foy.

His manner and method were all his own. His comedy was unique. That can be said of few comedians. A host of would-be imitators were a standing tribute to his own inimitableness. Seventy-one years old, on the stage through more than fifty of them, still bravely ready for the cue up to the very day he died.

"It is dusty on the river to-night."—New York *Evening World* editorial

SAM HOUSTON

THE name of one of the most picturesque, yet neglected, figures in American history, who "carved out an empire" and gave it, labeled Texas, to the United States, recently found itself on millions of tongues when the Democratic National Convention assembled in Sam Houston Hall at Houston, Texas. Here are some portions of the life story of General Sam Houston, "colossus in buckskin" and "last of the Titans," told by the former director of the Federal Bureau of Public Information, in the Woodrow Wilson administration, during the World War.

BETWEEN Hernando de Soto, first to blaze a trail through the wildernesses of the New World, and Kit Carson, last of the great frontiersmen, streams an endless procession of tremendous figures—Homeric in courage and achievement, flaming hugely against the dull background of uniformity; yet not in the whole colorful story of America is there record of a more amazing career than that of Sam Houston, the Colossus in buckskin who won an empire for his country....His portrait is a composite of those amazing men who rode the forest and plain as the Vikings rode the sea—reckless, dauntless, indomitable, simple as children, craftier than the Indian, arrogant and invincible in their courage and pride of blood, lawless yet curiously law-loving and fleeing from civilization only to extend it. . . .

> GREATNESS in the sense in which that term is generally understood can with difficulty be determined about anyone before his life work is complete. Moreover, few people have sufficient acquaintance with the great of other countries than their own to feel sure of comparative values. . . . I am not sure that God always knows who are His great men; He is so very careless of what happens to them while they live.
>
> —Mary Austin

What saved him from illiteracy were the books that the Virginia pioneers brought with them in their saddle-bags—worn volumes of the classics that passed from hand to hand, giving color and delight to the long winter evenings. Pope's *Iliad* came into the boy's possession by loan or gift, and it was this book, as much as any other one thing, that formed his life and pointed his career. The story of the tremendous struggle on Scamander plain more than ever turned his mind away from peaceful pursuits, casting it in heroic mold, and the sonorous passages of the Greek classic gave lasting color to his written and spoken word.

His brothers, older and more practical, viewed Sam's development with growing alarm, and in an effort to "break him to the traces," finally arranged for his employment as a clerk in the village store. Already a grown man, although only in his fifteenth year, the six-foot youth endured the hateful counter for a few short weeks, and then he calmly crossed the Tennessee River and asked lodging of the Cherokees. Oo-loo-tee-kah, a subchief, took him into his wigwam as a son, attracted by his size and spirit, and when his brothers found him out, the boy answered them in a grandiloquent speech that Pope himself might have envied.

"I prefer measuring deer tracks to tape," he said. "Better the liberty of the red men than your tyranny. If I cannot study Latin in the academy, I can at least read a translation from the Greek here in the woods, and read it in peace. Go home by yourselves. I will not return."

Now and then, during the three years of his life with the Cherokees, he returned to the settlement to see his mother

and to purchase supplies and gifts. It was the debts thus incurred that brought him back to civilization, for even the slightest financial obligation always rested upon his honor like an unbearable weight. Casting about for a means of raising money, he decided to open a country school, and the youth's superb confidence in himself may be estimated by the fact that he not only ignored his own lack of preparation, but majestically established a scale of prices far above the scale that had obtained. Each pupil was required to pay $8 a term, one third in cash, one third in corn delivered at the mill, and one third in cotton cloth, the last item designed for the teacher's personal attire. It must have been a satisfactory, even happy experience, for when a United States Senator from Texas, and after having served as president of the Lone Star Republic, he made the following confidence to a friend:

"When a young man in Tennessee, I kept a country school, being then about eighteen years of age, and a tall, strapping fellow. At noon after the luncheon, which I and my pupils ate together out of our baskets, I would go out into the woods and cut me a 'sour wood' stick, trim it carefully in circular spirals, and thrust one half of it in the fire, which would turn it blue, leaving the other half white. With this emblem of ornament and authority in my hand, dressed in a hunting shirt of flowered calico, a long queue down my back, I experienced a higher feeling of dignity and self-satisfaction than from any office or honor which I have held since that time." . . .

In January, 1829, he married Miss Eliza Allen, a young and beautiful girl, and it was as a bridegroom that he announced his candidacy for reelection {for the governorship of Tennessee}. Despite powerful opposition, the campaign was beginning to assume every appearance of certain success, when in April his wife suddenly left the executive mansion, returning to her parents, and on the heels of this sensation Governor Houston handed in his resignation to the Secretary of State. No reason was assigned, the letter simply stating that "although shielded by perfect consciousness of undiminished claim to the confidence and support of my fellow citizens, and delicately circumstanced as I am, and by my own misfortunes more than the fault or contrivance of anyone, overwhelmed by sudden calamities, it is certainly due to myself and more respectful to the world, that I retire from a position which, in the public judgment, I might seem to occupy by questionable authority." . . .

> THE world-wide interests of the United States, aside from the dictates of humanity, make us view with peculiar disfavor not only any danger of being involved in war ourselves, but any danger of war among other nations. Our investments and trade relations are such that it is almost impossible to conceive of any conflict anywhere on earth which would not affect us injuriously. The one thing that we want above all else for ourselves and for other nations is a continuance of peace. Whether so intended or not, any nations engaging in war would thereby necessarily be engaged in a course prejudicial to us.
>
> —President Coolidge, in his Memorial Day address at Gettysburg, Pa.

At a later day, when the wife procured a divorce and married again, the truth came out. She had been forced into the union by her ambitious parents, although they knew she loved another, and she had gone to the altar an unhappy and unwilling bride. To one of her culture, the primitive Houston must have seemed a barbarian, and to lack of affection was soon added an overwhelming distaste. Ignorant of the emotional processes of women, and blinded by his own superb self-confidence, the groom saw nothing

in the first weeks of the honeymoon, but as the young wife shrank more and more from the intimacies of wedded life, the truth was forced upon him.

It was a revelation that would have proved a tragedy to any man, but doubly was it tragic to one of Sam Houston's intense nature and overweening vanity, for not only was there heart-break but also humiliation. Any study of the facts in the case shows that he could have laid the story before the people in full confidence of the popular verdict, but pride and chivalry combined to bar him from such a course. To make public admission that he, the great Sam Houston, had been scorned and flouted, was unthinkable, for worse than laughter was the thought that he might be pitied.

Another and nobler cause also had part in the decision. One of Houston's most marked characteristics was a deep and almost childlike reverence for women. To him they were superior beings, and what wrongs and injustices they inflicted were to be borne by men without reply or reprisal. Any other course of conduct stamped a man as a scoundrel and a blackguard. Not for him to drag his bride through a divorce court, with its shabby business of charge and counter-charge, its public gossip and invitation to obscene surmise. Better the decency and dignity of oblivion, even though it meant the end of hope, the death of ambition.

These were the feelings that impelled him to send in his resignation as governor, and not content with the surrender of his honors, he now resolved upon exile. Out of a very completeness of ruin, a majesty of disaster, he might be able to retain some rags of self-respect to wrap about his naked vanity. But where could he go? Into his despair, like a ray of light, shot the memory of the Indians that had loved and sheltered him in the days of his wild youth. They would receive him without curiosity or question, and in their wigwams he could find a refuge if not forgetfulness. Not even acquainting friends with his decision, he walked out of the home that had become hateful, and faced toward the setting sun to seek sanctuary among the Cherokees. . . .

Refusing the company of friends, and slipping away from Nashville at night, the self-proscribed man set out on his long journey. Down the Cumberland, down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Arkansas, up that stream to Little Rock, and then by land and water, he came at last to the Indian village where Oo-loo-tee-kah waited for him with open arms. He had received word of Houston's coming, and the gigantic chieftain, in full vigor despite his sixty-five years, took the exile to his breast as though he had been a son.

"Eleven winters have passed since we met," he said, "and I heard you were a great chief among your people. I have heard that a dark cloud had fallen on the white path you were walking, and when it fell in your way, you turned your thoughts to me. My wigwam is yours, my people are yours, rest with us." . . .

Taking again the name of Co-lon-neh the Rover, the one given him when he lived with the Cherokees in Tennessee, Houston draped a blanket about his shoulders, and turned his back upon civilization with the conviction that it was forever. Every circumstance of his life among the Indians proved the truth of his assertion that he had no thought but to forget and be forgotten. . . .

In time he came to live with Tallahina, a majestic half-breed as tall as himself, marrying her in accordance with Cherokee law, and her care of him was true and tender. Houston ever held her in regard and gratitude, and when in Texas, and at a time when a career was opening to him, begged the squaw to come to him and take her place as his wife. She refused, not caring to leave her own people for a new life among strangers, but until she died Houston did not feel that he was free to consider another marriage.

With drink as his one escape from unhappy memories, the wretched man seemed doomed to sordid obscurity until such time as death should come to his relief, but the increasing misery of the Cherokees at last aroused him from his

degradation. Love for the Indian was one of Sam Houston's disinterested passions, and the injustices worked upon the helpless savages ever had power to arouse his anger and indignation. Throughout his public life, as President of Texas and as United States Senator, he never lacked the courage and conscience to make protest against the dishonor, greed and cruelty that marked the conduct of the Government in its dealings with aborigines. Even the abolitionists, so frenzied in their sympathy for the enslaved Negro, refused to lift their voices in a plea for the red man, and sat idle while he was degraded below the level of the black. . . .

Roused from his brooding melancholy by the misery of his friends, and stirred to action by Oo-loo-tee-kah's pleas, Houston put away his drunkenness and promised to lead a delegation of Cherokees to Washington. It was a bitter pledge to make, for it meant new and deeper humiliations. He knew that his mode of life was well known to the outside world, thanks to the gossip of travelers, and not only would there be pity for the failure but also contempt for the drunkard. Such, however, was his devotion to the Indians that he did not falter, and pulling himself together as well as might be, Houston took the Cherokees on their long journey to Washington.

It must have been an affecting meeting between Houston and Old Hickory, the one now President and the idol of his people, the other an exile and a despised "squaw-man," but Andrew Jackson quickly proved that he had lost none of his regard for the former subaltern. . . .

After entering Texas a broken man, a common drunkard, the Texans had seen him throw off his melancholy and his dissipations, and rise to a new and finer manhood. When waves of passion swept the colonies, and men shouted in an emotionalisn that had no connection with mental processes, they had watched Sam Houston keep his head, and had ever found his counsel sound. Above all else, they recognized in him the necessary capacity for *leadership,* a vital and imperative quality among men without experience in discipline or subordination. . . .

It was as a Senator of the United States that Sam Houston entered Washington in March of 1846. Fourteen years before he had left the capital under a load of opprobrium, branded by public opinion as a drunken ruffian, and facing no larger future than that afforded by the squalid confines of a Cherokee village. Now he returned in glory—the hero of San Jacinto, the successful administrator, the man who had given an empire to his native land—his unhappy past wiped out by a flood of popular admiration for one who had dared greatly and achieved nobly.

His appearance met every dramatic demand, for the tall, majestic figure was invariably draped in an Indian blanket, the startling effect enhanced by a vest of tiger skin and a broad-brimmed white hat that flapped like a sail in the breeze. In the Senate, he was no less a conspicuous figure, for while his speeches had none of the beauty and finish that marked the oratory of Webster, Clay, Calhoun and Benton, the picturesque phrases brought a breath from forest and prairie, and had the added value of courage and honesty. For the most part, he held to an Indian stoicism, filling his waste-paper basket with pine whittlings, but when the debate engaged his interest, his words had the unerring drive of a Texas bullet. . . .

He died on July 26, 1863, three weeks after the fall of Vicksburg. He had received his death-blow when Texas seceded, and now a death-blow had fallen on the Confederacy. . . .

Outside of his small property, his one possession of value was the sword that he had worn at San Jacinto. . . Marking the grave was a plain slab with this brief inscription: "General Sam Houston. Born March 2, 1793. Died July 26, 1863." How simple to have written: "Sam Houston—Last of the Titans"!—From George Creel's *Sam Houston,* by permission of the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, through the author

Thanks to the American Indian

THE present economic position of the United States, the strongest of any country on earth, is due in a large measure to the plants, materials, and processes which constitute our inheritance from the ancient civilizations of American Indians. Well over half of our total agricultural wealth, in fact about four-sevenths of it, consists of crops unknown in the Old World until after the momentous voyage of Columbus.

The value of this Indian inheritance annually reaches sums beyond the dreams of avarice. Farm values amount to billions of dollars, and other billions of dollars are developed in the commercial turnover. But, indeed, the entire world is benefited by gifts from Indian farmers and the indications are that the economic importance of the ancient products of the New World civilization will increase rather than diminish in the future.

Indian farmers did their job well and succeeded in establishing many useful differentiations in their food plants. Indeed the original set of plants, namely maize, beans and squashes, were carried very far from wild types and given wider range in climatic adaptation than any comparable plants of Old World origin. Maize grows from Canada to Argentina in arid and humid lands and at high and low elevations. Squashes and pumpkins are tremendously differentiated yet there are believed to be only two basic species. Also there are two basic species of the legumes we now call beans, namely the *Phaseolus vulgaris* and the *Phaseolus lunatus,* but out of these come more varieties than can be mustered by the peas and lentils of the Old World. The Mandan Indians of North Dakota, on the margin of agriculture, had corn that would mature in sixty days and they also had rapidly maturing squashes and several distinct varieties of beans.

Other economic plants of the American Indian are tobacco, cotton hennequin, cabuye and several other fiber plants. The only direct comparison between New and Old World agriculture is made on cotton with three American species and two Asian species in competition. But American cotton is the cotton of modern commerce. It was introduced into Egypt about 1840 and is now rapidly displacing the native tree and herb cottons of India in India itself.

Maize was introduced into the Old World shortly after the discovery of America. It was favorably received by the Turks and from them it passed eastward across Asia, reaching China about 1540. It must be remembered that at this time the Turks were a wide-awake dominant people and that caravan trade to the Far East was largely in their hands. Maize is often called Turkey grain in Europe and it is of some interest that two American birds, the turkey and the muscovy duck are given European names from the European regions of first acceptance. . . Another case of adoption is the potato which is now called Irish simply because it lifted an Irish famine. — Herbert J. Spinden, of Harvard University, in the *Scientific American*

THE natives of the great American continent were savages and if we are to believe the early historians of those far-off shores, they were so completely lacking in civilization that they had not even discovered the use of the wheel.

We people of the twentieth century who could not live a day without the help of millions and millions of wheels, are apt to make a mistake when we try and measure man's intelligence by his aptitude for mechanical contrivances. For those poor heathen who carried everything upon their backs {or preferably upon the backs of their wives} and never thought of building a cart, had certain other virtues which showed that they were by no means the intellectual inferiors of our own ancestors.

To mention a single item, they domesticated more plants than any other race of men.

—Hendrik Van Loon

PEACE-TIME DEBTS THE UNITED STATES REPUDIATED

EIGHT of the sovereign States of the American Union owe large sums upon their bonds. They refuse to pay those sums, whether the face amount of the bonds, or the amounts, or benefits received by the States at the time they were issued, or any compromise amount.

Many of these bonds, no one knows just how many, are held by British subjects, for at the time of their issue the United States was a borrowing country, and many of the large scale enterprises, launched for the exploitation or development of its pioneer opportunities were financed by British capital.

> ONE of the main things all over the world people have to learn is to pay wages. If they do not do that they will never make a market. People who get barely enough to live on never create markets. People are afraid to want things if they are paid too little.
>
> —Henry Ford.

These holders have exhausted their efforts to find a remedy, recourse to every Court, Federal or State, is denied them by a constitutional mechanism which foreigners cannot understand.

These bondholders ask questions which are not answered. Their case is publicly presented by unofficial spokesmen, in their Press and periodicals candid and disinterested discussions of the case by American writers support their position. The situation is not an easy one for the American conscience, a conscience which expresses itself copiously on financial matters. That conscience would be relieved and our position with our allied foreign debtors substantially strengthened if we should recognize the position of these bondholders.

The States which have repudiated and still repudiate their financial obligations are Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, and South Carolina. The face amount of debt which they thus avoid paying is about $75,000,000 of principal and $300,000,000 of interest.

It is not true, as often asserted, that the debts are Civil War obligations, created to carry on "the war between the States," or for other purposes in that period. The Confederate war debts were payable in Confederate money, and passed into the limbo of lost chances with the currency in which they were payable.

The debts in question were for the legitimate peace-time purposes of the States concerned and rested upon the credit of Federal, not of Confederate, States. They were mainly incurred for the support of enterprises—railroads, canals, plank roads, banks, etc.—which it was the policy of the States to foster in the periods of expansion.

Some of the issues were unquestionably valid and their proceeds honestly expended . . . similar to the investments made in Europe after the World War for the economic purposes of States or municipalities within the German Reich. . . . The efforts of the English bondholders to reach the State or Federal Courts have been vain, their appeals to legislatures for equitable recognition or for some modest settlement have been ignored.

Justice can be done to them by voluntary action of the Federal Government, which would be the more creditable on the American part in that no proposal on this subject has come from the British Government. The United States can offer to Great Britain to receive on account of the principal of the debt such bonds of the eight States mentioned as might be found valid, at their face and unpaid interest, under a stipulation that we should receive only such bonds as were owned by British citizens prior to the British debt settlement; it would be open to the British Government to acquire them for its own citizens, after such inquiry as would justify it in giving certification as to ownership.

An impartial tribunal should be created to consider the cases and make a final determination. . . .Their canons of decision should be drawn not from American law but from that bundle of general practices, understandings, precedents, which we call international law, and from the standards of public faith which are adopted by the leading members in the Family of Nations.—Charles P. Howland, in *Foreign Affairs,* an American Quarterly Review, April, 1928

NOTHING is more futile than the attempts to signal to Mars by means of radio. Even assuming that their civilization is progressing along the same line as ours, there is no reason to think they would be at the radio point as we are. They might be millions of years behind us in development or millions of years ahead of us. It is remarkable that so many great men have been associated with the idea of communication with Mars, but I see very little hope for it. . . .

The higher forms of life on Mars would not resemble those we are acquainted with, and might even be constituted in such a way as to lie outside of our imagination. They might develop senses outside the five we know, and these senses might be of such a character that we are not only ignorant of them but could not understand them. While it is probable that Mars is inhabited by high forms of life, one or some of which may possess intelligence equal to or greater than our own, attempts to communicate with such beings by radio or otherwise are all but certainly doomed to failure.—Professor Frank Schlesinger, director of the Yale University Observatory.

TWO CHINESE POEMS

I

In the Ming Dynasty a certain number of court maidens were always set aside, for life, for the chance whim of His Majesty. Once the Emperor, out of pity for his troops in the North guarding the Great Wall, gave order that these maidens should busy themselves making winter garments for these soldiers. One such soldier, on receiving his coat, found within on a strip of silk the following unsigned poem.

The guards of the Wall, how great their discomfort!
Most acute on the field in hours meant for sleep.
My fingers have fashioned this coat for a soldier,
Though with no means of knowing to whose hands it shall pass.
Goodwill has here added more thread to the making,
Deep emotion has packed the wadding more close.
Gone is the chance of a meeting in this life,
But—reincarnation, and hope shall be fact!

II

Found carved on a rock above the hot springs of T'ang Ch'uan, Chihli. Written by a nameless court maiden.

The northern frontier! Winter at prime!
Yet even here there is one attraction—
This small pool, hot as boiling water.
Why when, from of old, in steady flow
These hot springs have gushed forth,
Why could they not have warmed cold human hearts?

—Translated by Stella Fisher Burgess and Li An-Che, in *The Atlantic Monthly*

WHETHER by design or accident, the fact remains that, with one small exception, no girl with a fancy Christian name has ever diverted the eye of a President of the United States to the matrimonial altar. Save for a single Dolly, no woman with an overly ornamental or cutie label has thus far, in the history of the Republic, shared the throne. The thirty-three spouses of the twenty-eight Presidents {one, Buchanan, remained a bachelor} have all borne everyday first names. Two were Marthas, two were Marys, two were Abigails, two were Elizas, two were Ediths, two were Julias, two were Carolines, two were Ellens, and the rest were Sarahs, Louisas, Rachels, Hannahs, Annas, Margarets, Janes, Lucys, Lettys, Franceses, Idas, Alices, Helens, Florences and Graces. A Lucretia, it is true, became Mrs. Garfield, but the President never called her that; from his courtship days she was always plain Lucy to him. . . .—George Jean Nathan, in *The American Mercury*

The Plutocrat in the Saddle

As George Washington, the gentleman, was the master of the First Republic; as Abraham Lincoln, the man of the people—apparent or real—was the master of the Second, so the Plutocrat is the master of the Third. . . .

Arguing from the particular to the general, many people think Plutocrat is synonymous with thief, just as foggy-minded people used to think that Aristocrat was synonymous with snob and Democrat with boor. But the thieves are really the camp-followers of Plutocracy, not its commanders; and one of its first tasks, once it was really established in Washington, was to put an end to the thieving.

It is foolish to rail at Plutocracy on account of what it does, for it is giving us, and may be expected to continue to give us, what is in many respects the best government we have ever had. If he is the least inspired, the Plutocrat is also the least dizzy of all our rulers, not excluding those in the pre-republican era of theocracy and autocracy. The foundation of his statecraft may be described in two words—No Nonsense. Since the average man has always suffered much more from the nonsense than from the rascality of his rulers, this is, from his standpoint, an excellent foundation for any polity.

The catalogue of the merits of Plutocratic government, as those merits appear to the commoner, must begin with its dislike of first-class wars. Under the Plutocracy, the average man's chance of being dragged out of his home by conscript officers and sent to stop an enemy bullet is extremely remote. The Plutocrats understand too well that in a first-class war everybody loses, including the investment bankers. Therefore, such wars as it will fight will be reasonable wars, small wars with clearly defined and attainable objects.

Plutocracy will never sally out in defense of idealism—to make the world safe for any idea, to relieve oppressed nationalities, or to avenge an insult to the national dignity, provided the insulter is really a first-rate fighting power. When it goes to war, it will be to gain something definite, as, for example, the mahogany of Nicaragua, the sugar of Haiti, or to retain the rubber of the Philippines. But there are always volunteers enough to fight these small wars, and no need of conscripting the average workman.

> It may be questioned whether America has even had its first revolution, to say nothing of the "next." For 1776 was not a revolution. It was not a social upheaval and it was not even a political upheaval in the sense of a change of governmental machinery or transfer of power from one class to another. It was the termination of a geographical connection, a secession.
>
> —Simeon Strunsky

Then if great wars are unlikely under the Plutocracy, so are other scourges of populations, such as pestilence and famine. The Plutocrats are not illiterate in the social sciences, for economics happens to be the first of them and in its broadest aspects includes the others.

The intelligent Plutocrat appreciates the necessity of keeping the livestock in prime condition. He does not relish the prospect of having to operate his business with starveling workmen; therefore, he favors a wage scale that will enable his operatives to be always well fed.

Nor does he care to risk having his working force decimated by disease, not to mention his own risk of contagion; therefore, he favors maintaining the public health services at a high level of efficiency. Education and recreation are so intimately involved in the problem of public health that they, too, are bound to be supported by any really intelligent Plutocratic government.

Therefore, the chances are at least even that under the plutocratic Third

Republic the average American will be better fed, better clothed, and better housed than he ever was before.

What, then, is to be urged against it? Nothing, so far as I can see, except the probability that it will pave the way for a frightful catastrophe, namely, the establishment of the Fourth Republic, which is likely to be atavistic.

For the Plutocracy cannot possibly last. With all its merits, it has one defect that is fatal. It is so damnably dull that eventually the people are certain to rise against it and destroy it out of sheer boredom.

Man shall not live by bread alone. He must have circuses, also, and these the Plutocracy is simply incapable of providing. Its motto is No Nonsense, and it is fundamentally the most idiotic motto statesmen can adopt, for where there is no nonsense the Government perishes.—Gerald W. Johnson, in *Harper's Magazine*

I EARNESTLY request my wife and my children and descendants that they steadfastly decline to sign any bonds or obligations of any kind as surety for any other person or persons; that they refrain from anticipating their income in any respect; that they refuse to make any loans except on the basis of first-class well-known securities and that they invariably decline to invest in any untried or doubtful securities or property or enterprise or business.

—From the Will of Judge Elbert H. Gary, late head of the U. S. Steel Corporation.

EITHER the optimism of old age is creeping up on me, or else the daily newspapers of America are getting somewhat better. Reading for a few days each the journals of twenty small towns in the Middle West, I find them printing more news and fewer comics than I had remembered. Some of them have editorials quite up to the standard of all but the two best New York papers. While most of the material offered by the syndicates continues to be of negligible quality, there is also some excellent matter going out, which no paper in a city of less than a million could ever afford if it had to be produced locally.

In many towns you will find the citizens in a state of mild revolt against the printing of the details of a heinous murder case—though rarely do they carry their protest to the point of not reading everything of the sort they can lay their eyes on. One Minneapolis paper refused to print anything about a notorious New York execution except the fact that it had taken place, and reports a rise in circulation and the receipt of many congratulatory letters.

In general, the tabloid is still confined to the large cities; and if it is debasing the journalism of the average smaller community either through syndication or imitation, I could find no evidence of it.
—Bruce Bliven, in *The New Republic*

AMERICANS are, in spite of the incomprehension of Europe, the most polite people on earth. Exceptions are purely individual; there is no situation in which rudeness is regarded as anything but a regrettable lapse.

There are no specific tones or forms of phrase consecrated to "inferiors" or "superiors"; the rules are universal. This is very bewildering and even painful to newly arrived Europeans who belong to an acknowledged upper class at home.

John Cowper Powys has remarked on this. It was at first a constant shock to him to be spoken to by street-car conductors, ticket sellers, and other ordinary men as if he were no more than an ordinary man himself. How then would he have felt if he had been addressed deliberately as as inferior?—Isabel Paterson, columnist, in the New York *Herald Tribune*

The real test in golf and in life is not in keeping out of the rough, but in getting out after we are in.—Rev. John H. Moore, of Nashville, Tenn.

THE OUTLAWRY OF WAR

WE are in the midst of a profound revolution in the way men look upon war. Always taken for granted—save by a few seers and idealists scattered along the path of history—as a natural and even glorious, but in any case an inevitable, event on the human scene, mankind is now beginning to regard war with a new mind. It is beginning to be perceived that war is natural only as barbarism is natural; glorious only as the standards of a nation's true grandeur have been obscured by ignoble ideals of patriotism, and nourished by false education, and supported by the misguided sanctions of religion; and inevitable only so long as society remains unenlightened concerning the artificial causes and traditions that produce it. . . .

> FOR the essence and genius of the proposal to outlaw war consists in this, that it is a direct, frontal attack upon the institution of war by the united will of the nations, without involving any nation in any political entanglement or military commitment whatsoever.
>
> —Charles Clayton Morrison

Whatever else war is, it will not be disputed that it is an established institution, respectable, legal, authoritative. It is an institution in precisely the same sense that marriage is an institution, or the church or the school. To see this clearly, with its implications, is to awake to a new state of mind on the whole problem of dealing with war. Society is not organized for peace; it is actively organized for war. The war system has a recognized and protected status in the social order, and there exists no peace system or institution which society recognizes and protects. This fact constitutes an awful moral abyss in our civilization for the modern conscience to contemplate. Peace talk when war is impending is hazardous for the talker, and in war time it is criminal. War talk in peace time, which is infinitely more wicked, runs no risk at all. Society makes no provision for putting the war-talker in peace time in jail, but if a citizen suggests peace in war time he is stigmatized by popular sentiment as a "defeatist," if not a traitor, and the law is at hand to put him where his influence will do no harm.

Clearly the war system is in the saddle of society. That is to say, it is established by authority of law as an institution, and no opposite institution exists or is allowed to exist to challenge its age-old rights and prerogatives. The war system is embedded and intrenched not alone in the inert consent and habit of society, but in the definite laws of the State and of civilization, so that a peace impulse or proposal arising inopportunely to the discomfiture or inconvenience of the war system can be "deliberately, officially and authoritatively stifled." This is the supremely relevant fact about war: *It has all the law on its side.* There is no law on the side of international peace. When once this obvious but overlooked fact is discerned by the opponent of war he will be saved from foolish and futile methods of attacking war, and at the same time there will be defined for him the one supremely effective method for demolishing it. That method will be for society to put law on the side of peace and to put war outside the law.—From Charles Clayton Morrison's *The Outlawry of War,* by permission of Willett, Clark & Colby

Housing conditions having a distinct bearing on juvenile delinquency. Blocks having the poorest housing and portions most devoted to commercial activities show the worst delinquency records.—Report of the New York Baumes Commission, investigating causes of crime.

HOLLYWOOD—THAT'S ALL

HOLLYWOOD is the arena of a horde of uncreative people who talk glibly about art: scenario writers who dreamed of writing the Great American Novel, and graduates of Columbia and other schools of journalism who write banal publicity about the illiterate men and women engaged in the motion picture trade. Each month another producer or director is labeled a genius . . . and is in another month forgotten. Hollywood is, in reality, the lingering bubble on the stale wine that is America.

There are also a scattering of ineffectual putterers with the drama. They have all of Professor Baker's technique at their finger tips—with nothing to say and no dramatic talent to say it with. They have all gone far in pictures. But, remember, vast earning power is no criterion of mentality in Hollywood.

The really charming people there are the yet unspoiled young ladies. Like most people in the city, they have, and need, no background save that of life. Their repartee is often amusing.

Simplicity is not a favorite virtue in Hollywood. Few of the citizens are content to be just themselves. When the young ladies remain in Hollywood too long, and meet, through force of circumstance, a "literary" person now and then, they suddenly become "arty" and lose their real charm. The literary person, generally of the shallow sort, else he would not attempt to spoil such lovely creatures, will often air his learning for their benefit. . . .

There is only one topic of discussion in all Hollywood. Pictures. Morning, noon and night, it is always the same.

As for literature, whenever a book is mentioned, the question always follows, "Is there a picture in it?" If there is not, the conversation ends.

It is a place of superficial emotions and surprising contrasts. An English lord walks about unknown. French men of letters, wearing the Legion of Honor, are subservient, perhaps properly, to ex-bell-boys and taxi-drivers now riding the waves of directorial power.

No genuine personality lingers long in Hollywood. Theodore Dreiser walked up and down its streets, a lonely individual. He soon left and spent the rest of his California stay in the hills. William Somerset Maugham stopped in Hollyood for a short time and then went on his way.

Maurice Maeterlinck came—and departed. Kathleen Norris and Gertrude Atherton took orders on things artistic from an ex-glove manufacturer—and hurried away.

Elinor Glyn alone remains. . . .

Long ago Michael Arlen came and looked about Hollywood with a queer sardonic smile. The local humorists poked fun at him. Arlen said little and collected enormously. He proved to be bigger than the scoffers. The scoffers, however, remain.

THE BIG MOVIE

The world is just a Hollywood of everybody's life,
For life is but a movie, made of laughter and of strife.
The action starts the minute that first you see the light,
And continues every minute, every day and every night.

There are episodes that thrill you, there are episodes that bore.
The scene is always shifting—there is always room for more.
But no matter how you like it, there is one thing that is true;
You have got to see the picture, and you've got to see it through.

For the stage is all around you, and very soon you learn
You will see another movie, no matter where you turn.
And no matter how you like it—no matter how you feel—
The picture keeps unfolding and you cannot miss a reel.

(Continued on next page)

THE HEAT AND LIGHT OF THE FUTURE

Recently an ill-nourished old literary man advertised a lecture in Hollywood. He is a poet and critic of international reputation. He lectured in the studio of a sculptor. It had been a gymnasium. Eight people attended.

The crowd at Barbara La Marr's funeral was estimated at one hundred thousand.—Jim Tully, in *Vanity Fair*

THE HEAT AND LIGHT OF THE FUTURE

A HUNDRED years from now it will be as foolish to use coal or oil to develop electricity as it would be to use cordwood to stoke the Twentieth Century Limited. Electricity will be developed in one of three ways:

1. From the heat of the sun.
2. From the tides.
3. From the heat of th earth.

It is estimated that twenty-five million times as much heat is imprisoned in the depths of the earth as could be developed from the combustion from all the coal and oil near the surface of the earth. High temperatures are common in the depths of the earth, and this temperature increases steadily as the depth increases. Oil wells already have gone to a distance of about 8,000 feet, and the temperature increases with the depth. Those who have visited Yellowstone Park have been impressed by the possibilities of the geysers. Yet in many States of the Union there are similar geyser formations which are commonly known as steamboat springs. Some day these sections will become great industrial centers. The heat of the earth will be used to generate electricity, which in turn will be used to operate factories, the same as the water power of Niagara is used to operate factories of Buffalo. It may be that our descendants will simply have to bore a hole in the ground in order to get heat to warm their houses. Already {in an experimental way} an engine has been operated by natural steam.

However, the heat of the earth is not the only possibility. The power of the sun is tremendous. The use of the sun today is only awaiting an invention of a one-way heat transmitter. For instance, metals transmit heat much more readily than does a substance like wood, wool, or asbestos. On the other hand, all of these substances transmit heat equally one way or the other. Some day, however, a glass or metal will be invented which will allow heat to come into a boiler but not allow it to escape. Then the sun will become a tremendous source of power obtainable in unlimited quantity at almost no expense.

The problem of the tides is as old as the hills. They possess tremendous energy. Inventors are not so much interested in great propositions, such as harnessing the Bay of Fundy, as in harnessing the mere 5 or 6 feet of movement which takes place at every wharf.

Surely one of these three sources of power will some day be utilized to develop electricity at a greatly decreased cost.—Roger W. Babson, in *Collier's Weekly*

Perhaps the reel is tragic, or at least that's how it seems—
But it soon will flicker past you and live only in your dreams.
So don't let it make you gloomy, it is better you should know
That it's only just a picture—that it's all a passing show.

You may not like the actors, and perhaps they don't like you!
But you've got to see the picture, and you've got to see it through.
The performance never ceases, for each one must play his part.
Sometimes it is a comedy, sometimes a broken heart.

And when you've watched the picture, throughout the changing years,
You find it holds more gladness than of sorrow and of tears.
And by then you've found the answer that will save you lots of strife—
The world is just a Hollywood of everybody's life.

—J. C. Graves, in *Saward's Journal*

A Walk on the Sea Floor

A DEEP-SEA garden even more fascinating than that pictured in imagination by Jules Verne was found by the author of this account of a walk taken on the ocean floor. A member of the famous Beebe scientific expedition to the Caribbean region, the writer experienced at first hand some of the adventures of the fictitious Captain Nemo. Here he tells graphically of his feelings while on a submarine stroll, with the tropic seas overhead.

A WALK on the sea floor is an experience never to be forgotten. You see many a gem in the caves of the ocean, and if the poet Gray had left Stoke Poges for the Greater Antilles, to know these beauties first hand, he would, like Bates, have tarried long out of England.

You wear a heavy-windowed helmet, fitted at the end of a long hose pipe, and you go down a ladder off the stern of the boat, while a trusty friend pumps the air. All of a sudden you are weightless and the dearest dreams of dance and grace come true. You are in the enchanted garden of Rasselas. You move as a Nijinsky, remembering his *Spectre de la Rose*, for to step over a three-foot piece of coral is no effort. Oddly enough, under the hypnosis of your outlandish adventure, the magic world becomes strangely, faintly normal. That is to say, you begin to remember the scene, to imagine you have been there before. For you have known it all in your dreams.

The atmosphere {so it seems, for there is no sense of water; one is not wet} is of a transparent faint celadon green, and distances appear abnormal. Valleys stretch out and tempt one to wander.

On some of the reef floors it is impossible to walk on account of closely massed jagged coral, which stands up still and gaunt like frozen plants. But we found one reef with alleyways of snow-white sand. And here was a long-fringed moss of Chinese camellia-leaf powder-green, above which waved red-purple fronds of miracle lace.

Sponges are colored! I had thought they were all of light gray-yellow, but in the sea garden where they grow they show the hues of *famille verte*. But alas, the color washes out above, in the fresh-water world. One cannot rob the gems of ocean with profit. And surely we know this, for what have we ever brought back from the land of dreams?

Rock gardens at home show broken stones, but on the sea floor rocks are unsplit spheroids of coral with labyrinthine designs upon them. I saw three lilies growing on one of these boulders, their silken corollas crimped and scalloped to show captivating changes in color. One was scarlet, one was like a yellow picotee, and one was pale sky blue. I wished to pick one, but zip! it vanished—as things do in dreams. . . .

Fish swim about you unafraid, and the one most often seen was half pure blue and half lemon yellow. The colors and designs are uninventable, and I have seen feats of camouflage that put the chameleon in the shade. We all know that black is not black in usual environment, and that a dark-lined cavern like the pupil of the eye is blacker than any surface pigment. Yet there is one fish {his eye is all pupil, of course} which has a black pigmentary band across him and across his eye equal exactly in width to the eye diameter; and the pigment is of such velvet blackness that the eye is not seen. Is this enough in the way of disguise? No! Far from his head there is an imitation of a bright eye like those on butterfly wings!

And there was a rare fish, never seen near the surface, which Beebe captured only after two weeks' study of its habits *in situ*. It had a mantle of Tyrian purple so bright that we could find no paint to match it. And so it goes; I won't attempt further to convey the detailed wonders.

I do not speak loosely when I mention dreams and refer to the sense of haunting memory. I have not forgotten Plato's charming suggestion that our perception of beauty is a primordial recollection. And he said that wisdom

{or was it knowledge?} is a memory! William James, also, has had much to say on the incidence of a memory sense in very odd mental experiences. The first green of Spring always stirs in me the exquisite wraith of age-old memory, and in the sea garden I felt again that strange inexpressible emotion.

I have discussed this with my friend Alfred Whitehead, who has some illuminating philosophic things to say about it. I agree with him that the physiologist's definition of memory will not bear analysis and that an apparent sense of recollection, when the facts of memory are nonexistent, is something to conjure with. Who knows the truth wrapped in this great mystery? Who can contemplate space-time, with its infinite miracle of past and present?

Conscience-stricken at last, on giving a stray thought to your pumping friend, you go up the ladder and the impatient gods above lift off the helmet. You are again in the white air and you notice on all light objects a pinkish hue. This is because you have tired out the Nankin parts of your retina.

At night, incredibly soon after the quick sunset, the sea is black, but if the water is torn—if the slightest disturbance is made in the sea—it shines out in a liquid silver luminescence. White flames, much brighter than moonlight, flash and ripple away; and a stone dropped will show the silver trail down and down as it sinks, while on the surface widening rings, fainter and fainter, spread away. Dropping a pin, we saw a tiny flick of light in the sea twenty feet below.—Mark Barr, in *The Atlantic Monthly*

LOW TIDE

There is a splendor in some dying things,
When a high courage quickens the last breath,
And beauty finds her old sharp poignancy
In some strange subtle unity with death.
So the day dies, flinging a challenge far
Across the quiet sky. So the years die,
Wringing a sanguine loveliness from death,
And every tree a banner and a cry . . .

But love that was born singing in your kiss,
Ardent and clean—love does not die like this.

Your love recedes like a slow ebbing tide,
The little hurting things you do to me
Are small, chill waves that leave a salty kiss
And follow the slipping shoreline out to sea.

—Mona Goodwyn, in the New York *Herald Tribune*

SEEING THINGS FROM THE AIR

AN artist friend has been pointing out the revolutionary changes in our ideas of the form of the world about us that the airplane is bound to make.

"We see all objects now from the side," says the artist. "The pictures of them in our books and in our mind's eye with which we grow up from babyhood are lateral. Our idea of a cow is what we see looking at her from the same level. The mental image that we carry of a tree or a house or a man is a sidewise vision of them.

When airplane travel becomes general it is going to change all these old images. We shall then have to get used to, and to identify, objects as they appear from above. Our ideas of the shape of the physical world will have to undergo a complete change, or at least extension.

A house will be the oblong or square made by the roof, as seen from above, dotted with a few small circles or rectangles representing the chimneys. A tree will take the shape of a pancake, and a cow will come to have much the same form for us that a cockroach now has. A man will be a couple of circles made by the crown and brim of his hat. We shall have to reeducate ourselves to a new world of form.

A new kind of painting and illustration will arise, wilder in its conceptions than anything evolved by cubists or futurists. —From *The Nation*

What the average woman wants is a strong, inflexible man who can be wrapped around her finger.—Little Rock {Ark.} *Gazette*

UTOPIA OR OBLIVION

WHEN this biologist reminds us that many groups of animals and plants have risen and been destroyed in the past through over development of some one characteristic, he raises a question as to man's ultimate destiny that makes us wonder if the human race is headed towards Utopia or oblivion.

WE are told on very good authority that the earth on which we live is at least fifteen hundred million years old. The evidence for this lower limit to its age comes from a number of independent and reliable sources, astronomy, physics, geology, biology, and there seems no reason why it should not continue in approximately its present state for a similar period of time.

The age of man, at most, dates back a million years, and that only by stretching the term to include all man-like creatures. Man has lived on this earth, therefore, less than one one-thousandth of the time it has been in existence; indeed, probably only one one-thousandth of the time life has existed on the earth. . .

At most, civilization dates back six or eight thousand years, and the scientific age, to which is confined man's real dominance of the earth, has lasted but four or five hundred years. Compared to the time during which life has existed on earth, this is but one part in two million or as one second in a month.

During this short period man's progress has been exceedingly rapid, the whole of the Western World has been rediscovered and civilized, the population has increased enormously, the invention of the steam and gas engines and the discovery of electricity have placed sources of energy in the hands of man equal to many times the man power of the world; with the aeroplane he has spanned the oceans, with the submarine he has travelled under them, and he has drilled his tunnels through mountain ranges.

Many diseases have been eradicated or controlled, and the wild beasts which put terror into primitive man now survive only under government protection....

Through all this, however, man himself—man the organism—has changed little. Anatomically, the men of ancient Egypt and Greece did not differ from men of the present time. The cranial capacity of late paleolithic and neolithic man was not less than the average of today. Has man through some God-given power been able suddenly to throw away his biological heritage and become exempt from those principles which seem to have determined the progress and the extinction of other organic species?

Among the calamities, real and imagined, which have been thought capable of exterminating the human race, disease figures prominently. It is worth while to stop and think what would happen to humanity were a Twenty-Eighth Amendment to be passed by the United Human Races, and duly enforced, prohibiting the use and manufacture of all antitoxins, vaccines or other sera, together with the use of all medicinal drugs. Not only should we expect epidemics of many serious diseases, but conditions in the world at large would probably be much worse than they were during the great plagues of ancient times and the Middle Ages.

The Great Plague of the Orient in the Sixth Century is estimated to have killed a hundred million people. The Black Death of the Fourteenth Century killed in parts of Europe two-thirds to three-quarters of the population. Conditions brought about by our modern civilization tend to produce a greater and more rapid spread and a greater virulence of epidemic diseases. It would be almost impossible to picture the plight of man were modern medicine taken from him. However, it is extremely unlikely that disease alone would lead to his extinction. Epidemics, like individual cases, run their course. Individuals always remain, either immune or unexposed to disease, to continue the species. . . .

Man's real distinction and his pride, that which distinguishes him from all other organisms, is the development of his intellect, something which it is

impossible to define in terms of structure, difficult even in terms of function.

As one scans the geological periods and sees the different groups of animals and plants rise and fall, species after species evolving, becoming abundant, even dominant, then passing out of sight, he is impressed by the fact that it is the striking, unusual characters of a species—its specialties, as it were—that seem to be responsible for its rise and also, when times change, for its disappearance.

So far man's progress has been due to his intellect. May not his intellect be, when viewed in its proper perspective in nature, but a specific character of man? If so, how far will it carry him? Will man's end like his rise be due, as seems to be often the case in other organisms, to the over-development of a specific character?—James W. Mavor, in *The North American Review*

MADONNA OF THE DARKNESS

What long, dark cloak now
Over the so-lovely shoulder,
Madonna of darkness? How
Suddenly thus grow colder,
Warm girl?

And whose bright-headed child
Clasped in those beautiful thin fingers
Where the wild fragrance
Of the lotus lingers,
Dancer of yesterday?

O body of delight lain
Under the ancient pain
Of bringing life to life,
What rude ecstatic knife
Has stabbed you dead,
Warm girl,
Dancer of yesterday?

—Eda Lou Walton, in *Palms*

A VITAL POINT IN AERONAUTICS

IN connection with long flights of the past year, there has been a general tendency on the part of supremely capable pilots to look down a bit on the navigational end of their undertakings. Some of them have scoffed a bit at Commander Byrd for the emphasis he has laid on the absolute necessity for painstaking preparation and constant attention to navigation.

The pilots of the west-east flights were not bothered so much by compass variation because they had the magnetic pole behind them and the deviations were not so great, but flying westward there is a constant and considerable compass variation, which, unless taken into exact account, would lead the plane northward to Labrador.

I believe that this is what took the *Bremen* to Greenly Island, far north of its course, and I think it very likely that this accounts for some of the mysterious disappearances of planes in the past.

Besides compass variation, customary winds over the ocean cause a drift to the northward which must be taken into account if one would stay on his course.

One would think that in preparing for such a venture as an Atlantic crossing any pilot would pay the greatest attention to these factors, but the truth is that they don't.

Besides that, a drift indicator only operates when there is good visibility, and the *Bremen* was flying through weather during one morning when it would have been of no use. The indications are that neither the compass variations nor the drift was taken into account in the *Bremen* flight and that is probably just what happened with other flights that did not end so happily.

It is to be hoped that the *Bremen* flight will bring home to other fliers planning ocean hops that success is almost entirely a matter of luck unless the navigation is as careful and expert as the piloting.—Lieutenant Commander Fitzhugh Green, U. S. N., commenting on the trans-Atlantic flight of the *Bremen*.

Mussolini has barred handshaking in Italy, which is a pretty good sign he doesn't think it will ever be necessary to run for office.—New York *Evening Post*

He Killed Thirty Thousand Buffaloes

INDIAN-FIGHTER, buffalo-hunter, champion rifle shot of the world, Dr. {Doc} W. F. Carver was one of the most picturesque and famous characters of the frontier West. A giant in physique, in strength still a "youngster" at sixty, as one of his admirers recalls, he was active, robust, alert, until his death recently, at the age of eighty-seven.

KNOWN to the Indians as the "Evil Spirit of the Plains," Doc Carver became internationally famous for two reasons: He was the only man who ever beat Buffalo Bill Cody at killing buffaloes and he was the only one who could beat Diamond Dick at fancy shooting. Diamond Dick, now identified as Dr. Richard Tanner of Norfolk, Nebraska, was for a long time his only rival in rifle and pistol manipulation. At Buffalo hunting Carver had no rival, although Cody is popularly credited with supremacy in that picturesque activity. His lifetime buffalo score, Doc Carver told me a short time ago, was more than thirty thousand—several thousand ahead of Cody's mark. In one winter on the Republican River in Southern Nebraska, Carver killed fifty-seven hundred of the animals and accounted for as many as one hundred and sixty in a single day.

Carver was one of the few old plainsmen able to adjust himself to the demands of a changing civilization. Where others of his hardy breed found themselves lost and stranded after the passing of the frontier, he made the transformation and prospered in the new age as he had in the old. When the buffalo and Indian trails became dim and his hunting ground became a land of agriculture, he, like Buffalo Bill, made it the background for a new calling, transferring his shooting virtuosity to the circus arena.

He first appeared in public with rifle and pistol as one of Colonel Cody's partners in the Wild West Show venture. Then after business disputes had broken a long-standing friendship which hunting rivalry had left unmarred, he left Colonel Cody's show and continued with one of his own, amazing three continents with his incredible marksmanship. . . .

> OF course it is essential that the authority of officers in the military service be preserved. That's the reason they have set rules for the method of communication between privates and the higher officers. For, believe me, if there were too much rubbing of elbows between officers and men it would soon be discovered that there were many captains who should be in shirt sleeves and many men in shirt sleeves who should be captains.
>
> —General Charles G. Dawes, Vice-President of the United States

In childhood he was distinguished among his playfellows for three things, things which later were important factors in shaping his career: He was the ugliest youngster in the region; he wouldn't go to school because of the conspicuousness of his red hair and freckles, and he was the best shot on the Pecatonica.

He virtually grew up from infancy with a rifle in his hands and about his only early contact with books was that achieved by shooting holes through them when his schoolmates threw them in the air for him. He described those escapades when I saw him in June and told also of another exploit of marksmanship which led him to run away from home.

"I was about fourteen and getting to be quite a big boy," he related, "when one day my father said to me: 'Young man, you are getting too big to wear moccasins; come downtown and I will buy you a pair of new boots.' I went with him and he bought me a pair of coarse horsehide boots and told me if I didn't wear them he'd lick the life out of me.

"The boots were stiff and tortured me.

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE

From the Sculpture by Andrew O'Connor

This "drama in stone," as the sculptor calls it, was awarded the gold medal, first prize, at the French Salon. It is the first time since the founding of the Salon in Paris that the highest of honors in the fine arts has gone to a foreigner. The sculptor is a native of Worcester, Massachusetts.

I wanted to wear moccasins, so the next day I had a boy throwing them up in the air for me and I was shooting them full of holes when my father caught me in the act. He gave me such a terrible thrashing that I made up my mind to leave home forever. So when he got up the next day he found his ugly son, his best horse, his best rifle and what money he had in his pockets were gone. He didn't hear of me again for twenty-five years. . . .

"I headed for Minnesota. . . . and spent seven or eight years trapping and hunting there. In 1862, when Little Crow's Indians went on a rampage and massacred 700 settlers at New Ulm, I was employed as a scout and guide under General Sibley. I guided the punitive expedition that went against them in 1863 and drove them out of the State. We captured a large number and hanged thirty-eight at Mankato that year. . . . "

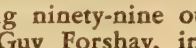
Carter saw some service in the Civil War after the Indian uprising, and later, in 1866, went to Nebraska, where he became acquainted with Wild Bill Hickok and Texas Jack Omohundro. He hunted with Buffalo Bill and scouted for Terry, Crook and Custer. He hobnobbed with all the well knowns and many of the unknowns who helped make the West a habitable land. And there was, with all his adventures, an Indian romance. Doc recalled it with gusto:

"I never knew her name, but names didn't make any difference. I simply pointed her out to her father when I went to bargain for her one day. She was a beauty and I was dead in love with her. In those days you could usually buy a squaw for a horse or two; and I asked the old brave how much he wanted for that girl. He looked at me a little while and said: 'Shunka' {seven}. Seven horses, and I had only five. I was determined to have the girl if I had to steal two more horses to get them, so I went to Fort McPherson and stampeded a cavalry herd, with the intention of chasing them out of camp so I could catch a couple. The plan didn't work, for before I could make a catch a troop of cavalry had come out from the fort and were making it much too not for me. I'll bet they shot at me a thousand times, for the bullets fell all around me. I got away to the hills, but I didn't get the horses.

"At first I felt lucky; then I got mad. I decided I would go back and kill the Indian and take the girl anyway, but my heart failed me. I went back and offered five horses again, and instead of killing the brave, sat and watched him cross Box Creek and disappear over the hill with that pretty squaw. I took my horses and rode back about ten miles to a buffalo wallow, killed a buffalo and ate the meat raw."

It was in the late seventies that Doc Carver, finding no more buffaloes to hunt and no more Indian trails to follow, cast his lot with Buffalo Bill in the show arena. He followed that calling for more than twenty years. Records of marksmanship which he hung up in those days have been seldom, if ever, equalled. One of his favorite exhibition morsels was to throw a brick into the air, shatter it into four or five pieces with a revolver bullet, and then shatter each piece before it hit the ground. Another was to throw up a glass ball about the size of a tennis ball, miss it intentionally with the first four shots and break it with the fifth. He used a .44-caliber '73 model Winchester rifle and a .38-caliber special Colt's revolver with about equal dexterity.

Once in New York he broke five thousand of those glass balls in less than five hundred minutes, shooting from the ground, from horseback, standing, running and from every other conceivable position. Another time at New Haven, Connecticut, he shot sixty thousand balls in six days and nights, and on still another occasion, at Minneapolis, shot sixty thousand more in a similar period, averaging ninety-nine out of one hundred.—Guy Forshay, in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*



The business man today has to run like the devil to stay where he is.—Merle Thorpe

A Doctor Looks on Suicides

SCIENCE has never been able to determine the exact reason why a human being should suddenly decide upon self-destruction, although much time has been spent in investigating the suicide phenomena.

These interesting observations are by a prominent surgeon of Detroit, and his deductions are presented in language stripped of technical phraseology.

THE practice of self-destruction may be termed one of the most striking distinctions man holds above his fellow animals. Deliberate repudiation of nature's first law requires the violent pressure of human will against the force of instinct. Yet, few suicides can be objectively rationalized. That is to say, those who kill themselves, or try to, have no more apparent reason for doing so, in the great majority of cases, than those who don't. Those who have what could be admitted to be good provocation to throw life away, cling to it. Victims of incurable carcinoma, of angina pectoris, and other mortal ailments that are exceedingly painful, are less prone to hasten their exit from earth than persons in a fair state of physical health, although few who enjoy vigorous well-being renounce it for oblivion.

If suicide could be accomplished by simply wishing oneself dead, the world would be very meagerly populated.

The questioning of hundreds of persons admitted to a large municipal hospital because of suicide attempts, leads me to a few conclusions and to a large number of interesting guesses.

I am convinced that if every person contemplating suicide were required to walk half a mile in the open to attain the means of "ending it all", suicides would be decreased by 75 per cent, or perhaps 90 per cent. Acute melancholia—"the blues"—plus physical inertia, plus convenient facilities for the act, and a bolt toward oblivion often results. . . .

If, by some magic, a genie were to appear before everyone about to make a sincere effort at suicide, bringing complete relief from economic distress, the suicide rate would fall to near zero. The economic factor has, also, a secondary action, in that the idleness of unemployment is fruitful of melancholia.

Sex troubles are the reasons most frequently given for purposely seeking death, and an analysis of these troubles discloses that the lack of money is again an associated cause. Given funds for a divorce, a flight from disgrace, or even a week-end at Atlantic City or Niagara Falls, and despondent lovers would lose their desire to go down into the valley of the shadow.

Actual suicidal mania is rare. Melancholia, expressing itself in the reiterated threat to commit suicide, is much more common. The victim of suicidal mania is not so easily to be balked in his purpose. He is a lunatic, seeking no painless and readily accessible means for a tragic gesture, but actuated by the madman's resolution to accomplish his end. Only the very closest confinement and rigorous surveillance will save such a person from himself.

All others who attempt suicide and who are saved are glad of it. Let the reader pause to recall, if he can, some occasion when he has craved self-extinc-

AUTUMN

Now the autumn has come
And the dull brown leaves drift down
Into a pile of lived days.

But our days together
Are leaves of flaming scarlet
That still cling
To a stark and somber tree
Until circumstance—
Like a bitter wind from the north—
Twists them from life
And they fall
Into the pile of lived days—
Bright splotches of color
Among the dead leaves
Raked up for burning.

—Muriel Wright, in the New York *Herald Tribune*

tion. Probably the reasons, so insistent at the time, have blurred in memory. Certainly the desire appears highly illogical in the light of time's alleviations. . . .

There has been a steady decline in the suicide rate in the United States since 1914. The European war, bringing prosperity to America, reduced suicides throughout the registration area by about five per 100,000 of population; from 16.16 to 11.6. Now, like any deduction from statistics, explanation of this decline may be all wrong. I make it only because there is a persistent relation of suicide to bank clearings and employment. That the rate will rise again when the economic curve dips is a fairly safe prediction.

> MAN cannot be satisfied with mere success. He is concerned with the terms upon which success comes to him. And very often the terms seem more important than the success.
>
> —Charles A. Bennett, associate professor of philosophy at Yale University

Certain outstanding facts in the records of suicides in the United States tempt us to other deductions. There are more suicides on the Pacific coast than in any other region. In the last ten-year period, for every 100,000 persons living in California, 27.48 killed themselves, while the rate for the country at large was less than half of that, or 12.89. The sick, the neurotic, the unfit, and defeated drift to the west coast in their futile quest—or flight—and find themselves between Los Angeles and the deep sea. There are more down-and-outers in Los Angeles each winter than in Chicago, which is a national gathering point for the casuals of labor and the chronically unemployed.

Whatever the reason, during a ten-year period, the annual death rate from suicide in cities of 100,000 population or more in the United States averaged 15.52, and in the rural areas of States where records are kept, 10.46. . . .

American Negroes, despite the hardships to which they are subjected through racial discrimination, are far less prone to resort to suicide than whites. In the registration areas of the South, the suicide rate for whites is three to four times higher than for Negroes.

Taking an industrial community of 1,200,000 population as a field of study, we discover some suicide data that are rather startling. There were, in 1925, more than five times as many deaths from suicide than from typhoid fever.

An opportunity to get at the causes of suicide is afforded by examination of 1,078 persons admitted to a municipal hospital after attempting to kill themselves.

The most striking fact revealed in hospital and mortuary records for two years is that, whereas the number of women attempting suicide is twice that of men, three times as many men actually succeed.

A singular disparity between attempt and actual suicide is also observed in the age groups. Of those who kill themselves, 28 percent are between 30 and 40. Of those who make unsuccessful efforts, 50 percent are between 20 and 30.

That philosophy and suicide are not associated in modern America is also demonstrated by the fact that past 40, the suicidal impulse occurs with increasing rarity as age increases. Disturbances in the sex life constitute by far the most common reason given for attempted suicide among women especially, and the only age group in which female suicides exceed male is between 10 and 20, which is explained by the fact that girls find themselves beset by the trials of love at an earlier age than boys.

It is easy to draw conclusions of this sort, yet conjectures equally plausible regarding other age groups and causative factors fall flat. Between 40 and 50, women are, it is generally assumed, at a marked disadvantage. There is nothing tragic about the average man of 45, yet for many women this is a depressive period. Children have left them, charms fade, and a void appears in place of a

full day. Then, too, the physiological change in the female at this time of life frequently ushers in a temporary depressive mania, during which time she is capable of irrational acts. Yet for every woman of this age group who seeks death deliberately, six men make their exit.

Over a ten-year period or longer, and with all data obtainable in the United States, the curve of general prosperity is the only one seen to have a fixed relation to the suicide curve. The occupation of nearly half of the cases received is listed on the hospital records as "housewife." Adding to this list the girls dreading unsanctioned motherhood, the majority of the 1,078 attempted suicides is composed of women whose romances have come to grief. Less than ten percent of all those questioned gave economic distress as their motive, but, as said before, back of failures in love is undoubtedly great economic duress.

Writers on suicide have called attention to the fact that the suicide rate increases as infant mortality decreases and that suicide is one result of the preservation of the unfit. It would be more scientific to connect the increase in suicide with the general enlightenment regarding asepsis, for the reason that 58 percent of 1,078 would-be suicides utilized common household antiseptics and that 31 percent of another group of 1,161 did the same thing.

Two very common notions regarding suicides are shown by official records to be sound: that imitation plays an important part in suicide, and that persons of German birth are more inclined toward suicide than those of other nationalities. —Dr. Leo Dretzka, in *Plain Talk*

I HAVE for some time, because of my direct experience with the results of the administration of criminal justice, become deeply impressed with the idea that we could make a great stride in the direction of real justice if we changed somewhat our methods of administering it. We are dealing with human beings, no two of whom are ever under normal circumstances exactly alike. How much more are they likely to differ under abnormal situations.

We have progressed in our knowledge of the processes of the human mind and the influence on it of physical conditions. I would like to see that knowledge applied to the determination of the kind and duration of punishment best adapted to bring about the restoration of delinquents to the normal social life.

Because of my belief that justice sometimes miscarries because those charged with determining guilt are often affected by the thought of the sentence to be imposed for a given crime, I would suggest that the Crime Commission give careful study and consideration to a fundamental change in the method of sentencing criminals.

After guilt has been determined by legal process, instead of sentence being fixed by the Judges according to statute, I should like to see offenders who have been adjudged guilty detained by the State. They should then be carefully studied by a board of expert mental and physical specialists who, after careful study of all the elements entering each case, would decide and fix the penalty for the crime.—From Governor Alfred E. Smith's 1928 message to the NewYork State Legislature

FIFTY years ago the death-rate of the incompetent was two or three times what it is at present. Then there existed a difference in the survival number of the competent and the incompetent in favor of the competent. Now that difference has disappeared. Then the death-rate was selective; now it is not. Then the inferior in body and mind would have been ruled out of the race; now they are encouraged to propagate their kind.—Professor E. A. Ross, of the University of Wisconsin

Unhappy is the man who is not so much dissatisfied with what he has as with what the other fellow possesses. —Chauncey M. Depew

THE HIGH COST OF LEISURE

HERE are a few pertinent observations from an agricultural expert, trained at Otterbein and Harvard, who has served the Government in the Department of Agriculture. In the agitation for the shorter working day it is well to give a thought to what after all engages the attention of the average individual during his "time off."

OUR neglect of English in homes and schools is becoming a national scandal. We have created huge subsidies and endowments for the study of insect habits, fecundity in hogs, heredity in rats, the trend of prices, the eradication of barberries, methods of canning peaches, pruning grape vines, manufacturing nitrates, controlling the feeble minded, raising blue foxes, broadcasting news of market doings, in fact every subject that human beings could study, except English and literature. Isn't it about time that as a Nation we began to give encouragement to the universal and systematic study and enjoyment of the medium through which all our joys, griefs and other experiences must find expression?

> LEISURE, itself the creation of wealth, is incessantly engaged in transmuting wealth into beauty by secreting the surplus energy which flowers in great architecture, great painting and great literature. Only in the atmosphere thus engendered floats that impalpable dust of ideas which is the real culture. A colony of ants or bees will never create a Parthenon.
>
> —Edith Wharton, in *The Yale Review*

Is English becoming a dead language like Latin and Greek, except for telegrams, baseball news and movie legends? The youth still need some training for citizenship as well as for plumbing, plastering, pork packing and prune production. A mastery of English provides another needful ingredient of life. But on this point parents, school trustees and teachers seem to need an awakening. Too often the trustees' exhortation to the teacher is: "Cut from the curriculum, so far as feasible, all useless frills such as English, literature, history and similar stuff, and bend every effort with all possible speed to transform the raw material which comes under your care into efficient taxi drivers, wireless operators, stenographers, bookkeepers, barbers, cooks, manicurists, and other useful members of society." . . .

In the meantime, our educational program is failing to prepare the youth for a rational use of leisure. Social and political ills are not cured by studying the economics of engineering, agriculture, railroads and commerce. Machine efficiency, industrialism, commercialism, speed mania and the rage for material progress or supremacy are the chief causes of social unrest. And more mere mechanical efficiency and material prosperity will entail still more unrest. Economics boasts its ability to analyze and solve all the ills of industrial relationships. But I have searched economics in vain for a remedy applicable to our educational muddle. . .

And the problem of the wise use of leisure is still screaming for help. Many of the machine jobs can be learned in three weeks' time. In fact the majority of youths who enter the trades receive big wages after a month's apprenticeship. Thus they are provided with a generous living. But what will they do with their leisure? Machine education cannot replace the thoughtful, constructive use of leisure. Education should develop the ability to use spare time profitably to oneself and to society. Does our present school program strengthen that capacity? Ask the 5,000,000 who daily visit the movies. It might be well for educators and school boards to apply to their own work Hamlet's instructions to the players on the art of acting: "O,

reform it altogether." For in these roaring times of industrial efficiency working hours make up but a small part of the day. And the idle hour program is a far more important matter.

The upshot of the whole matter seems to be, then, that we need more literature in the schools and less talk about literature, and that there is room for a keener appreciation of literature in the home circle from grandfather down to the four-year-olds. In no other way can the recreation hour, the idle moment, the vacation time or the leisure period be so easily filled with pleasure and profit. By a strange irony of fate the biggest present-day economic problem is one with which economics cannot deal, viz: the right use of the increasing periods of leisure time, brought about by modern industrialism. We make generous financial allotments for education, spending in fact almost half as much for that purpose as for cigarettes. But our standard system of education helps prepare us for only the few working hours and leaves us to our own devices the rest of the time.—Earley Vernon Wilcox, in *The North American Review*

WHY HEROES ARE MOBBED

WHY do we mob motion picture stars, go mad over the first woman Channel swimmer and idolize baseball celebrities and boxing champions? Why, for that matter, did thousands recently cluster on the street corners of New York just to watch the passing of a condemned murderess on her way to Sing Sing?

The international outburst over Lindbergh differed from many recent explosions of hero worship only in its intensity.

I have asked some who joined in the Lindbergh frenzy to explain their own emotions. The best answer they have to offer is:

"Oh, I don't know. I just seemed to have the Lindbergh bug." "The bug" that bites a frenzied hero worshipper is the germ of crowd contagion. But the man bitten is not his civilized self.

In these popular obsessions with some personality of the hour, man's primitive self is bursting through the restraints of modern civilization. The violent energies of sex and of belligerency—the great appetites for pleasure, power and immortality—thus find outlet. Every object of hero worship represents some simple or complex wish unsatisfied in our own lives. The popular idol can do things which we cannot, but which we want to. By projecting ourselves into this role, and by celebrating his exploits, we enjoy a release of emotions more intense than the ordinary routine of our lives permits.—Dr. A. A. Brill, noted psychologist, in *Popular Science Monthly*

THE object of Prohibition is to promote temperance and sobriety. To my mind it has already done much along that line. To claim that thus far it is a complete success would be ridiculous.

There are many incompetent and crooked men in the service. Bribery is rampant. There are many wolves in sheep's clothing. Some days my arm gets tired signing orders dismissing crooks and incompetents. We are getting rid of them as fast as we discover them. Fortunately, the splendid, fearless, honest men in the service greatly outnumber the crooks.

The great mass of Americans do not drink liquor. There are two fringes of society who are hunting for booze. They are the so-called "upper crust" and the "down-and-outs" in the slums.

If America can be made sober and temperate in fifty years, a good job will have been done.—Seymour W. Lowman, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

THE year 1927 has found the dollar of 1914 worth about 64c, according to the careful records of the National Industrial Conference Board, which prepares each year a cost of living index. There has been very little fluctuation during the last three years.—*The Publishers' Weekly*

Does Machinery Make Idle Hands?

THAT improved machinery brings about unemployment is an old argument. It was at the bottom of the opposition of English labor when the introduction of power looms and other power-driven machinery brought about what the textbooks refer to as "England's Industrial Revolution." Local unemployment may temporarily ensue as the result of rapid changes in production processes. Usually, however, mechanization proceeds slowly and allows, therefore, simultaneous adjustment.

As to the permanent effect of mechanization on our national economic life and on the economic and social status of the wage earner today, it is important to analyze concretely the situation as the National Industrial Conference Board has found by its study of the latest available comprehensive data—those revealed in the United States Census of Manufacturers for 1925.

> THERE are at all times in America about a million men who are without work because they are not able to work, unwilling to take the work offered them or don't want to work. You all know that these latter (same million) men are the very ones who go about when times are hard complaining the loudest that they can't get a job. You may know personally one or two of this sort. They go to an office or factory seeking work, but secretly hoping and praying that they will not be able to get it.
>
> —Secretary of Labor James J. Davis

At that time, seventy-one wage earners instead of one hundred, and eighty-two managerial and supervisory persons instead of one hundred, produced the same physical volume of production as was obtained in 1914. Nor was this productivity of the wage earners achieved by longer hours or harder work. In fact the number of working hours in 1925 per wage earner were about nine per cent. less than in 1914 and yet the output was actually forty per cent. greater. A study of several hundred corporation returns leads me to say that this general picture holds good also for 1927, perhaps even to an increasing degree.

The very pertinent question arises as to what has become of the twenty-nine per cent. of workers without whom the same amount of production is now being carried on as compared with 1914. The answer is that although productive output per wage earner between 1914 and 1925 had increased by about forty per cent., the total manufacturing production during the same period increased over sixty-five per cent. and necessitated an increase in the required labor force of about 1,500,000 wage earners.

In other words, while seventy-one men in 1925 did produce as much as one hundred men did in 1914, the demand for manufactured goods at their lower production cost and correspondingly lower selling price expanded sufficiently to reabsorb not only the twenty-nine per cent. of workers theoretically released, but in addition called 1,500,000 workers into action.

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It is a well-demonstrated economic principle that increased production creates new wants and that new industries bring with them new demands for both materials and services. The automobile and radio industries, to take two outstanding examples, have not only directly absorbed many workers from other industries and by the requirements of an immense amount of raw materials have

given many additional workers employment with material manufacturers, but they have also created demands for many new products such as accessories and in the servicing and distribution of the merchandise.

Five new major industries alone which have been developed in the last twenty years, during which mechanization of industry has had its greatest development, namely, the automobile, the motion picture, radio, chemical and electrical industries now give employment to some 30,000,000 people.

At the present time wages in manufacturing are considerably more than double what they were in 1914, while the cost of living is only about 63 per cent. above the level of 1914. The net result is that the real wage, that is the net purchasing power of the wage which the average industrial worker receives, is now one-third greater than it was just prior to the beginning of the World War.

The wage-earning population is therefore in a better position to cope with temporary unemployment than it has been in our industrial history prior to the World War, when opportunity for saving money was considerably smaller. With a population of about 98,000,000 in 1914, the savings bank deposits in banks, building and loan associations assets and life insurance premiums—all forms of savings of the great mass of the people—aggregated $14,700,000,000, and in 1926, with an estimated population of 118,000,000, they amounted to $43,800,000,000.

Taking into account the population increase, the growth in savings in the short span of thirteen years was nearly 150 per cent. per capita of population. —Magnus W. Alexander, President National Industrial Conference Board

NEW WRINKLES IN TRADE

IN former times when a manufacturer found his sales slowing down and his wares piling up on his hands, he cut down production, either by working his plant part time, or by closing it altogether for a period. He thought this sound business practice and pronounced himself a wise man. With keen foresight he was doing at least his share to stave off overproduction and inevitable business depression. And he all the while helped to bring on that very depression and make it certain to come. The reason is simple.

In any community, when a considerable employer of labor cuts down hours of employment, or lays men off, he reduces production surely enough, but he also reduces wage earnings. He does much more. The employees he lays off or puts on part time have been buyers at the local stores. Immediately they are cut down in their earnings, they not only buy less, they buy almost nothing at all. Filled with uncertainty for the future, the overcoat they needed or wanted, the new dress for the wife, the radio for the boy, remain unbought. The head of the house hangs onto his money. If one man alone did this, the effect on local business would be nothing. When 500 employees are laid off in a single plant, the town begins at once to feel the effects.

In these days the enlightened manufacturer, when he sees production rising above the level of sales and consumption, takes a different tack altogether. Instead of closing down his works and bringing on the very fears that wipe out buying almost completely, the manufacturer of the newer school calls in his sales force. He summons an advertising expert. His whole aim is to speed up sales. He knows that if overproduction does exist, one reason for it may be faulty distribution of his goods. He therefore maps out a careful campaign of salesmanship. He plans a more thorough canvas of the markets he has, and studies the capture of new ones. In a word, this new economic discovery is, not to scale down production but to speed up sales.

After all, what the worker does is buy back from those who finance him the goods that he himself produces. Pay him a wage that enables him to buy, and you fill your market with ready consumers.—James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor

WHY A STAR QUITS BROADWAY

CROWNED with a $5,000 award "for the outstanding achievement of the year {1926-7} by a woman," Eva Le Gallienne, daughter of the poet-essayist Richard Le Gallienne, entered upon her second season as the director and presiding genius of the Civic Repertory Theater of New York. She thus explains why she turned her back on the scene of her former successes to attempt something for which there was ample prophecy of failure.

WHILE playing on Broadway, I had a certain measure of success, at least in Broadway's sense of the word. After my rise to fame, I was accorded the series of petty vanities that are the right of a star. These gewgaws consist of reading your name in lights and in the newspapers. You indorse breakfast foods, perfumes, powders, everything, and are portrayed in the newspapers, solemnly discussing the merits of a well-known cigarette with another equally portentous paper-made celebrity. You are, by the too-unknowing public, pictured as having the time of your life—a hilarious picnic through the grand broad highway of true histrionic art.

Is it so strange, then, that a few years of this caused Broadway acting and its concomitant success to appear horribly unsatisfying? I could not help growing restless under the strain of playing more than a season in a hit. Playing in *The Swan* became a miserable job, rather than a satisfying piece of work. The only good result I obtained from playing in a hit was a growing conviction that my conception of the theater was changing so that Broadway could not satisfy it.

What is the theater of Broadway? To me it is a static thing, sterile and lifeless. It is a sort of Indian totem-pole, never growing in stature, but gaining merely in the number of new grimaces carved on its surface, and in the number of limbs superstitious and bowing priests add to it. Its history on what journalists call the Rialto seems to me a mere evolution of novelties. The cry is never for a fine play or a noble one, but for an original.

Originality has come to have a specialized meaning along the "stem." It has begun to indicate a successful delving into and filching of theatrical antiquities. If a playwright has the ability to exhume and dress up an idea just old enough to have escaped the public's memory, his opus is acclaimed a *tour de force* of originality, and its manufacturer a public benefactor.

It was the staleness of this theater and its musty aroma of old age that I wished to escape. Hence the *volte face*, despite many warnings, sincere and insincere, and my present refuge in the old Fourteenth Street Theater.

But I have no quarrel with Broadway. It serves its purpose, and does so better than the similar amusement centers of London, Paris, and Berlin serve theirs. It is only that I felt that there was a real unvoiced demand for the theater as a center of community life, a place where those growing in spiritual and mental stature could feed on the nobility the classic theater has created.—Eva Le Gallienne, interview, in the New York *Sun*

THE POWER OF MUSIC

I THINK that music intensifies existing ideas and instincts, good or bad. To a man in love, music may deepen the feeling of romance; a man suffering from melancholia may have his sorrows dyed a shade deeper; a warrior may have a heightened feeling of war fever. In this connection music may be compared to *hasheesh*. That powerful drug produces good or bad dreams in keeping with the mental condition and environment of the drug-taker. Now every musical note is a living thought stream. If electrical waves in the air can carry a radio message over thousands of miles, a musical wave may also find a response in the physical and mental being. The musical waves no doubt act and react on our nervous system. And surely they do adjust or maladjust, disturb or harmonize, the atoms and ions of our natures.

A beneficial act, like healing, is quite often accomplished by the art of music. The world is destined to hear more and more of this practical side of music.

The effect of music not only upon the ill, but also upon the insane, has been noted by physicians. For my own part, I believe in the soothing, comforting, and healing effect of music. Healing is largely a normal adjustment of the maladjusted molecules of the body. Recently a case was brought to my notice. A young lady was sick with high fever in her home on a ranch in one of the western States of the Union. The doctor's home was far away, and he could not be summoned readily. A friend asked the mother to give her daughter a "music cure." A certain record was played on the phonograph a few times. The young lady's temperature came down, and, I am informed, she was soon on her way to recovery. —Fritz Kreisler, in *The Mentor*

LOOK at us, look at these queer people who make up the picture industry. Just bums, half of us are, taken from every imaginable seat of ignorance in the world, from the fur trade to the circus troupe.

—Douglas Fairbanks

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF IBSEN

IF, in Browning's phrase, we measure a mind's height by the shade it casts, Ibsen was a colossus, for every prominent dramatist in the world since 1870 shows traces of his influence, with the single exception of Edmond Rostand. . .

But for a purely original genius there is no demand. Nobody wants his stuff, because no one has felt any need of it. He must create not only the supply but the demand, and force the public—if he can—to take him finally at his own valuation. Swift said that when a true genius appears you may know him by this infallible sign: all the dunces are arrayed in confederacy against him. But that is not true; Swift himself was immediately popular, and he was a true genius. When an original genius appears, it is not the greatness of his work that makes the impact; it is its strangeness. It is indeed so strange that mass opinion declares that, whatever it is, it is certainly not the thing it professes to be.

Three nineteenth-century examples are Browning, Wagner, Ibsen. There was no demand for their work, and, if they had died young, they would have died in obscurity. They were fortunate enough to live to be seventy or more, and finally reaped where they had sown. But for many years the public declared that, whatever Browning might be, he was no poet; whatever Wagner might write, he could not write music; whatever Ibsen might call his works, they were not plays. Yet Browning was a great poet, Wagner's operas are worth all the other operas in the world tied together and Ibsen is the greatest playwright since Shakespeare. . .

During the last three years on the New York stage there have been, in addition to many other revivals of his plays, three especially notable: *The Wild Duck, An Enemy of the People* and *John Gabriel Borkman* . . .

If you see a revival of almost any play that was popular fifteen years ago, it seems curiously old fashioned and obsolescent, whereas these three plays by Ibsen, produced originally respectively in 1882, 1884 and 1886, are more contemporary than today's newspaper. They simply glow with life.

Ibsen, more than any other man, is responsible for the renaissance of the drama. In England from 1890 to 1925 there was a succession of dramatic masterpieces which surpasses the output of any similar period of time in English literature since 1590-1625. The Elizabethan drama, if one left out Shakespeare, does not compare with the English drama of our time. We have been living in great days. — Professor William Lyon Phelps, in the New York *Evening Post*

Liquor Control in Canada

PROHIBITION has advanced, been challenged and has retreated in Canada. Government control and local option are working satisfactorily, it is declared, after a thoroughgoing post war test of Prohibition.

The author of this report on the liquor situation in the Dominion is a professor at McGill University. A distinguished humorist, with many volumes to his credit, he admits that, in the matter of Prohibition, he is "biased as heavily in one direction as a bootlegger's victim leaning against a lamp post." Canada has sanely solved the liquor problem, in his opinion, as here set forth.

THE World War brought Prohibition with a rush. It came partly as a matter of emotional hysteria, but partly, too, as an intended measure of public economy. "The war and its necessities," said Prime Minister Ferguson of Ontario in one of his election speeches of 1926, "brought about the Ontario Temperance Act. We were denying ourselves flour, bacon and other necessities, and to enable Ontario to put her supreme effort into the world conflict, we unanimously decided to dispense with the luxury of liquor until victory was ours."

The Dominion and the provinces combined to forbid the import and sale of liquor. But there was no search and seizure law. The farsighted man could still sit in his cellar.

But with the close of the war the shadow retreated. In Quebec it was but a momentary eclipse. A referendum vote of April 10, 1919 brought back wine and beer, and a general Liquor Control Law for the sale of beers, wines and spirits, became operative in 1921. British Columbia followed in the same year. Manitoba fell into line in 1923, Alberta in 1924 and its twin sister Saskatchewan adopted Government control in 1925.

There remained only the three maritime provinces and Ontario. In the case of the former, Prohibition, so we are informed on all sides, has always been more apparent than real, more honored in the breach than in the observance. The breezes from the sea waft alcohol easily ashore and the bootlegger wearing the friendly face of Neptune scarcely seems a criminal. Liquor, we are told, is cheaper and better, than under the cruel dispensation of the law. The writer of these pages can at least asseverate that he has frequently broken the liquor laws of Nova Scotia in the most friendly, agreeable and distinguished company conceivable.

> IT is unseemly to boast. But it is fair to say that for most persons in Canada there is no longer a "liquor problem." We no longer fret and agonize one another with angry disputation. We are attaining what seems to us a rational and helpful use of intoxicating liquor, such as was made of it many years ago at Cana in Galilee.
>
> And if, incidentally, it brings in a handsome revenue that opens up our highways and gives new schools to our children and new opportunities to our people—we think none the worse of it for that.—Stephen Leacock

But the great test was in Ontario. This great province is the historic heart and hearth of English-speaking Canada. Its area of 407,000 square miles makes it an empire in itself; its population of 3,000,000 souls is already a little kingdom. It is stubborn with pride of the Scot and rigid with the discipline of the Methodist. Sabbatarian to the verge of puritanism and moral to the verge of sin.

It adopted Prohibition with the ecstasy of the revivalist and it liked it with the dour self-torment of the Calvinist. It was not easily to be removed. A referendum held after the war, October 20, 1919, riveted the chain afresh.

But even in Ontario, Prohibition was not to continue. The system simply would not work. It was not possible to carry out a law so flagrantly at variance with the habits and opinions of the people. Every subterfuge was used. Unscrupulous doctors wrote prescriptions for liquor till they were stopped by writer's cramp. The bootlegger was at every back door. The dandelion was boiled into a sickly wine. "Homebrew" offered its ambiguous consolation, and the native wine of Niagara, still on sale by a triumph of hypocrisy, ran in a golden flood.

Meantime the convictions for drunkenness in the police courts of Ontario averaged in four years of Prohibition {1920-1923} more than 12,700 a year, and in Quebec only 8,800. Crime in Ontario as between 1923 and 1918 showed an increase of ten percent. . . .

But the best testimony of all may be quoted from the words of G. Howard Ferguson, the present Prime Minister of Ontario and the future Prime Minister, if he wants to be, of the Dominion of Canada.

Mr. Ferguson became convinced that Prohibition in Ontario had broken down. He did not hold a further referendum on the question. He followed the more British and more sportsmanlike plan of a great election. He staked his political existence on his convictions and appealed to the country on the issue of Government control. . . .

I say it with all the earnestness which I possess [he declared to the electors of Kemptville, Ont., on Oct. 22, 1926] that there is no man living who is more deeply concerned and interested than I am in the well-being and improvement of the Canadian people, and particularly of the children of this province of ours. I am more profoundly interested in that human phase of our administration than in any other branch of our work. It goes to the very root and core of our national life and progress. It is the one thing more than anything else that fascinates me and has induced me to remain in public life particularly in recent years, when I would be glad to take up some less strenuous form of work. I have supported the endeavors of the attorney-general in his desire to enforce the law. *I honestly believe it has broken down and is impossible of enforcement because it is so largely disregarded and held in contempt by such large numbers of people.*

Mr. Ferguson and his Cabinet did not have to fight alone. To the ranks of his political supporters were added persons in all walks of life, of all political parties and representing the church as well as the laity. Notable among these was Canon Cody of St. Paul's Church, Toronto, one of the most notable of the Anglican divines of British North America. No man is more respected in Canada than is Canon Cody, both for the brilliant intellect that enabled him at college to outdistance every rival, and for the devoted life of ministration in God's service to which he has given himself. When such a man works against Prohibition, speaks against it and fights it with all his strength, the mouth of the prohibitionist is dumb.

The victory at the polls was complete, overwhelming and final. It was not a mere political victory. It was one of those great moral triumphs which from time to time illuminate the history of a nation.

The passing of Prohibition in Ontario was followed almost immediately by its ejection from New Brunswick. Its disappearance from Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island is a mere matter of form, not long to be delayed. In Canada, we are done with it. Nobody talks of its return. The thing is finished.

Let us turn to view the system that has replaced it. All through Canada has been set up what is commonly called "Government Control." The essential point of the system is that the liquor business is dissociated from private profit. It becomes a department of the Provincial Government, carried on by a group of salaried officials who have no personal interest whatever in the sale or the price or the profit on the liquor which they handle. The profit nevertheless represents an enormous surplus and is solving all the outstanding difficulties of the provincial budgets. The Dominion Government also comes in, by means of its customs and excise taxes, for a certain share—some persons say a more than fair share—of the gains on the sale of liquor. But the Canadian consumer has at least the satisfaction of knowing that

his money does not go into the wallet of a bootlegger or the bank account of a saloon keeper. What he pays out of one pocket comes back into the other. He consumes his whisky and finds that the price of it all comes back to him again in the form of provincial highways and public improvements.—Stephen Leacock, in *Plain Talk*

I CANNOT tell what the earliest literary allusion to dogs is, but I think it strange that the Bible is so silent. Those sixty-six books, representing the social history of the Jews for many centuries, contain the most beautiful poetry and prose ever written, as well as the most tender and comforting assurances, but they indicate little interest in animals as companions or pets.

The word dog is repeatedly used as a term of degradation, and for some unknown reason the Jews were forbidden to bring into the sanctuary the price of a dog, which was coupled with the wages of sin. The only allusion I have found to the dog as a companion is in the Apocrypha, in the eleventh chapter of Tobit: "So they went their way, and the dog went after them." Even here the dog apparently had to force his attentions upon man, which is a way he has when unappreciated.—Professor William Lyon Phelps, in the New York *Evening Post*

MORALITY means conformity to whatever is considered socially useful in the group to which an individual happens to belong.

To an unreconstructed Igorot it is moral to cut off the head of anyone who does not happen to live in one's own village. It would be immoral for a citizen of Boston to do that to a citizen of New York, great though the provocation undoubtedly is. It is moral for a Turk to have three wives at once; moral for a citizen of Nevada to have three wives seriatim; immoral for a Christian to have more than one wife living at one time; immoral for a monk to have any wives at all. It all depends upon the group to which one by birth or by choice belongs.—Bernard Iddings Bell, in *The Atlantic Monthly*

PAINTED HUSSY

Now autumn, like a wanton who invites
All plunderers, visits the land again
Her flagrant dress and figure shocking sights
For decent, biddable, home-keeping men.
Laughing at spring's exploited innocence,
And scorning summer's steady ardent heat,
She flaunts her prodigal magnificence,
And lures a lover out of every street.

That some chose virgin spring and others made
Dull vows to matron summer, I've no doubt,
But some prefer this gaudy blowzy jade
Whose harvests are for all who seek her out—
Until grim winter finds her, spent and bare,
With frosted bittersweet twined in her hair.

—Barbara Madison Tunnell, in *The Century Magazine*

SIMILES

HAPPY as a senator flitting from investigation to investigation.

Changed the subject oftener than the radio.

Self-conscious as a woman letting her hair grow.

Loose as a politician's promises.

Somewhat unrelated, like a bathing girl in a furnace ad.

Evasive as an editorial in a religious wrangle.

Overcome with horror and despair like a woman who feels her lifted face slipping.

Plain as a bridge hand after it's played.

Easier to get than a wrong number.

Almost as artificial as a realistic movie.

Harder to get along with than a peace conference.

As utterly lost as the young folks.

Vainly striving to meet the demands of a new role, like a traffic cop trying to be gentle.—David B. Park, in *The Saturday Evening Post*

THE STRONG MAN OF RUSSIA

WITH the overthrow of the old imperialistic government, Russia entered an era of political and economic turmoil that has kept it in the world spotlight. Lenin, Kerensky, Trotzky and Stalin successively have been the dramatic figures of the new regime. In the accompanying article, the Berlin correspondent of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, *who spent several months studying economic, social and political conditions in Russia, contrasts Trotzky, newly exiled, and Stalin, the "man of steel," who has become the Mussolini of the moujiks.*

TWO personalities stand out in Russia. One is a man from Georgia—from Turkish Russia—so silent and inconspicuous that not even the oldest established Ambassador has ever seen him. Lenin called him "Steel"—a name which stuck. Steel, in Russian, is Stalin. Lenin warned against him. "These Georgians overspice their food—he will cook you peppery dishes," he said.

The other {Trotzky} is one of the most romantic characters in history.

A Jewish intellectual, he spent years in prison and exile under the Czar. He worked as a journalist in New York and lived in The Bronx. He returned to Russia with Lenin on the verge of the Bolshevist revolution, and was its Danton, its fieriest speaker, its most magnetic personality. He organized the Red Army. He was, for the outside world, the revolution's most brilliant apologist, and his comments on the trend in Russia and in Europe were translated into all Western languages and enjoyed the consideration of others than Communists.

Today he goes over the same hard road he traveled in 1905—beyond the vast steppes, to a Siberian exile.

The comrade of his former exile sent him. A British newspaper dug out a picture of a group of exiles departing for Siberia after the ill-fated revolution of 1905. In the group Lenin stands in the background; Stalin and Trotzky in the foreground.

This time Stalin sits in the Kremlin and issues the decree banning Trotzky.

This is the climax of the greatest inner political crisis in Russia since the Bolshevist revolution and the establishment of the Soviet Republic—just ten years ago; the greatest crisis since the Dictatorship of the Proletariat was declared and power was vested, nominally, in the Soviets, and actually in the Communist Party—the only legal political body in Russia.

The clue to the difference in the Stalin and Trotzky programs lies in the personalities of the two leaders.

Each talks about the other in somewhat the same terms, but with far more bitterness than our parties do on the eve of an election.

Stalin is a man with a long-standing grudge. A man who feels he never got his just deserts. A strong man, admittedly; a true revolutionary, who, like the others, suffered prison and exile. Yet he never got into the limelight during Lenin's lifetime. The dramatic days of the revolution did not bring him forward. Lenin disliked him. Lenin was surrounded by exiles who had been his friends and confidants abroad—in Switzerland, elsewhere in Europe. Men who knew the inside of every European labor movement.

RENUNCIATION

At eventide the Pilgrim came
And knocked at the Beloved's door.
"Who's there?" a voice within, "Thy name?"
"'Tis I," he said,—"Then knock no more.
As well ask thou a lodging of the sea,—
There is no room herein for thee and me."

The Pilgrim went again his way
And dwelt with Love upon the shore
Of self-oblivion; and one day
He knocked again at the Beloved's door.
"Who's there?"—"It is thyself," he now replied,
And suddenly the door was opened wide.

—Ameen Rihani, in *The Syrian World*

Stalin has never been out of Russia in his life.

He knows no other European language.

He is a sound, logical speaker; rather limited; obstinate; of no intellectual brilliance; not altogether scrupulous when working for what seems a desirable end; a magnificent machine politician.

He is a Russian, from the Caucasus, from the primitive country of Georgia; educated—he studied for the priesthood—but non-European in his origins and anti-European in his outlook; he comes from deep inside Russia.

He is simple and democratic. Stalin belongs to the common people; he is of their blood and speech.

He has, too, with all his hardness and unscrupulousness, their sentimentality. Three times he went to see the Stanislavsky melodrama *Armored Train*, depicting a peasant revolt. Each time he wept at its pathos.

Trotzky is a Jew, an intellectual and an ironist.

His convictions are with the proletariat; his manners are those of the cultivated European.

He is frail and small, thin-skinned,with an exaggerated forehead and hands as fine as a woman's.

He speaks English, French and German, and is at home in Paris or London.

He is a brilliant causeur, a connoisseur of the arts, a man of the world. He is vain.

He has personal charm.

He loves a fine gesture, and knows how to make it. In the end he accepted this last hard sentence with the same sangfroid and grace with which he took upon himself the Czar's decree of exile in 1905. His personal courage is impressive.

The differences in program between Stalin and Trotzky arise out of these differences in personality and experience.

Although both men are committed to the Marxian doctrine of world revolution, and to the Leninist credo that Socialism can be developed only under the dictatorship of the proletariat, although both men are anti-national in their theories, Trotzky is instinctively internationalist, accustomed to think and feel internationally, whereas Stalin is instinctively Russian.

But the difference between Trotzky and Stalin is largely one of emphasis. Trotzky says: "Industrialization, fast, with all the outside foreign capital which you can get; concessions there, if necessary; none inside the country; rigorous suppression of profiteers; rigorous suppression of peasants who are profiteers."

Were Trotzky in power it is a question whether he would act very differently from Stalin. The industrialization of Russia is not halted by Stalin's program, but by Russian's world situation. It is a question whether foreign capitalists would have more confidence in Trotzky than they have in the silent, non-European overlord of Russia's destiny.

The discipline of the Communist Party of Russia is one of the phenomena of the world. Between Stalin and Trotzky there is still some bond. With all the violence of his nature, Trotzky has opposed the Stalin program. With all the violence of the ancient Czars Stalin has meted out to him his punishment. Yet in the end Trotzky accepted his fate and went to Siberia without resistance. And going, he reaffirmed his belief in Communism, in the world revolution and in the Soviet system. From such an opposition the bourgeois world has nothing to hope.—Dorothy Thompson, in the New York *Evening Post.*

IF ALL the energy from all the broadcasters in the world at any one given time could be collected over the entire central portion of the North Atlantic Ocean it probably would not be enough to whirl the toy windmill of a child. The total power from one of the largest broadcasting stations in the world is less than the power of a good automobile running up hill at a fair rate of speed, yet nobody has ever said automobiles cause weather changes. There is probably only 1,000 horsepower used in the whole world in radio.—Dr. A. N. Goldsmith, President of the Institute of Radio Engineers

STATE VS. CHURCH IN MEXICO

THERE are two philosophies at grips today in Mexico. According to one of these, all rights enjoyed by citizens are derived from the State; they are a free gift by the community as such, they do not exist inherently in any individual or any group of individuals, and accordingly they can be revoked, or substantially curbed, at will by the State, which in practice means the Government of the State, though these two are not the same thing. Thus, beside the individual, the family, the school and the Church are all completely subject to the State in all things. This philosophy has found its flower in modern days at Moscow, for whereas its Nineteenth Century practitioners were stubbornly capitalist, the Bolsheviki logically added the right of property to the list of all the other rights residing in or deriving from the State, seeing no reason why it alone should be excluded.

The other philosophy professes that there are certain rights which reside inherently in the individual, the family, etc., and may not be destroyed by the State, which as represented in its Government exists solely for the purpose of protecting them. This is the theory which I read clearly in the American Declaration of Independence, and which, I am told, is the constant idea behind the decisions of the American Supreme Court. It happens also to be the theory usually held by Catholics, and certainly held by those of us who, because of it, necessarily stood out against the Mexican Government, whereas the other theory to a greater or less degree was espoused by those who followed Carranza in the so-called Constitutionalist movement of which he was the titular head, and of which Obregon and Calles are the successors. It is, therefore, the clash of these two philosophies which has caused the turmoil in Mexico these many years. . . .

In itself the Mexican Constitution of 1857, which was in force until 1917, was a sort of compromise between the theory of extreme State Supremacy and the facts of Mexican civilization—if one sets aside the "Laws of Reform," added to the Constitution in 1873. The makers of that Constitution did not admit, for instance, that the Church had any inherent rights by virtue of its Divine foundation. Nevertheless, they conceded to it certain rights, *as if they were inherent.* By a legal fiction, they granted a juridical personality to the Church, so that it could own property, recover damages in law, defend its spiritual mission against aggression, conduct schools, be made the recipient of a legacy, dispose of property, and perform all the other acts which modern civilization concedes to any corporate body duly organized for a specific and legitimate purpose.

The Constitution of 1917 stripped the Church of these rights in general by denying to it any juridical personality . . .

MEASUREMENT

Stars and atoms have no size,
They only vary in men's eyes.

Men and instruments will blunder
Calculating things of wonder.

A seed is just as huge a world
As any ball the sun has hurled.

Stars are quite as picayune
As any splinter of the moon.

Time is but a vague device;
Space can never be precise;

Stars and atoms have a girth,
Small as zero, ten times Earth.

There is, by God's swift reckoning,
A universe in everything.

—A. M. Sullivan, in *Contemporary Verse*

This Constitution of 1917 went much farther than to decree mere separation of Church and State, and it is here the conflict took its rise. For it is one thing to separate Church and State; it is another to subject one of them to the other by law. . . .

Clergymen are not to be recognized as ministers of religion, but as simple members of a profession, with important restrictions. They must be Mexicans by birth; their number in any locality may be limited by the State Legislatures; they are declared by the mere fact of their profession to have forfeited all their political or civil rights. Their activity as ministers of religion is "fiscalized," that is, their control of church premises is a State function, shared by them with ten others, residing in the vicinity, or must be altogether transferred to other hands. A Mexican citizen, therefore, who becomes a clergyman, loses his legal existence as a citizen. Moreover, ministers of religion are restricted entirely to the "secular" clergy, for vows of religion and Religious Orders are altogether proscribed. It should also be remarked that these provisions do not apply exclusively to the Catholic Church, but to all religions alike.

In the provisions concerning marriage, public worship, education, the press, the church edifice, and church property in general, the same spirit predominates. Marriage is declared to belong to the civil power exclusively, and has only that validity which this power grants it. If it were merely declared that a civil ceremony is necessary for marriage to obtain its civil effect, there would be no complaint from the Church, of course. As for public worship, it must be carried out entirely in the interior of the church edifice, a peculiarly vexatious restriction in a country with Catholic and Latin traditions. Moreover, even in the interior, worship is subject to the intervention and to the supervision of the civil authorities.

Education is declared to be free, a remnant of the former Constitution; in spite of this, however, religious education is forbidden in all primary schools, even in private ones, and these are subject to Government authority, not only in matters of hygiene, safety, etc., but also in curriculum, number and quality of instructors, and so on. The power of conducting primary schools is absolutely denied to religious bodies, while no institution of higher learning conducted by a religious group can have any official recognition for academic degrees or credits.

It is forbidden for any periodical or newspaper which can be considered sectarian by its programme, its title or its ordinary tendencies, to make any comment on national political affairs, even when these latter concern denial of fundamental rights.

All church edifices are declared to be the property of the Nation, and the Federal Government can convert them to other uses, while new ones can be erected only by authorization of the Secretary of the Interior, and they in turn become property of the State. The churches are likewise to be deprived of ownership of Bishops' houses, parish houses, seminaries, asylums, colleges, convents, and all institutions of private benevolence. A clergyman becomes incapable of inheriting any property, except from his immediate relations, and the Church may exercise no ownership over real estate or the income from real estate.

For infraction of the principal provision described above {regarding the erection of new church edifices}, no one may enjoy the right of trial by jury.

From the years 1917 to 1926, this part of the Constitution remained inoperative, since no Enabling Act had been passed, and no penalties imposed, and though many extra-legal vexations were suffered, there was relative peace. In the latter year, however, President Calles, who had succeeded General Obregon in 1924, took steps to remedy this defect. On January 7, Congress handed over to the Executive extraordinary powers to make legislation by Presidential decree. On June 14, the decree on religious infractions was signed, and it was promulgated on July 2, to take effect July 31.

This decree-law imposes heavy fines

and imprisonments on those who violate the above mentioned provisions of the religious legislation. It expels all foreign clergymen; it dissolves all monasteries and convents; it forbids anyone to wear any garb, or badge, even the Roman collar, distinctive of a clerical calling; it proceeds to the immediate confiscation without indemnity of all church edifices, parish houses, schools, colleges, hospitals, etc., and their conversion into public buildings; for purposes of its prohibitions, it defines clergymen as all who give religious instruction to anyone, even in private; and it defines as religious bodies all pious associations for religious purposes, even without vows; and it punishes anyone who shall presume to criticize acts of the Government, even of local mayors.

Previous to this, the Government had already set as a condition of being allowed to exercise the priestly ministry, the duty of inscription in the municipal register, and it had severely reduced the number of priests allowed in each State. Thus in the State of Jalisco, with 1,000,000 Catholics, only 250 priests were allowed; in Oaxaca, with the same population, only 30; and in my own diocese, Tabasco, only five priests were allowed, and then only on condition that they marry, which effectually expelled the Church from the State.

Probably the best way to help Americans to visualize the state of things such legislation has brought about in Mexico, is to suggest what effect it would have if it were passed in the United States. By decree of the President, not by an Act of Congress, such organizations as the Anti-Saloon League, the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, and the Federal Council of Churches, would be suppressed; no clergyman, Protestant or Catholic, would be allowed to vote in any election; all private primary schools would be closed; foundations, such as that of Trinity Church, in New York, would be confiscated; periodicals, like the various *Christian Advocates*, would be restricted to printing strictly religious news and editorial opinions; all parish residences and annexes would be confiscated; and, by the same ratio to population, ninety per cent. of the clergymen in the country would be expelled from the ministry. . . .

Practically every means at the usual disposal of religion is taken from it: the ministry of the priest is converted into an agency of government, with every inducement to the weak and unfaithful to go into schism; the training of the priest is made impossible, with seminary schooling suppressed; the recruiting of educated men to the priesthood is checkmated, since Catholic colleges are deprived of scholastic standing, and hence must die out; no missionaries may be brought in from abroad, while the training of little ones in parish schools, which experience shows is the great bulwark of sturdy faith and future religious practice is stopped entirely.

Shortly after the restrictive regulations went into effect, the dispute, as usually happens in such cases, crystallized in the public mind around one point. . . .It concerned the inscription of the priests in the local municipal register, as a condition of their being allowed to continue their ministry. If this measure had been designed merely as a census operation, there would probably have arisen no objection. Both sides, however, understood it as much more than this. For one thing, it was a preliminary to a wholly unjustifiable limitation of clergymen at the will of the local authorities. But even more than this, there entered in the question of principle, so dear to the Latin mind and so much more important to it than mere external legal forms. This registration was undoubtedly intended by the Calles Government as a sign and symbol of subjection of the Church to the State in purely spiritual matters, and the acceptance of it as an act of surrender, and still further, of secession from the Catholic Church. . . .

The purpose of the religious legislation of the Social Revolutionary party in Mexico was a blow aimed not particularly at the Catholic Church, *but* at all religion impartially.—Bishop Pascual Diaz, of Tabasco, Mexico {exiled}, in *The North American Review*

Differences Between South and North America

DISTRUST, if not dislike, of the United States is almost universal in South America. This Columbia Professor of Economics, touring South and Central America in behalf of the Albert Kahn Foundation, discovered and here states some of the causes for this unfriendly feeling.

THE treatment by the United States of the weaker States in South America has left the impression of strong-handed domination and of might making right. Most of those with whom I talked were familiar with the details of our dealings with Mexico, with Panama, with Nicaragua, and, in discussing them, tried to explain to me why South America doubts our honesty of purpose.

When I have tried to explain that my country, as I know it, is one which at present has almost no longings for empire and that a political party would destroy its chances if it advocated such a thing, my South American friends have been inclined to smile. They liked my spirit but deplored my judgment.

On two or three occasions I received this answer to my question: "South America has never been able to forgive some of the business men of North America for shipping them shoddy goods during the war. In some cases South American importers were compelled to receive goods of kinds other than those ordered, and many second-rate goods were dumped on the South American market."

I found that these censures did not apply to all kinds of goods. Old and established companies which had been doing business in South America for years did not indulge in these practices.

In the face of such strictures the United States is increasing her exports to South America rather than the reverse. If they fear us, why do they buy of us? Much of that increase has been by the "old established companies." But even if this were not the case, the fact of our increasing trade would not be a complete answer to the criticism.

Only once did I hear this point mentioned: United States capital has sometimes been invested in South America, not with the intention of developing the resources of the countries concerned, but in order to keep their markets free from competition of goods produced in South America. The young man who advanced this point was a member of an old and respected South American family. He is a graduate of Boston University, and admires us.

The next point comes from Argentina. In some instances Argentine business firms have taken the agency for goods produced in the United States. They have by advertising built up considerable trade for these goods under the established names and trade-marks. When the business reached sufficient proportions, the North American companies have established their own selling agencies in Argentina.

The local dealer loses, of course, the good-will he has built up, as he no longer has the right to sell goods under these established names. Even though he has had a contract for five years or more and this contract has expired, he is likely to feel wronged when he discovers that his very success is to be the cause of his loss. If he takes up like goods of another manufacturer, it pains him to think that he has previously built up his own competition.

The last point I shall mention—there are others—seems to me to be the most important because it explains so many points of misunderstanding. The remarks came from an Englishman who has established a healthy and important business in Argentina. A part of his business is the importing and selling of an American-made automobile. As nearly as I can remember, his remarks were as follows:

"South America does not understand and does not want to understand the American phrase—'Business is business.' The smartness, the brusqueness, the unwillingness to make concessions because a clause in the contract does not make these concessions legally necessary irritates the South American."—Professor William E. Weld, of Columbia University

THE ARISTOCRATIC POLITICIAN

WITH the enormous increase in the wealth of the country there has been an enormous increase in the number of those persons who are able to and do send their sons and their daughters to the best colleges. What is the motive of the students in going? Is it to get an education? Is it to be prepared for something serious in life? We must admit that that which has prompted many to go to college is the social status that it is supposed to confer and the social opportunities that it is supposed to give. This has put before college men and women, as the prizes of college life, something other than that which men were wont to think the chief object of a college education.

There are many graduates who will be able to live without resorting to business or to any profession. . . .It is those men and women from whom the country has a right to expect a life of energetic living for the benefit of the public. . . .

My particular purpose is to speak of that class of able young men who now usually report themselves as lawyers or business men, who are moved thereto by a desire for an increase in wealth, and whose ambitions are to be absorbed in a chase for the dollar.

I think we now have an overplus of able young men who are yielding to this ambition. . . .

The men whose ranks should be filled are the politicians. The term "politician" has had a sinister significance. It has often been construed to mean a man whose livelihood depends upon politics, whose success depends upon holding office, and whose failure in life is marked by defeat for office.

I think that definition is not a fair one, and it ought not to continue to be used with its narrow meaning. It should mean those who are active in politics, who have a sense of active civic responsibility, who study the questions affecting the general public and the local public and throw themselves into the controversies arising, with a common purpose of doing the best they can for the public. They should be taught that the profession of a politician is a highly honorable, indispensable, and useful profession. If they complete their education by a course at law, they will be better able to be good and useful politicians. They should be at work all the time and give as much activity as they would in any other business.

> NOTHING is more deceitful than the statements that what we need in politics is the business man. Politics are a business—at least they are a field in which experience tells for usefulness and effectiveness—and a man who has devoted his entire life to the successful establishment of a business is generally not the man who will be useful to the public in the administration of public business. The considerations that affect public business are not those that should ordinarily control private business. At the same time it is in the interest of the public to keep the public out of what should be and usually is private business.
>
> —William Howard Taft

The holding of office is not essential to the life of a good politician. His defeat for office should not be a reason why he should give up politics. He can never know when the choice of the people may not happen to be in favor of those who are really for the people. He can run for council, for the legislature, the State Senate, for Congress.

The more time and energy he devotes to seeing that either he himself or some friends in whose capacity and purpose he has confidence, may be elected to an office of power and influence, the better. No office should be too small for his

ambition and usefulness. He may not always be right—he probably will not be—but in the end and after a long life, with motives for living that are in favor of the people and their welfare, he can be confident that his coming into politics has helped their character. . . .

It is a great mistake to suppose that the life of a politician is not an active one that commands all his energies. He should be thinking of the conduct of the Government from one election to another. We have such men in politics and many of them are politicians in the worst sense. We ought to add to their number men of better purpose, from the able young men out of our colleges, who night otherwise lead lives of idleness, and it should be understood that no man can pursue a higher or nobler walk in life than that of the politician. . . .

Men who have gone through such an experience as the life of a politician are very much better adapted to administer office and carry it on well than are men who are thrust into it from other walks of life. They will be trained to study the wishes of people and their actual condition. They will be trained to weigh the justice of their contentions and what are merely selfish outbursts of a class. . . .

Out of the body of politicians we should expect real statesmen to grow. There is no fear that the politicians with a competence will be so numerous that we shall have all politicians of that character. All we can hope for is that we shall have actively engaged in politics a substantial number of men who are not dependent on office or success in elections, and not to be completely controlled by considerations of that sort. . . .

If we can develop a class of educated men with nothing else to do but to better government, we ought to use them; and we ought to use them by having the profession of the politician recognized as essential to the welfare of the Republic.

—Chief Justice William Howard Taft, in *The World's Work*

A JURY REFORM ADVOCATE

WHENEVER there is a jury disagreement, adverse comments on the jury system are heard on all sides. After a long trial, often involving much technical testimony, with expert witnesses on both sides, it is much more surprising that twelve men should be able to come to an agreement than that they should occasionally disagree.

Suppose a decision by a bench of judges depended upon unanimity. In point of fact, in a very large proportion of cases, decisions are made by a divided bench, two to one, three to two, or four to three; and in the United States Supreme Court, decisions on cases of the greatest importance are often made by a vote of five to four. If it were necessary in order to have a decision stand, to have unanimity on the part of the judges sitting on a case, the progress of litigation would be vastly more tedious than it now is.

What would happen if as many as twelve judges ever sat on a case, it is impossible to surmise! It could be predicted safely that very seldom would a verdict be handed down!

One of the most serious troubles with our present jury system is this requirement of unanimity. If this old time fetish could be dropped and if a verdict of ten to two were accepted, a large part of the trouble with modern jury trials would be eliminated. . . .

If the ten to two verdict were permissible there would probably be very few disagreements. Moreover this would almost certainly eliminate the chance of jury fixing. It is not likely that in any attempt to corrupt a jury, more than one or two men are approached.—Irving Putnam, New York publisher, in *The Panel*

We nominate the following from *The Pathfinder* as this year's best paragraph: "They are putting Wilson's portrait on the new $1,000 bill—where only Republicans will see it."—Toledo *Blade*

FAMILY LOYALTY—THE CHINESE PROBLEM

IT is easy for us Westerners to criticize the Chinese because their standards of right and wrong are not our standards. They put family loyalty and private welfare far ahead of patriotism and the public welfare. In fact only an infinitesimal part of the Chinese people appear to have the slightest conception of what is meant by the term "the public welfare." To them whatever will benefit the family and its members is right. Whatever hurts the family is wrong. Consequently the Chinese official who looks after his relatives at the expense of the State is right, while the Chinese official who permits the members of his family to suffer while he serves the state is wrong, wholly wrong, inconceivably wrong.

The same ethical attitude makes it practically impossible for Chinese joint-stock enterprises or business corporations to succeed. It is ethically the duty of the directors to look after their families. Similarly it is the "duty" of the employees to provide for their family needs. Neither directors nor employees have any conception of the Western attitude of loyalty to a corporation. The same thing was true of our own ancestors during the Middle Ages.

This fundamental difference between the orientals and the occidentals of to-day virtually makes it impossible for the Chinese Republic to copy successfully the political institutions of Europe or America. Our Government is possible only because good citizens are willing to serve it honestly and faithfully, even when this service requires the subordination of family interests. Since that concept is virtually non-existent in China it is easy to see why the Chinese Republic does not function successfully, has no President, no legislative body, and has not had for quite a number of years.

The nations of Europe and America are partly responsible for the present condition of affairs in China. We have introduced Western methods of trade and commerce based on conceptions quite at variance with those of the Chinese. In America there are more jobs than hands to do it with; consequently we have invented labor-saving machinery. China has more hands to do it with than things to do, consequently when labor-saving machinery is introduced it means unemployment, starvation, and disaster to thousands of people. This is a statement of fact.

QUATRAIN

The arms of grief are very strong,
His vigor swift, his passion long.
A woman tired in heart and limb
Should not lie down to rest with him.

—Clinch Calkins, in *Poems* (Knopf)

Furthermore, we have taught visiting Chinese students the art of government based on a wholly different habit of mind and thought from that to which the Chinese have been accustomed for centuries. Their efforts to put our theories into practice have failed.

We have taught them political "science" when politics is really an art, not a science. A science is something which is true in all lands, like the multiplication table or the laws of gravity, while that form of government which works in Connecticut will not necessarily work in Nicaragua or even in North Dakota; and not at all in China.

An able student of Chinese politics who has lived in China for a quarter of a century and who is well conversant with Chinese public opinion and political thought told me that the basic fact in the Chinese political problem is the apathy of at least four hundred million Chinese, who not only are not democratic in their political thinking and practices but have no conceptions and no conscious interest such as could lead them to become a democracy. At present, and for centuries past, their chief interest and almost their sole interest

has been family and clan welfare. . . .

I believe that the United States ought to take the initiative in an effort to induce the several warring groups in China mutually to agree to respect certain boundaries and each to form a Government within its own boundary and confine its efforts to solidifying the Government and to increasing productiveness in its own area. We could offer to place a diplomatic commissioner within each such area, to help with advice and friendly counsel. We might lend the weight of our good offices to those Governments that were willing to assume their share of obligations. . . .

It seems foolish to expect China to become a unified nation, in the Western sense of the term. I am inclined to agree with Doctor John Willis Slaughter when he says in his recently published *East and West in China:* "Representative government must make its beginning in the villages, expand to areas not too large for the personal character and influence of the gentry to be lost to view, and then develop into representative provincial Government. China must in the end be a federation of provinces on a system of representation which should, for a long time, be as simple as possible. . . .It is natural that China, involved in the circumstances of effecting a change, should imagine that all good things can be made to flow from a wise and powerful central authority. There is no basis in history for this expectation. National achievement rests with a people, and not with a Government. No people have proved this in a more impressive manner by their past than have the Chinese. Some day Chinese leadership may produce a genius who realizes how very little government China needs. At that point she will have mastered the first and greatest of all political lessons."

China has four times as many people as the United States. Her people differ from one another as do the peoples of Europe. Her culture is largely mediaeval. Only a small percentage of her people can read. The educated classes of the different countries of Europe in the Middle Ages could read the same language, though they could not understand one another's ordinary conversation. So it is in China to-day. Mediaeval Latin was spoken by relatively few people; so with classical Chinese.

Modern China is just about as cohesive as Europe was in the Middle Ages. The Holy Roman Empire crumbled. China appears to be falling apart. Mediaeval industry was largely a family affair; so it is in China to-day. It took the people of western Europe several centuries to emerge from the Middle Ages. Yet their culture was not nearly so old and firmly established as is Chinese culture. China is not likely to become Westernized in our day. Family loyalty is not likely to give way suddenly to patriotism. —U. S. Senator Hiram Bingham, of Connecticut, in *Scribner's Magazine*

IT SEEMS perfectly clear to me that we can never make any real progress toward permanent peace so long as we recognize the institution of war as legitimate and clothe it with glory.

Let us in our day denounce it as a criminal institution and then we can begin and with effect the work of educating mankind to that belief. And, after all, it may not be so difficult a task, for the people—the masses—are already of that belief. The great mass of mankind are against war. They believe it to be a criminal institution. What we need is the law and machinery which will hold responsible the few who foment and bring on war.

Of course no two nations can outlaw war. But two powerful nations like the United States and France can make a glorious beginning.—Senator William E. Borah, interview, in the Paris *Matin*

WE are living to-day in a new freedom of the arts, particularly in literature. One of the secrets of life is to keep our intellectual curiosity acute. At a certain age some people's minds close up. They live on their intellectual fat. A new idea produces an unpleasant shock. They comprehend its strangeness but not its value. —Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale

THE DILEMMA OF JAPAN

THE last decade, particularly the last half of it, has not been kind to Japan. Nature, niggardly from the beginning in supplying the country with natural resources, has dealt a series of heavy blows against its man-wrought prosperity. Internationally, Japan feels that she has been snubbed and flouted. At home the nation has been torn between old customs and traditions and new thoughts, while growing extravagance in living is faced with dwindling profits. . . .

Economically Japan has suffered much and today, with an increasing burden of debt, she looks to further disarmament for partial relief.... The country is overpopulated, with an unfailing crop of 2,000,000 babies a year. It lacks adequate supplies of food, cannot clothe its people, and has, broadly speaking, nothing to sell that may be regarded as essential to the rest of the world. Its greatest hope today lies in the fact that the Japanese are awakening to their own precarious condition. Its greatest asset is in its people, willing workers and teachable, more Western in their outlook than any other Oriental race. Its rulers are faced today with the tremendous problem of finding something profitable for these people to do and somewhere for the new oncoming millions to go. That any great success in the solving of this problem has been attained to date cannot be said, although it is a problem that is fast becoming one for the world.

JAPAN has completely accepted the American verdict that Japanese laborers cannot enter the United States, but this acceptance is based upon Japanese belief, which one often hears expressed, that the American people will, sooner or later, retract the injustice the Japanese feel has been done to them by including all Japanese among the undesirable nationals to be excluded by law. The Japanese believe that the American sense of justice will soon move Congress to place Japan among the quota nations, an action that would mean practically nothing numerically in the way of Japanese immigration but which would mean a great deal in the way of Japanese appreciation and of a re-establishment of Japanese faith in American fair play.

—Roderick O. Matheson

Japan has moved rapidly in the direction of democracy since the day of the naval limitation treaty, and, in the opinion of the more pessimistically inclined, almost as rapidly in the direction of national bankruptcy. In February the first test came for the manhood suffrage law enacted three years ago, the election resolving itself into a conflict between the old forces of bureaucratic reaction and the new force of democracy that is so steadily seeping into the national foundation..

Before midsummer the first juries will sit in criminal and civil actions in the empire; a definite movement for the extension of the suffrage to women has been launched; labor unions are multiplying; the long-forbidden radio today flaunts its antennae from a million roofs, and in innumerable ways the Japanese nation is being transformed. As much progress in the westernizing of the people in thought and desire has been gained in the past seven years as in the preceding seventy. Old Japan and the forces of reaction are fighting stoutly, but in vain, against the rising tide of the modern. It is being said that the Japanese just now are acquiring the worst the West has to offer, that the solid virtues of old Japan are being lost and that only the Hollywood, surface ideas are taking their place. Be that as it may, Japan, from many standpoints, is a pleasanter place to live in than it was even seven years ago. At the same time, it is also a place where

it is much harder to make a living. . . .

Leading Japanese thinkers realize the situation and the daily press and the popular magazines for months past have been skirting around a discussion of the dilemma in which Japan awakes to find herself. A few writers are driving at the root of things, but the great majority, as well as the people generally, continue to believe that the Government, by some legerdemain of legislation, can find how to sell dear goods in competition with cheap goods, how to market the products of inefficiency and how to find well paid jobs for half-trained persons. Japan's real problem to dayis that to modernize her industries—such as she has—and eliminate waste effort would result in the beginning in great unemployment. She has far too many people for such work as lies at her hand and anything that would replace man-power by machinery, anything that would make it possible for one man to do what today takes two and three would throw so many into the unemployed class that something worse than today's condition might easily happen.

"At no stage in her long history of more than 2,000 years has Japan been confronted with such a diversity of conflicting and manifold forces as now," writes Kondo Yugigahama, a well known reviewer, in a November issue of the *Japan Times*, explaining the temper of the people. "Forces feudal, national, capitalistic, fascistic and socialistic are pulling her from all conceivable angles, to her great confusion and dismay. . . . The one conspicuous feature in the life of Japanese today is the fact that radicalism is stalking among the populace haughtily and unblushingly. Marxian socialism has made its way into the minds of the working population, for whom Soviet Russia stands as an ideal State." This hints at why the Japanese leaders today dare not force efficiency as a prime phase of the desired industrialism, as efficient management of industry today would throw one-third of the working population of Japan into the street, looking for other jobs that do not exist. . . .

Japan has an agrarian problem of growing dimensions. The bulk of her agricultural land is worked by tenants on cropsharing terms. On much of this land bank liens exist for loans at what is now known to be an excessive valuation. The result is, in brief, that at the valuation given the land for loan purposes it cannot give crop returns sufficient to pay a reasonable interest on the value and at the same time provide a living for the farmer-renter. For the past several years there have been annually recurring troubles between the farmers and their landlords, culminating in the crop season of 1927 in a series of riotous outbreaks, in the course of which some landlords' houses were burned and the landowners beaten and otherwise maltreated.

As nearly one-half of Japan's population is engaged in agriculture, it is easily apparent that farming must be carried on at a profit or unrest will expand to a dangerous point. The average rice area tilled per family of farmers in Japan is tiny, estimated to be about 2.45 acres. The crop from such a patch would support a family of five, yielding a gross income of about $300 a year, but not when a share of this, usually one-third, has to go to the landowner. Consequently nearly every farmer has to have some outside employment, as a rule in the growing of silkworms for their cocoons, but there was much complaint last year that cocoons did not pay.

Through the intensive cultivation of her highly and extensively fertilized land Japan raises some 300,000,000 bushels of rice. Her consumption of rice is about 335,000,000 bushels a year, and she has to purchase abroad to make up the deficiency. The Government has on one hand 30,000,000 agriculturalists clamoring for rice prices that will permit them to sell at a living profit after paying rents, and on the other hand 35,000,000 clamoring for cheaper food in order that wages from industry may meet the cost of living and manufacturing can be done on an exportable scale.—Roderick O. Matheson, Chief of the Tokio Bureau of the Chicago *Tribune,* in *Current History Magazine*

JUNGLE MAGIC

IN the jungles of Africa for ten thousand years a whole race of human beings has held magic to be its wisest and most precious possession. It includes a variety of healing, hypnotism, transmutation of bodies and telepathy, "which the witchmen seem to have lifted to the status of a literal, teachable technic."

The author of the foregoing observation has traveled extensively in West Africa and is a student of native negro culture.

THERE is perhaps nothing genuinely magic, i. e. inexplicable, in either cure of disease or hypnotism. But telepathy—still for want of a better word—as practiced in West Africa attains reaches of sheer marvel that defy explaining, surely until we have learned far more than we at present understand.

The most straightforward and common telepathy in the jungles that march darkly back from the sea has been witnessed by nearly every white traveler who has gone back among the hidden towns where Africa's identity still survives: namely, the uncanny prewarning of a visitor's approach relayed invisibly from one witchdoctor to another. Sometimes code drumbeats convey news; on rare occasions, special messengers.

Incontestably, however, many natives can deliberately convey by mental projection the most elaborate and minute details of an event of importance or of a person for whose arrival preparations are to be made. A witchdoctor, or any wise man, "sends," and another witchman five or thirty or a hundred miles away "receives," perhaps to send again farther on. Explorers, and especially leaders of punitive expeditions, have had innumerable proofs of this power. An African village is rarely surprised. The magicians admit the gift, see nothing extraordinary in it and, what is most intriguing, say it can be taught to any intelligent pupil. . . .but never, of course, to a white man.

Another common but far more involved and curious manifestation of telepathic powers is displayed by the black sorcerers in the finding of lost objects, a procedure in which success depends, so far as one can see, upon the practitioner's ability to receive exact impressions from the mind of a man whom perhaps he has never seen, who in any case is unwilling to "send" or have his private knowledge "received."

There is one fairly conventional procedure. A single specific case is similar in its essentials to all the many instances one hears on the Coast—from European sources more often than native.

Not long ago an English wild-rubber buyer traveling in the Liberian forest lost a tin dispatch box containing business papers of great importance, though nothing of intrinsic value. It disappeared in the course of a day's march, he believed, though he did not discover his loss until he unpacked at a native town where he planned to camp for the night.

The trader made inquiries, catechized his carriers, went back the way he had come, searched the trail, and found nothing. Then, despairing, he continued his way to the coast. The box had evidently been stolen. It was triply

THE PRIMORDIAL CURSE

Ten million years ago or more
An ant, no doubt by hunger hounded,
Was forced to labor, hard and sore,
And, as he toiled, a family founded.
And since that time, year after year,
With not a respite whatsoever,
Have ants been given to severe
Endeavor.

They watch the happy butterfly
Upon the scented rose leaf lurking,
Or soaring toward the kindly sky,
But they perforce must keep on working.
From hill to hill they still must trek,
For such is their age-long vocation;
They never dare take time for rec-
Reation.

(Continued on next page)

aggravating to realize its contents would be entirely useless to the thief. At the seaport he confided in an English friend.

They talked the case over and at last, in a somewhat embarrassed fashion, the friend suggested that they consult a certain educated witchdoctor {a by no means uncommon phenomenon} who lived nearby and had a high local reputation as a telepathic detective.

The magician was produced. He proved to be a frock-coated, bespectacled negro with a broad British accent and a sound knowledge of the classics, who had not, however, in the course of his education seen any reason to go renegade to the old faiths of his people. The matter of the lost box was put before him, and he agreed to find it. He stipulated that he would have to be taken to the district where the loss had occurred.

They stay no longer on this earth,
Despite their hoarded stores of treasure,
Than creatures of perhaps less worth,
But which enjoy a lot more pleasure.
Their life, it well may be presumed,
Can bring them little satisfaction,
Yet they eternally are doomed
To action.

When I stroll up the mountain stream
In quest of wary speckled beauties,
On days when my employers deem
I ought to be about my duties,
When, far above the forest floors,
I watch the tree tops, dim and hazy,
I'm glad that my progenitors.
Were lazy.

—James J. Montague, in the New York *Herald Tribune*

The rubber collector, unwilling to let any chance escape {for a year's accounts are important}, agreed to the conditions, and a price, to be paid only in case of success, was fixed. Together they walked for three days inland to the village where the Englishman had discovered his loss. After they had rested, the witchdoctor consulted with the headman of the town, and soon after the whole adult population foregathered in the central dirt clearing surrounded by the round thatched huts. It was midmorning and the sun relentless. The old man removed his frock coat, laid it tenderly aside, and rolled up his sleeves. He then instructed one of the bystanders to build a small fire and find an iron pot.

In a few minutes the fire was going and the pot suspended over it simmering with a brew composed of earth, palm oil, and a packet of dried herbs brought by the witchdoctor from the coast. The old man squatted morosely on the ground, and the townspeople, uneasy and interested, formed a circle around him. When the pot began to bubble he beckoned to a young man who stood near him. Apparently without the remotest possibility of prearrangement, he had selected his "subject." The boy squatted beside him and the old man placed the palms of his hands over the boy's eyes for a moment. Then they both stood up.

The witchman lifted the hot iron pot from the fire and placed it on the subject's head. Neither seemed to feel the heat—though it was obviously sufficient to sear flesh. With methodic slowness the old man then proceeded, first gripping the boy's hands firmly over the pot's rim, to smear his face with the simmering mixture. As it cooled it hardened and the thickening paste apparently sealed the youth's eyes, nostrils, and mouth. The movement of his breathing was no longer discernible. Naked except for a loin cloth, he stood as still as a black painted figure on a sarcophagus.

The old man began to talk, and as he spoke the youth holding the pot began to sway. The words were in a language no one understood, but there was no mistaking the fiercely exciting emotionalism of their utterance. The invocation ceased with a final shout and the boy suddenly came alive. He ran three times around the ring of spectators and on the third round brought the pot down with a vicious side swipe on the head of a hitherto inconspicuous negro man in the crowd. As the victim fell moaning to the ground the pot bearer started at a run toward the nearby woods, the witchdoctor, half the town, and the appalled

English rubber trader at his heels. He plunged into the bush, stumbled, fell headlong, tore his skin on briars, careened full into tree trunks—and kept on. Some of the more agile kept abreast of him and helped to clear the path he followed.

The performance had begun in the blazing noon of a humid equatorial day, and soon the Englishman was limp from exhaustion. But for three interminable hours curiosity kept him going. At last the boy, still in a state of trance and now fainting from exhaustion, fell prostrate over a log at the edge of a swamp and did not get up. Under his head, half buried in the mud, lay the missing box.

The perspiring magician retrieved it and with a great "I-told-you-so" air presented it to the Englishman. The lock had been forced but the papers, though damp, were intact.

Later the rubber merchant reconstructed the story. The man who had been struck with the pot was the thief, as he immediately confessed on their return to the village. He had stolen the box not during the day's march, as the Englishman had thought, but from his luggage a few minutes after his arrival in the town. He had thought the box contained money, but on discovering his mistake, he had taken it with him a few days later on a hunt and tossed it into the remote swamp where it was found.

A detail which impressed the Englishman was that the "subject" had run toward the coast in his search for the box—in other words, directly away from the general region where the box had supposedly disappeared. The path he had taken had ignored all known trails, and, with minor detours to avoid obstacles, had run in an uncannily straight line directly to the box.

The thief, the witchdoctor, and the "subject" all denied collusion. The witchdoctor did not, as a matter of fact, speak the language of the tribesmen of the village, nor did they speak his. To the Englishman's queries he replied with the empty word he had learned from the white men—magic.—John W. Vandercook, in *Harper's Magazine*

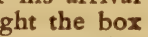
SCIENCE and superstition are at the opposite poles of life. They are irreconcilable. The new education and the new science are responsible for the passing of so many of the old superstitions.

But then, science itself is full of fond and cherished delusions. Prominent among them is the belief that science can explain all; that what science cannot see, is not. There are super-sensible spiritual realities, such as love and self-sacrifice, that science cannot detect nor determine.

The fondest superstition in the realm of education is that education is a transfer of knowledge from one who has to one who has not, whereas education really means the response of the human spirit to mental, spiritual and physical stimuli.

You of the law say: "Well, there is no superstition in the cold, exact, critical science of the law." I think there is little else. The chief superstition is that the law, judges and justice are sacrosanct.

Are you a physician? It is the superstition of medicine that is responsible for all the health cults of modern times. You have elevated the desire for health, youth and longevity to the position of a religion. —Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, of New York



I CANNOT see that we of the Board of Aldermen of the City of New York are worth the chairs that we sit in. In 1927 the Board of Aldermen considered 716 items, practically all of which could have been better handled by some municipal department. Of these only 142 were initiated by the board and only 30 were measures concerning general public welfare. On the basis of the budget allotment, clerical expense, and wear and tear on floors caused by members standing around, it cost the City of New York $20,000 for each of the thirty measures passed by the Aldermen.

It is not the fault of the individual Aldermen, but of the system. There are young men among the members who are eager to express their thoughts, but they have political ambitions, and they know that if they do so they are through.—Mrs. Ruth Pratt, sole woman member of the New York City Board of Aldermen

Food and Race

IN the light of our modern knowledge of nutrition, it is interesting to speculate on what form the human body might have assumed if, in its beginnings, it had encountered other food than that which determined its destiny, and whether modifications of racial types might still be made by alterations in dietary habits.

There is much evidence to show that in the evolution from amoeba to the higher forms of animal life the various steps were influenced by nutrition. If this hypothesis is granted, we have at least one explanation for the different physical types of the people inhabiting the earth. Are the Japanese, the Javanese, the Chinese and other Oriental races short in stature because of their preponderating rice diet? Are the Polynesians, the larger types of Africans, or the northern Europeans, taller in stature because they hit upon a dietary that resulted in greater growth? There is testimony that this may be the case. . . .

Notable contributions have been made to this hypothesis by the Japanese scientists who are testing on human beings the knowledge that has been gained in the laboratory. In Tokyo a trial, extending over several years, has already shown that the school children receiving a diet augmented by food used by the taller races are several inches taller and weigh several pounds more than children on the normal diet of the country. Similar results followed trials with a group of children in Baltimore who were placed on special diets. . . . It is reasonable to infer, then, that the Polynesian's greater stature is due to his having availed himself of food containing substances that are missing in the ordinary Japanese diet. . . .

While no doubt there may be other factors involved, these experiments naturally raise the question as to whether food is not largely responsible for the varying characteristics of the races of mankind. This leads to interesting speculation as to what the histories of the various races might have been had they chanced on a different dietary, and whether changes in national diets will change national characteristics in the future.

> AS knowledge with regard to the effects of food upon man increases, it is more than conceivable that the races that first avail themselves of the new values of nutrition may decrease the handicaps of disease, lengthen their lives, and so become the leaders of the future.
>
> —Victor G. Heiser

Whether definite deductions are warranted from the foregoing facts may be open to debate, but there is no question that nutrition is directly responsible for certain diseases. It is generally conceded that many diseases gain a foothold through lowered resistance. And lowered resistance, in turn, is often produced by malnutrition.

Beriberi, a disease peculiar to the Orient, and one that alone causes annually over 100,000 deaths and makes millions ill, has until very recently been most baffling in its etiology. It is now definitely known to occur among those whose staple article of diet is white rice. It is easily prevented by substituting natural dark rice for the polished variety. . . . The outside of the rice grain contains substances {vitamin B} which are essential for maintenance and repair. When rice is white, it means the outer layers of the grain have been removed through a polishing process. In the absence of this outer layer, needed nutrition is withheld and paralysis and grave circulatory disturbances follow. Experience has conclusively shown that when dark rice is used, beriberi does not occur.

In our Southern States pellagra is a disease which seriously affects the health and lives of thousands. It occurs only in the inadequately nourished and is commonly found among those whose staple article of diet is corn which does

not contain all of the substances necessary to nourish the body properly. In the relief work which was done among the victims of the recent Mississippi floods, special precautions have been taken to provide a diet which would decrease the danger of pellagra among the sufferers.

It has been a common observation for ages that the crews of sailing ships making long voyages were subject to scurvy because of the absence of vegetables from their diet. Empirically, lime juice was believed to be a corrective, and all British ships were required to carry it in their stores—hence the name "Lime Juicers" or "Limeys" as a synonym for British sailors. It is now known definitely that when citrus fruit and vegetables are added to the diet, scurvy does not occur. . . .

Various forms of skin diseases can be experimentally produced by withholding certain nutritive substances from the diet. Skin diseases among children are often due to this cause. Japanese scientists have shown that stones in the gall bladder or kidneys may be caused by omitting certain constituents which go to make up vitamin A. The Japanese have also in their research work produced gastric ulcers by means of deficient diet and have promptly healed these ulcers by substituting an adequate diet. If they persisted with the diet that caused the gastric ulcer, they were able to change the ulcer into cancer. But no corrective diet has had any influence on the cancers so produced. . . .

It may be that the seemingly direct relationship between cause and effect in the instances here cited does not necessarily follow. Many other factors may be involved. For example, rickets is known to be associated with a deficient diet, and it may be prevented or cured by administering cod liver oil. It may occur, too, in a child that has been fed upon milk from a cow that has been kept in a dark stable. In this case the condition may be corrected by the use of milk from a cow that has been exposed to sufficient sunlight. However, milk of the former type, if it is subjected to violet rays or if the cow from which it is obtained is subjected to violet rays, may acquire the desired essentials.

On the whole the foregoing facts would seem to warrant the deduction that nutrition is concerned in producing various types of the human race and in maintaining their health.—Victor G. Heiser, former Director of Health in the Philippines, in *Foreign Affairs,* an American Quarterly Review, April, 1928

PEOPLE sometimes say that international finance can make or unmake States, can bring on or prevent war. Fortunately or unfortunately there is no truth in that dictum. Looking back to July, 1914, I know of no group of bankers in any one of the countries soon to be involved that was not earnestly opposing the very thought of war. But their efforts were powerless against the tides of misunderstanding and passion that finally swept the world almost to destruction.

If affairs could have been ordered so that the statesmen responsible for bringing on the great conflict could also have had dumped on their shoulders the task of rebuilding the world, history might have been different! This widespread reconstruction has been accomplished first through the day-by-day endeavor of the common man.

The peasant farmers of France, the artisans of Belgium and of Bohemia, the industrialists of England and Germany; they have been the ones who have been rebuilding the shaken structure of European society. And it has been upon this structure as a basis that the bankers and investors and, if you please, international finance the world over, have been basing their efforts of co-operation and reconstruction.—Thomas W. Lamont, in an address before the Academy of Political Science

Of course we will know more about the virtues of this new marriage idea when we see how many golden weddings are celebrated on the companionate basis.—Detroit *News*

A Plea for Conservatives and Progressives

THE author of this article is the first woman to be Governor of a State. She was chief executive of Wyoming from January, 1925, to January, 1927, filling out the unexpired term of her husband. She has been an important factor in politics and always identified as a Progressive.

IT has become rather a commonplace occurrence in recent years, in groups where political subjects are discussed, to hear the remark: "Oh, there is very little difference between the parties. I vote for the man rather than for the party." And, truth to tell, there is a great deal more independent voting to-day than at any time in the past. Moreover, the proportion of eligible voters who actually cast their ballots is constantly decreasing—to the great alarm of those who think they see in this fact a sign of waning interest in public affairs. . . .

The explanation of the present status of things political is not to be found in declining intelligence on the part of the people nor in any real lack of concern for public welfare. It is rather to be found in the fact that the old parties are no longer clearly differentiated along lines of policy, and because of the disposition, even among outstanding political leaders, to resist whatever programme the opposition party happens to adopt, even though in doing so they violate the historic principles of their own party. . . .

A striking example of this tendency was afforded in the opposition of some Democratic members of Congress at the last session to Secretary Mellon's policy of using the Treasury surplus for the reduction of the national debt rather than for the reduction of taxes. The announcement of his programme was the signal for a score of Democrats to set up a clamor for a reduction of corporation taxes. What could be more inconsistent than for Democrats to urge lower taxes for the corporations just because a Republican secretary of the treasury happened to espouse for the moment a financial policy of Thomas Jefferson?. . .

Perhaps the most lamentable example that modern American history affords of this willingness to change principle for the sake of apparent partisan expediency is found in the story of Woodrow Wilson, Henry Cabot Lodge, and the League of Nations. Without doubt many Republican friends of the League to Enforce Peace, who honestly believed that the plan of Woodrow Wilson held healing for the nations, were transformed into foes of the League of Nations merely because a President of the opposing party had become the leader of the cause.

If party principles are no more stable than indicated by the examples I have given, how can we criticize the element of our citizenship that recoils from partisan politics and refuses to become identified with it? The only justification for the existence of political parties is that they afford citizens a medium through which they may give expression to their views of the policies upon which government should be conducted.

FUNERAL ORATION

A Lady died in our town;
Carve the wood, and grave the stone;
Stretch her straight and lay her down;
And here be words for her renown:

Though her body lieth low,
High and high her soul doth go,

She never said, "I told you so."

Her body lieth with the night,
Her soul disporteth in the light,

She never cried, "It served you right!"

Her body taketh earth's decay,
But her soul walketh heaven's way,

She never whispered, "Well, they say . . . "

—Marie de L. Welch, in *Palms*

If there is to be no clear differentiation, then there is nothing to hold the voter except the name. And that is the condition which has existed for some time in the United States. The old issues which divided our fathers no longer claim our interest, and upon the new issues the pros and the cons are to be found in both parties. . . .

Throughout our history the political struggle has always been between the progressive and the conservative. The conservative thinks first of property interests, the liberal of human interests. The conservative eschews that which is new, the liberal tries it. There is merit in both attitudes. The liberal policy is necessary to achieve progress, the conservative to hold it after it has been won. Both camps have the vices of their virtues. The danger to the conservative is the tendency to tolerate exploitation by selfish interests; to the liberal radicalism presents a peril. However, it must be recognized that every great achievement in this country has been won by progressives, and the American people are essentially a progressive people.—Nellie Tayloe Ross, in *Scribner's Magazine*

THE CHANGING VENUS

THE Lady of the Louvre has moved. Not from her post in the gallery of beauty in Paris, but from the hall of highest public estimation, she has been dethroned.

As a figure of grace in stone she will retain her place in future, as she held it in centuries past. But as a model of womanly beauty, she has moved from her high niche. No longer is she a model of feminine loveliness. Modern women and modern artists have removed her.

Her dethronement has occurred because she does not reflect the spirit of today's womanhood. She has lost ground because of her posture and what it indicates. Her sloping shoulders denote the yielding quality. She is supine, submissive. There is little, or none, of the yielding quality in the woman or the girl of today. She is straight-spined. Her shoulders are higher than they used to be and nearly straight. The urn-like droop admired by old fashioned novelists and lauded by ancient poets has vanished from the modern woman. They speak to her of an era she would forget, the B. S. R., before self-reliance, era.

Another cause for her loss of vogue is that the Venus de Milo is fat. Everyone having eyes, sees fat has no place in the cosmos of today's woman. She is incarnate energy. She walks off her superfluous flesh. Exercises it off. Works it off. Thinks it off. The Lady of the Louvre is fat. Therefore she must go.

The Venus de Milo is not young. Neither the stone nor the original. This is a youth-worshipping and youth-striving-for era. Ponce de Leon's quest has become a universal one. Women are seeking the fountain of youth. Many of them seem to have found it. Therefore they have no interest in a woman who by her posture shows that she has calmly submitted to the years. They are giving the cold shoulder to the Venus of the Louvre.—Harrison Fisher, in *McCall's Magazine*

THE most dominant characteristic of our life probably is a certain headlong precipitancy with which we live. We hurl ourselves after the things which we want; we are go-getters.

Experience falls into two portions; the things we get at directly and the things we have to get at indirectly by fulfilling prior and often remote conditions. Some things are like catching a train—we run for it. But some things are not like that at all. We get them only by indirection. Take culture, for instance. No one can define it; yet we all know what it is—the fragrance and charm of a fine spirit and a rich mind.

But such spiritual beauty is not arrived at by any plunging method. Which of you by being anxious ever added a cubit to his culture? Culture is like the light on Moses's face when he wist not that it shone.—Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick

OLD FARM HAND

From the Painting by James Chapin

This picture, in the exhibition of American Paintings and Sculpture at the Chicago Art Institute, was awarded the Logan medal of $1,000.

Are Women Better Than Men?

THIS article reflects the trend of the times, in that the author is a clergyman and from Kentucky, a small town in Kentucky—Lancaster. It indicates that the big centers of population have no lien on changed sociological beliefs with regard to the sexes.

Isn't the modern woman simply doing what all women have always longed to do? Have women, he asks, changed fundamentally, or aren't they just making the best of a new opportunity?

WOMEN today are more nearly free and more independent socially and economically than ever before. This comparative liberation of women accounts very largely, said a college president recently within my hearing, for the increase of divorces and for the changed social and moral conduct of many women of the present time—the swearing, and smoking and drinking and alleged tendency to sexual promiscuity which have shocked the more conservative of the so-called stronger sex.

He said, as a kind of aside, that, as he had watched the conduct of women change, he had come to the painful conclusion that women were possibly not as good as he had formerly thought them to be. With this as a cue, I am raising the old, old question—which has a way of staying new—as to the relative morality of men and women.

Are women better than men or have they in the past just been more restrained by custom? Is the real morality of women changing or are they simply doing, now that they feel they can, what they have always wanted to do?

Today, since democracy, despite the obstructions thrown in its way, has finally reached women, the single moral standard is coming more and more into vogue; but it is the standard of the men, and not of the women. If woman is man's equal, and is now accorded the political and economic privileges of man, why shouldn't she practice his morality? There is no reason why she shouldn't—not from the standpoint of justice and fair play. . . .

Philanderers though they themselves may have been, few men want "damaged goods" for their wives and mothers of their children; but now that a solar-plexus blow has been dealt to many former female inhibitions, women refuse to be disgraced for doing what men have done with impunity in the past. Consequently the question which is raised in the title of this article. . . .

Formerly the woman was the one who took the principal risk in sexual irregularity. A child born out of wedlock was a disgrace, and more. Abortions, if contraceptive means failed, were not so easily and safely effected as now. The hazard of it all was enormous—so enormous that natural inclinations were fiercely fought and generally overcome. Today this risk is by no means so great.

Consequently, many former inhibitions are cast aside and women are conducting themselves more nearly as the inner natural urge dictates. Not only is it safer, from a physical standpoint, but in a liber-

THE STRANGER

He is a stranger to her still,
Too heavy-handed to be more
Than just a brute to break her will
As he has broken it before.

The battle is not hers, but his,
She is a marble that must yield,
But yet her hour of triumph is
A fruitful field.

Her takes her in his time of need,
She is as soft as any dove,
A broken and rebellious reed
Bent downward by his love.

She bears his insults and his lust
With eyes perhaps that are too mild,
His treacheries because she must—
He is the father of her child.

—Harold Vinal, in *The Saturday Review of Literature*

alized society, the shame of moral irregularity is not so great. The double standard of morals, therefore, is giving way to the single; and the single is that of the man, rather than that of the woman of the past. Woman is coming "down" to man instead of drawing man "up" to her as she formerly, through her supposed moral superiority, was expected to do. . . .

Once people are free it is difficult to force them back into slavery. Women may refuse to return to the former restrictions. Even if we conclude that women are not innately better than men, yet because woman is fundamentally different from man in some respects, she may continue to do more than her part for the welfare of future generations, though she still retain many of her hardly won liberties.—Rev. E. B. Bourland, in *Plain Talk*

GETTING IN AND OUT OF "WHO'S WHO"

ALBERT N. MARQUIS, who founded *Who's Who in America* in 1899 and has for twenty-eight years headed its organization, has a difficult job. Difficult, and yet interesting. Before him pass the names of America's foremost publicists and scientists and leaders in business as well as other fields. He sits in review while the country's biggest men file by.

"We know this country has thousands of men who can make money and nothing else," he said, explaining the standards for business men in particular. "We don't regard mere money-making as a quality of greatness. *But if a man has contributed something to the world in addition to the money he has made,* then we want him."

About fifteen hundred men are dropped out from every succeeding issue of *Who's Who*, published every two years. Four-fifths of these either die or refuse to answer their mail. The remaining three hundred become unimportant in the eyes of the world. Perhaps some of them never should have gotten in in the first place. At any rate, no man stays in unless he merits it. The process of sifting goes on constantly.

To make sure of getting the salient facts and getting them quickly, a standard form is sent out. These facts are rearranged in the office and given more definiteness and brevity. No effort is made to vary or brighten the style: in fact, the facts are stated in a rather dependable monotony.

"I wish I could discover some way to make the sketches even shorter and more compact," Mr. Marquis said with a sigh, remembering that it costs $15 a page to set the book up, and it numbers over two thousand pages.

In 1899, the first edition included 8,602 names. In 1926 the latest edition included 26,915 names. Since the population of this country is now 114,000,000 this means that one out of every 4,240 persons is included. — Fred B. Barton, in *Forbes Magazine*

IT seems that professors are still absent-minded despite all that has been done in the matter. An interpreter of philosophy at Columbia, meeting a group of his students on the street, stopped to chat. When the conversation ended he asked:

"Which way was I walking when I met you?"

"Why, north, professor," was the answer.

"Ah!" he replied. "Then I've had lunch."—*The New Yorker.*

SUCCESS in business is as easy as two and two make four, but the business woman pays a great price for it; and in addition to the price she knows she pays, in health, in leisure, in complete loss of reticence and traditions, she pays the much greater one of loss of a husband's society, or even part of his society. Half a husband is better than none.—Mrs. Alice Foote MacDougall, successful New York restaurateur

We used to be ambitious to go from coast to coast; now we are satisfied if we get from curb to curb.—*The New Yorker*

The Gentle Art of Swearing

IT is interesting to know in connection with this defense of the Gentle Art of Swearing *that the letter "E" in the author's name stands for Ethel and that she is a native of Maine, received her education at Simmons College and Boston University, and is now Assistant Commissioner of the Massachusetts Department of Labor and Industry.*

HONEST swearing is healthful exercise. It is tonic for irritable nerves. Doubtless much of the nagging and nervousness ascribed to the gentler sex has been due to the uncharitable convention of the past which excluded them from the benefits of this wholesome practice. One of the most human men I ever met said he loved to swear before clergymen because he knew it pleased the poor things. They couldn't swear themselves; but they did enjoy hearing a few good cuss words. I have no doubt the same generous impulse animated him in the presence of ladies; for he had the reputation of "swearing most awfully" on occasions.

> THE passions of those who will not swear sour within them and poison the very springs of their nature. The diabolical disposition of our Puritan forefathers is directly ascribable to the fact that they dammed the natural channels of their feelings. Instead of getting rid of their cussedness, they kept it stored up within themselves. Hence their gloomy faces, their crabbed outlook upon life, their kill-joy practices. —E. MacLean Johnson

Real swearing is a badge of sincerity. In this world of conventions where everyone wears a mask, and where language "exists to conceal thought," it is a relief to hear an honest if forceful expression of opinion. I was walking in the residential section of the city on a winter morning after a storm of sleet had left a slippery glaze on door stones and pavement. A faultlessly groomed young man came out of one of the houses. His limousine was waiting at the curb. He swung a walking stick in one hand and held his gloves in the other. His face was correctly expressionless as he started jauntily down the steps with superb indifference to their icy coating. Just as I got opposite, and just as he was half way down, his feet shot out from under him, and he sprawled ignominiously on his back. His face kindled with genuine emotion as he picked himself up and said—well, just what you or I would have said or wanted to say under the circumstances. And he said it with so much feeling, with such absolute sincerity, that I longed to shake hands with him on the spot.

Swearing is the nearest approach we have to a universal language. All races and ages understand it. Witness the ease with which children acquire the words. There is a natural eloquence about swearing that is not gained in schools. This is attested by the fluency with which many an unlettered man can swear. That he can swear beautifully is excellent proof how necessary is emotion to effective expression. It is only the cultured man, however, who can swear in seven different languages. That is the real bliss. One who knows the classic art of swearing is lifted above vulgarity. Still, there are compensations for the others. It is cited on good authority that the ease with which one swears in English is what has made it the great commercial language of the world. . . .

It is just because it is the thing forbidden that swearing is effective. Were it not taboo, it would fail to give relief. A former acquaintance was a trifle hot-headed and addicted to strong language under provocation. Invariably after he had indulged in a few bright colored expressions, he would become contrite, and ask pardon with all humility. I never dared to tell him how much I enjoyed his swearing lest it should spoil

the wholesome effect of his mortification. For it is from that swearing derives its benefit.

We have run ourself out of breath only to see our train vanishing around the curve. We have dropped our watch and smashed the crystal the morning we got it from the jeweller. Our new Panama on the first day's wearing has blown into the gutter, and a dog has worried it. Wrath at the inspired perversity of all animate and inanimate things surges over us. One recourse alone is left us. If we are powerless to cope with an inconsiderate world, we can at least shock it. So we swear. Out of the depths of our nature, from the innermost springs of our being, pour the comforting cuss words. We are doing the wicked thing, the forbidden thing; and we exult in our depravity. We glow with the consciousness of our iniquity until we glow with shame at our folly. The last emotion blots out the others and dies in effacing them. Love of our fellow mortals once more animates us; and we are at peace with mankind.

For those denied this soothing method of relief, what depths of torment wait! Picture the horror of going through life with unutterable emotions raging within one! It is the agony of the giants pinned under Aetna and consumed with slow fires; of Prometheus with the vulture tearing at his vitals; of Vathek with the flaming heart!

What harsher punishment than to be condemned to an impotent and inarticulate existence! These are the unfortunates that need our sympathy. May we not be pardoned if we shed a friendly tear and say:

Alas! for those who never swear,
But die with all their cussing in them!

—E. MacLean Johnson, in *The North American Review*

A FLEET-FOOTED RACE OF RED MEN

IN the Tarahumare Indians of Chihuahua, Mexico, there is a tribe of primitive Americans whose foot-racing exploits challenge history. And since this is an age of sex equality it is interesting to note that the Tarahumare women run almost as well as their brothers.

The Tarahumares are famed for endurance rather than speed. To them our Olympic Marathon would be too short for a real race. There is a record of a Tarahumare who ran almost six hundred miles in five days to deliver an important message. Spanish and Mexican armies have used these Indians as couriers because they can cover more ground than can riders on horseback.

Mexican ranchers hire the Tarahumares to run down wild horses. The Indians pursue a herd mercilessly. At the end of two or three days the horses are so exhausted that they willingly allow themselves to be driven into the corral. A common feat is for an Indian to run down a deer; he follows the animal until its very hoofs drop off, and its capture is easy. Undoubtedly the Tarahumares are the greatest runners in the world. . . .

In this tribe all courting is done by the girls. The enamored maiden makes known her preference by dancing and singing before the bashful object of her desire. As the courtship progresses, she tosses small pebbles at him. If he overlooks these tender missiles it is a sign that he spurns her heart. But if he returns the pebbles she is accepted. Usually the stones are tossed back. There is little chance of escape. The Tarahumare girls can run as fast as the boys.—Frederick Tisdale, in *The Mentor*

A CATALOGUE sent out by a large mail-order firm found its way to a farmhouse, where it was evidently received with interest, for the company got back a carefully written but crudely expressed letter, inquiring about a certain farm implement. A typewritten answer came back promptly. To this, the firm received the following reply: "You don't need to print your letters to me. I have been schooled and can read writing!"—*Christian Science Monitor*

"Alice in Wonderland" Goes to America

AFTER paying the record price of £15,400 {$75,259.80} for the original manuscript of Lewis Carroll's great fairy story Alice in Wonderland, *Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, the American bibliophile, regretted that the precious manuscript was likely to leave England, and offered to give $5,000 toward a fund for acquiring it for the British Museum.* "Alice in Wonderland *is so essentially English," he explained. "I should hate to part with it, but it belongs really to the English people." At this writing its repurchase has not been accomplished.*

ONE Summer afternoon sixty-five years ago a young Oxford instructor in mathematics now known as Lewis Carroll, afflicted with a stammer and blessed with a love for children, rowed three little girls up the Thames and told them a story. Today that story—*Alice in Wonderland*—written in Carroll's hand and presented to its heroine, was sold in Sotheby's auction rooms in London to Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, American book dealer, for $75,259.80, that is £15,400.

Inasmuch as the British Museum bid £12,500 in a vain effort to save the manuscript for the British nation before it went down beneath the impact of American wealth, today's event has real significance for Anglo-American relations, as much perhaps as the late lamented Geneva conference.

You would see it immediately if you went to Lyndhurst, a little village in the New Forest, eighty miles from London, and saw the old home of Mrs. Alice Pleasance Hargreaves, the original Alice of Lewis Carroll's story, who sold this unique record of her childhood happiness today because she had to have money.

After his purchase Dr. Rosenbach assured the British people that he would resell the volume to the British nation for exactly what he paid for it. It may be rebought here and it may not be. But today's few minutes of tense bidding at Sotheby's caught up and dramatized much in American and British lives that is mutually cherished and important.

> IT is a curious thing that rare books and the precious things of the collector follow the flow of gold. When the United States became the great creditor nation, taking the place of England, it was but natural that the various objects of art should gravitate to America. . . .
>
> In the eighteenth century, Italy, France and Spain were complaining of the raids made on their artistic resources by Englishmen, as England is complaining of us today. The extraordinary increase in gold in England during the Napoleonic Wars was responsible for this.
>
> —Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, in *The Atlantic Monthly*

This story is in three miniature chapters, starting with Alice's life as a child. Mrs. Hargreaves is the daughter of Dr. Liddell, Dean of Christ Church College, Oxford, whose name is on that ponderous Liddell and Scott Greek lexicon on the shelves of most American prep schools and all American colleges. Let her tell how Alice came to be written.

"The beginning of Alice was told to me one Summer afternoon when the sun was so hot we landed in meadows down the river, deserting the boat to take refuge in the only bit of shade to be found, which was under a newly made hayrick. Here from all three of us, my sisters and myself, came the old petition, 'Tell us a story,' and Mr. Dodgson {that is Lewis Carroll} began it.

"Sometimes, to tease us, Mr. Dodgson would stop and say suddenly 'That's all till next time.' 'Oh,' we would cry, 'It's not bedtime already!' and he would go on.

"Another time the story would begin in the boat and Mr. Dodgson would pretend to fall asleep in the middle, to our great dismay."

That is the way the story was told. And it was written by Dodgson himself on ninety-two sheets of paper in his own legible handwriting, illustrated by the author's drawings which became the basis of the famous illustrations by Sir John Tenniel.

Lewis Carroll took a small picture of little Alice Liddell and pasted it on the final page. On the first page he wrote in illuminated letters "A Christmas gift to a dear child in memory of a Summer day," and he gave it to the little girl for Christmas.

That is the book which Dr. Rosenbach bought today.

"I think I got it reasonably enough, as precious things go nowadays," Dr. Rosenbach said after the sale.

In England one realizes that precious things do go.

A quarter of a mile down a hedge-bordered roadway from the fine Georgian mansion where Mrs. Hargreaves lives in the New Forest is a village, in which is a memorial to the young men of the village who died in the World War. Two names on the list are Captain A. K. Hargreaves, D. S. O., Rifle Brigade, and Captain L. R. Hargreaves, M. C., Irish Guards.

These two brothers, both decorated for valor in defense of King and country during the world disaster, were the sons of Alice when she grew to womanhood. Today she lives alone, widowed, poor and childless. Before the lodge keeper's gate of her old country place is a sign reading:

"To rent, furnished, this historic mansion."

"She won't see visitors, sir," the butler tells you. "You see, sir, she's pretty old and not very well. She rather feels things are slipping from her."

Thus sixty years have played ill with Alice and she must sell her treasures.

Meanwhile the fame of Lewis Carroll's books had been spreading. Countless children had been interested in the Rabbit who pulled a watch from his waistcoat pocket and hurried on, exclaiming: "Dear, dear! I shall be too late." The Cheshire Cat, Father William, the Mad Hatter and the Queen who shouted "Off with their heads!" have woven themselves into the hearts of millions of grown-up children.

That—the passing of the years—is our second chapter.

The third is the climax—the auction of Alice's treasure at Sotheby's—millionaires wanting it, two nations bidding for it.

The price is the highest ever paid for a book in British auction rooms. Tonight it is the talk of London. And Alice has from American wealth such a sum as will provide for her wants comfortably for her remaining years.

But on this question of Anglo-American relations which sometimes agitates statesmen and admirals: You will understand the British homefolk don't like to see their precious things go abroad. The apparent defeat of its campaigns to save England's treasures from rich America does not add to our popularity here. —Allen Raymond, in a wireless dispatch from London to the New York *Times*

ALL of the finest things we have to-day were discovered, fashioned or conceived by those who kept constantly in sight the motto, "I may be wrong." If science or art be the highest forms of human activity, it must be admitted that these are occupations in which no man can reach the peaks merely by bulldog determination.—Heywood Broun, in the New York *World*

I HAVE come to have very profound and deep-rooted doubts whether Science, as practiced at present by the human race, will ever do anything to make the world a better and happier place to live in, or will ever stop contributing to our general misery as wholeheartedly as it has been doing for these last umtedee years.—Hendrik Van Loon

The Best Similes of the Harvest of 1927

THE best similes of this, his seventh annual crop, have been gathered by Frank J. Wilstach, author of A Dictionary of Similes. *The following selections from a long list give some idea of the present trend in these figures of speech:*

ABOUT as popular as a loud speaker in a two-room flat.—Anon.

Lonely as Lindbergh in Paris.—Anon.

Impersonal as a hairdresser's touch.
—Anon.

The difference between a movie producer and a college astronomer is that when the former discovers a new star he makes some money.—Anon.

Difficult as borrowing money from a rich wife.—Anon.

Optimistic as the woman who opened a gift shop in Scotland.—Anon.

Propaganda, like art, must depend on concealment for its effectiveness.
—Edward H. Blanchard.

Exciting as sitting in the Metropolitan Museum and copying down old masters.
—Heywood Broun

Self-satisfied as a fellow who has just succeeded in threading a needle for his wife.—Baltimore *Sun.*

Life, like a game, can only be played well by those who are adept enough to conceal effort with grace.—Struthers Burt

Fresh as a drug store sandwich at 11 P. M.—John Curtis.

Self-effacing as a Treasury surplus under the eye of Andrew Mellon.
—Chicago *Daily News*

Dejected as a man in the rumble seat of a roadster.—Frank Condon

Restless as spilled mercury.
—Rupert Hughes

He had as good an excuse as a man drawn for Grand Jury duty.—Indianapolis *News.*

Creates as little interest as a sham battle in Chicago.—*Judge.*

Scarce as cotton underwear on a flapper's clothes-line.—Ethel J. Johnson.

Innocent as a movie actress bride.
—Kansas City *Star*

Breakable as a lawyer's will made by himself.—Tom Masson.

Anonymous as the co-pilot of a lady aviator.—Milton MacKaye.

Helpless as a tabloid without a cameraman.—New Orleans *Times-Picayune.*

With the finality of a closed subway door.—New York *Times.*

Nervous as a book agent in Boston.
—New Orleans *Times-Picayune*

She walked like the last lap of the Yale-Harvard boat race.—Rose Natkins.

Cheaply as a college professor can go abroad.—*Ohio State Journal*

Lonely as Mencken in a Methodist church.—Louis R. Reid

Welcome as a rattler in a prairie-dog hole.—Mary Roberts Rinehart

Restful as a noon hour in an empty church.—Florence Guy Seabury

Faded like a passport photograph.
—Robert A. Simon

Disarmament is like a social function. Nobody wants to arrive until every one is there.—St. Paul *Pioneer Press.*

Serious as a postman in a blizzard.
—Booth Tarkington

Tight as a Pullman window.—Tad

A lameness checking each step like the jerk of a chain.—Edith Wharton.

Easy to meet as a girl who thinks you can get her a screen test.—Walter Winchell

Thomas Hardy in Retrospect

He {Thomas Hardy} was the Englishman whom I most wanted to meet; and my wish was gratified on a beautiful September day in 1900. We were on a bicycle tour in southwestern England; at Weymouth I bought a copy of one of my favorites—*Far From the Maddening Crowd*—and armed with this I called at Max Gate, Dorchester, the author's home, which looked like an illustration for *The Woodlanders*. . . .

I found him clad in knickerbockers, possibly out of consideration for my informal bicycle attire. He was a smallish, slender, wiry man, with a gray mustache and a gray face. And although his expression was grave, and though I never heard him laugh, he was as far from being severe as he was from being petulant. During our conversation—we sat together on a bench—he made no remark that savored either of cynicism or of bitterness. But he was undeniably serious.

He was literally covered with cats. Several large cats were purring over him, and at different places on the lawn and in the shrubbery I saw saucers of milk.

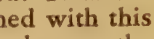
"Are all these your own cats?"

"Oh, no, only a few of them. But my cats invite the cats of the neighborhood in to tea. They know that saucers of milk will be provided and many come who are not invited. They just hear about it."

This pleased me, for I have always been an ardent cattist. A poem that Mr. Hardy published many years later, *Last Words to a Dumb Friend,* is the most beautiful and affecting tribute to a cat that I have ever seen.

I asked him if he had put much of his own experience into his novels. He said that *A Laodicean* had more of the events of his own life in it than any other of his books. That was published in 1881; during its composition he was seriously ill and expected to die. He was unable to write, and therefore dictated the whole novel from a horizontal attitude.

My admiration for Hardy's novels, almost idolatrous as it was and is, did not exceed my admiration of the man. He was simple, unaffected, quiet, genuine; and I felt that he would have immeasurable sympathy for any one in sorrow or trouble. My previous belief, that his pessimism was caused by sympathy for others, was strengthened by talking with him.—Professor William Lyon Phelps, in the New York *Herald Tribune Magazine.*



In studying the history of America for the past hundred and fifty years with relation to the so-called "common people" one fact stands out in striking significance—the loss in the power of thought. The average farmer to-day, for example {I choose him because most of the "common people" were farmers a century and a half ago} cannot, I believe, compete for a moment with his predecessor in the power of concentrated thought. He has more schooling, he reads more printed words, he has far more advantages in the way of securing news and moving about the world, he has incomparably more luxuries, and he has quicker wits, but he has less of them.

Propaganda is no new invention. Our past-masters of the present day had nothing on Sam Adams; but let anyone read the sort of arguments addressed to the farming population in 1787 when it was necessary to secure their adherence to the new federal constitution and the sort of arguments they are given in a political campaign to-day. The writings of that day, and the sermons, required a concentrated, sustained effort of thought, and the farmers gave it.

To-day the headline press, the tabloid press, the movies, and the radios give them everything in snatches or pictures. And it is not the farmers alone. It is the whole population, save those who can stand aside and think for themselves; and these are becoming rare. . . .—James Truslow Adams, in *Harper's Magazine*

It's getting to be so that about the only way to achieve a reputation for statesmanship in the U. S. Senate is to keep quiet. —Thomas L. Masson, in *Collier's Weekly*

FROM "THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY"

HERE is a passage from the "most important book of the year," whose author, Thornton Wilder, was awarded the Pulitzer prize for "the American novel which shall best present the whole atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood." Inasmuch as it deals with life in old Peru, its selection marks the first occasion on which the Pulitzer jury has expanded the adjective American to embrace South as well as North America.

Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, is credited with "discovering" this "finely wrought masterpiece," whose author "one hesitates to call a genius, but there is something akin to that mysterious essence in the pages of this novel."

FOR all his activity nothing made Uncle Pio rich. One would have said that he abandoned a venture when it threatened to prosper. . . .

Finally he stumbled upon an adventure that came like some strange gift from the skies and that combined the three great aims of his life: his passion for overseeing the lives of others, his worship of beautiful women, and his admiration for the treasures of Spanish literature. He discovered Camila Perichole. Her real name was Micaela Villegas. She was singing in cafes at the age of twelve and Uncle Pio had always been the very soul of cafes. Now as he sat among the guitarists and watched this awkward girl singing ballads, imitating every inflection of the more experienced singers who had preceded her, the determination entered his mind to play Pygmalion. He bought her. Instead of sleeping locked up in the wine bin, she inherited a cot in his house. He wrote songs for her, he taught her how to listen to the quality of her tone, and bought her a new dress. At first all she noticed was that it was wonderful not to be whipped, to be offered hot soups, and to be taught something. But it was Uncle Pio who was really dazzled. His rash experiment flourished beyond all prophecy. The little twelve-year-old, silent and always a little sullen, devoured work. He set her endless exercises in acting and mimicry; he set her problems in conveying the atmosphere of a song; he took her to the theaters and made her notice all the details of a performance. But it was from Camila as a woman that he was to receive his greatest shock. The long arms and legs were finally harmonized into a body of perfect grace. The almost grotesque and hungry face became beautiful. Her whole nature became gentle and mysterious and oddly wise; and it all turned to him. She could find no fault in him and she was sturdily loyal. They loved one another deeply but without passion. He respected the slight nervous shadow that crossed her face when he came too near her. But there arose out of this denial itself the perfume of a tenderness, that ghost of passion which, in the most unexpected relationship, can make even a whole lifetime devoted to irksome duty pass like a gracious dream . . .

Then began an even harder course of training for the girl, a regimen that resembled more the preparation for an acrobat. The instruction was a little complicated by the fact that her rise to favor was very rapid; and there was some danger that the applause she received would make her content with her work too soon. Uncle Pio never exactly beat her, but he resorted to a sarcasm that

WE MISSED HER

We missed her. But to miss is not to lose.
She was too delicate and brief a stuff
To spend upon the durable common lot;
Too morning-fair to last our sad days out.
April was her sole weather of the year;
None other held her fast.
Yet had she stamped her April everywhere,
Of her spent petalings left us a shred—
The honied flower of her small lost fact,
The little music of her going by.

—From Lizette Woodworth Reese's *Little Henrietta*, by permission of Doubleday, Doran & Company

had terrors of its own.

At the close of a performance Camila would return to her dressing room to find Uncle Pio whistling nonchalantly in one corner. She would divine his attitude at once and cry angrily:

"Now what is it? Mother of God, Mother of God, what is it now?"

"Nothing, little pearl. My little Camila of Camilas, nothing."

"There was something you didn't like. Ugly fault-finding thing that you are. Come on now, what was it? Look, I'm ready."

"No, little fish. Adorable morning star, I suppose you did as well as you could."

The suggestion that she was a limited artist and that certain felicities would be forever closed to her never failed to make Camila frantic. She would burst into tears: "I wish I had never known you. You poison my whole life. You just think I did badly. It pleases you to pretend that I was bad. All right then, be quiet."

Uncle Pio went on whistling.

"The fact is I know I was weak tonight, and don't need you to tell me so. So there. Now go away. I don't want to see you around. It's hard enough to play that part without coming back and find you this way."

Suddenly Uncle Pio would lean forward and ask with angry intensity: "Why did you take that speech to the prisoner so fast?"

More tears from the Perichole: "Oh God, let me die in peace! One day you tell me to go faster and another to go slower. Anyway I shall be crazy in a year or two and then it won't matter."

More whistling.

"Besides the audience applauded as never before. Do you hear me? *As never before.* There! Too fast or too slow is nothing to them. They wept. I was divine. That's all I care for. Now be silent. Be silent."

He was absolutely silent.

"You may comb my hair, but if you say another word I shall never play again. You can find some other girl, that's all."

Thereupon he would comb her hair soothingly for ten minutes, pretending not to notice the sobs that were shaking her exhausted body. At last she would turn quickly and catching one of his hands would kiss it frantically: "Uncle Pio, was I so bad? Was I a disgrace to you? Was it so awful *that you left the theater?*"

After a long pause Uncle Pio would admit judiciously: "You were good in the scene on the ship."

"But I've been better, Uncle Pio. You remember the night you came back from Cuzco——?"

"You were pretty good at the close."

"Was I?"

"But my flower, my pearl, *what was the matter in the speech to the prisoner?*"

Here the Perichole would fling her face and arms upon the table amid the pomades, caught up into a tremendous fit of weeping. Only perfection would do, only perfection. And that had never come.

Then beginning in a low voice Uncle Pio would talk for an hour, analyzing the play, entering into a world of finesse in matters of voice and gesture and tempo, and often until dawn they would remain there declaiming to one another the lordly conversation of Calderon.

Whom were these two seeking to please? Not the audiences of Lima. They had long since been satisfied. We come from a world where we have known incredible standards of excellence, and we dimly remember beauties which we have not seized again and we go back to that world. Uncle Pio and Camila Perichole were tormenting themselves in an effort to establish in Peru the standards of the theaters in some Heaven whither Calderon had preceded them. The public for which masterpieces are intended is not on this earth. . . . From Thornton Wilder's *The Bridge of San Luis Rey,* by permission of Albert & Charles Boni

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